THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. X.

THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the TENTH.

CONTAINING

ROMEO AND JULIET.
HAMLET.
OTHELLO.

LONDON,

Printed for C. Bathurſt, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington, J. Hinton, L. Davis, W. Owen, T. Caſlon, E. Johnſon, S. Crowder, B. White, T. Longman, B. Law, E. and C. Dilly, C. Corbett, T. Cadell, H. L. Gardner, J. Nichols, J. Bew, J. Beecroft, W. Stuart, T. Lowndes, J. Robſon, T. Payne, T. Becket, F. Newbery, G. Robinſon, R. Baldwin, J. Williams, J. Ridley, T. Evans, W. Davies, W. Fox, and J. Murray.

MDCCLXXVIII.

ROMEO

AND

JULIET.

PROLOGUE.*

TWO housholds, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crost lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their childrens' end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

* This prologue, after the first copy was published in 1597, received several alterations, both in respect of correctness and versification. In the folio it is omitted.——The play was originally performed by *the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his servants.*

In the first of K. James I. was made an act of parliament for some restraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their sanction. STEEVENS.

Perſons Repreſented.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*
Paris, *Kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *Heads of two Houſes, at variance with*
Capulet, } *each other.*
Romeo, *Son to Montague.*
Mercutio, } *Friends of Romeo.*
Benvolio, }
Tybalt, *Kinſman to Capulet.*
An old Man, his Couſin.
Friar Lawrence, *a Franciſcan.*
Friar John, *of the ſame order.*
Balthaſar, *Servant to Romeo.*
Sampſon, } *Servants to Capulet.*
Gregory, }
Abram, *Servant to Montague.*
Three Muſicians.
Peter.

Lady Montague, *Wife to Montague.*
Lady Capulet, *Wife to Capulet.*
Juliet, *Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.*
Nurſe to Juliet.

CHORUS,—Page, Boy to Paris, an Officer, an Apothecary.

Citizens of Verona, *ſeveral Men and Women, relations to both Houſes; Maſkers, Guards, Watch and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth act, is in* Mantua; *during all the reſt of the play, at* Verona.

ROMEO AND JULIET[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

A STREET.

Enter Sampson, and Gregory, two servants of Capulet.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, [2] we'll not carry coals.
Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.
Sam.

[1] The story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona*. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boisteau copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection 1596; but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient had

[2] *we'll not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very justly observes, that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify *the bearing injuries*; but, as he has given no instances in support of his declaration, I thought it necessary to subjoin the following:

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 159[illegible], says: "We will *bear no coles*, I warrant you." So, Skelton:

"——— You, I say, Julian,
"Wyll you *beare no coles*?"

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, 1602: "He has had wrong, and if I were he, *I would bear no coles*." So, in *Law Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it?* a comedy, by John Day, 1608: "I'll *carry coals* an you will, no horns." Again, in *May Day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1610: "You must swear by no man's beard but your own, for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you must *carry no coals*." And again, in the same play: "Now my ancient being a man of an *un-coal-carrying* spirit, &c." Again, in B. Jonson's

Every

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam,

had found its way abroad; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, and published in an octavo volume 1562, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragicall Hystorie of Romeus and Juliet.* It was republished in 1587, under the same title. "*Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtill Counsels and Practises of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinson.*" Among the entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582. "M. Tottell] *Romeo* and *Juletta.*" Again Aug. 5, 1596: "Edward White] a new ballad of *Romeo* and *Juliett.*" The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure*: however, Shakespeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurst, the [illegible]nslator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his hero[illegible]s, in a piece which he calls an Epitaph, or Commune D[illegible]torum: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed), from a [illegible]age in Ames's Typographical Antiquities, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Breval in his Travels tells us, that he saw at Verona the tomb of these unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

This story was well known to the English poets before the time of Shakespeare. In an old collection of poems, called "*A gorgeous gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578," I find it mentioned:

"Sir *Romeus'* annoy but trifle seems to mine."

And

Every Man out of his Humour: "Here comes one that will *carry coals*; ergo, will hold my dog." And, lastly, in the poet's own Hen. V: "At Calais they stole a fireshovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would *carry coals.*" Again, in the *Malcontent*, 1604,

"Great slaves fear better than love, born naturally for a *coal-basket.*" STEEVENS.

—— *carry coals,*

This phrase continued to be in use down to the middle of the last century. In a little satirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead, intitled, "Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul's Church-yard, &c." published after the death of K. Cha. I. N° 22, page 50, is inserted "*Fire, Fire!* a small manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haselridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of scripture, that *John Lilburn* will not *carry coals.*" By Dr. Gouge. PERCY.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the houſe of Montague moves me.

Greg. To move, is—to ſtir; and to be valiant, is—to ſtand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Greg. That ſhews thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker veſſels, are ever thruſt to the wall:—therefore I will puſh Montague's men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be [3] cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well, thou art not fiſh; if thou hadſt, thou

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleaſures*, 1579."

I quote theſe paſſages for the ſake of obſerving, that, if Shakeſpeare had not read Painter's tranſlation, it is not likely that he would have altered the name to *Romeo*. There was another novel on the ſubject by L. da Porto; which has been lately printed at Venice. FARMER.

The two entries which I have quoted from the books at Stationers' Hall, may poſſibly diſpoſe Dr. Farmer to retract his obſervation concerning Shakeſpeare's change in the names.

[3] —cruel *with the maids*:] The firſt folio reads *civil* with the maids. JOHNSON.—So does the 4to, 1609. STEEVENS.

thou hadſt been Poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes of the houſe of the Montagues.

Enter Abram, and Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides; let them begin.

Greg. I will frown, as I paſs by; and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. [4] I will bite my thumb at them; which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, ſir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay—ay?

Greg. No.

[4] *I will bite my thumb at them; which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.*] So it ſignifies in Randolph's *Muſes Looking-Glaſs*, act 3, ſc. 3, p. 45.

Orgylus. " To bite his thumb at me.
Argus. " Why ſhould not a man bite his thumb?
Orgylus. " At me? were I ſcorn'd, to ſee men bite their thumbs;
" Rapiers and daggers, &c." Dr. GRAY.

Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miſerie*, &c. 1596, has this paſſage. " Behold next I ſee Contempt marching forth, " giving mee the *fico with his thombe in his mouth*." In a tranſlation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, page 142, I meet with theſe words: " It is ſaid of the Italians, if they once " *bite their fingers' ends in a threatning manner*, God knows, if " they ſet upon their enemies face to face, it is becauſe they " cannot aſſail them behind their backs." Perhaps Ben Jonſon ridicules this ſcene of Romeo and Juliet, in his *New Inn*:

" *Huff.* How, *ſpill it?*
" *Spill it* at me?
" *Tip.* I reck not, but I *ſpill it*." STEEVENS.

Sam.

Sam. No, ſir, I do not bite my thumb at you, ſir; but I bite my thumb, ſir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, ſir?

Abr. Quarrel, ſir? no, ſir.

Sam. If you do, ſir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, ſir.

[5] *Enter Benvolio.*

Greg. Say—better; here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen [6].

Sam. Yes, better, ſir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy ſwaſhing blow [7]. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools; put up your ſwords;
You know not what you do.

5 *Enter Benvolio.*] Much of this ſcene is added ſince the firſt edition; but probably by Shakeſpeare, ſince we find it in that of the year 1599. POPE.

6 "Here comes one of my *Maſter's* kinſmen." Some miſtake has happened in this place: *Gregory* is a ſervant of the *Capulets*; and *Benvolio* was of the *Montague* faction. FARMER.

Perhaps there is no miſtake. *Gregory* may mean *Tybalt*, who enters immediately after *Benvolio*, but on a different part of the ſtage. The eyes of the ſervant may be directed the way he ſees *Tybalt* coming, and in the mean time, *Benvolio* enters on the oppoſite ſide. STEEVENS.

7 —*thy ſwaſhing blow.*] Ben Jonſon uſes this expreſſion in his *Staple for News*: "I do confeſs a *ſwaſhing blow*." In the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584, *Fraud* ſays:

"I will flaunt it and brave it after the luſty *Swaſh*."

Again, in *As you like it*:

"I'll have a martial and a *ſwaſhing* outſide."

To *ſwaſh* ſeems to have meant to be a bully, to be noiſily valiant. So, Green, in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608, "— in ſpending and "ſpoiling, in ſwearing and *ſwaſhing*." Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, ſays, that "to *ſwaſh* is to make a noiſe with ſwordes againſt "tergats." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four citizens, with clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet, in his gown; and lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this?—[8] Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter old Montague, and lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

[8] *Give me my long sword.*] The *long sword* was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands. JOHNSON.

This *long sword* is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the justice says:

"Take their confessions, and my *long sword*;
"I cannot tell what danger we may meet with."

It appears that it was once the fashion to wear two swords of different sizes at the same time.

So in *Decker's Satiromastix*:

"Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* and your *little sword*."

STEEVENS.

La.

La. Mon. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foot to ſeek a foe.

* *Enter Prince, with attendants.*

Prin. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beaſts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons [9] to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Caſt by their grave beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate:
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the reſt depart away:
You, Capulet, ſhall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
[*Exeunt Prince, Capulet, &c.*

Mon. Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the inſtant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his ſword prepar'd;

[9] — *mis-temper'd* weapons, are angry weapons. So in *K. John*:
"This inundation of *mis-temper'd* humour, &c." STEEVENS.

Which,

Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn:
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—ſaw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd ſun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the eaſt [1],
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where—underneath the grove of ſycamour,
That weſtward rooteth from the city' ſide—
So early walking did I ſee your ſon:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood:
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,—
[2] That moſt are buſied when they are moſt alone,—
Purſu'd my humour, not purſuing his,
[3] And gladly ſhunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen,
With tears augmenting the freſh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs:
But all ſo ſoon as the all-chearing ſun
Should in the furtheſt eaſt begin to draw

1 *Peer'd forth the golden* window *of the eaſt.*] The ſame thought occurs in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. 2. C. 10.

"Early before the morn with cremoſin ray
" The *windows* of bright heaven opened had,
" Through which into the world the dawning day
" Might looke, &c." STEEVENS.

2 *That moſt are buſied*, &c.] Edition 1597. Inſtead of which it is in the other edition thus:

——————— by my own,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary ſelf,
Purſu'd my humour, &c. POPE.

3 *And gladly ſhunn'd*, &c.] The ten lines following, not in edition 1597, but in the next of 1599. POPE.

The

The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

4 *Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
5 Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

4 Ben. *Have you importun'd,* &c.] These two speeches also omitted in edition 1597, but inserted in 1599. POPE.

5 *Or dedicate his beauty to the same.*] When we come to consider, that there is some power else besides *balmy air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender buds spread themselves, I do not think it improbable that the poet wrote,

Or dedicate his beauty to the *Sun*.

Or, according to the more obsolete spelling, *Sunne*; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. THEOBALD.

I cannot but suspect that some lines are lost, which connected this simile more closely with the foregoing speech: these lines, if such there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities were known to the world. JOHNSON.

I suspect no loss of connecting lines. The same expression occurs in *Timon*, Act 4. Sc. 2.

"A *dedicated* beggar to the *air*." STEEVENS.

M.r.

Mon. I would, thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To hear true ſhrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow, couſin.

Rom. Is the day ſo young [6]?

Ben. But new ſtruck nine.

Rom. Ay me! ſad hours ſeem long.
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?

Ben. It was:—What ſadneſs lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them ſhort.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out [7]——

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should, without eyes, ſee path-ways [8] to his will!
Where

[6] Is the day ſo *young?* i. e. is it ſo early in the day? The ſame expreſſion (which might once have been popular) I meet with in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy 1529: "It is yet *young nyghte*, or there is yet moche of the nyghte to come." STEEVENS.

[7] Rom. *Out*—] I take *out* not to be an imperfect part of a ſentence cut off by apoſiopeſis; but rather the interjection ſtill uſed in the north, where they ſay *Out!* much in the ſame ſenſe as we ſay *fye!*—Romeo indeed afterwards tags a ſentence with it, but that he is led into by Benvolio's ſupplement to the firſt *Out*. So, in another ſcene of this play:—*Out alas! ſhe's* cold. PERCY.

Why ſhould *Romeo* ſay, *fye!* on being aſked if he were in love? Does he not acknowledge his being ſo, in the very next line? Would he, a character *all made up of love*, uſe ſuch terms of reſentment or ſhame, as *Out!* or *fye!* on being ſuſpected of a paſſion in which he gloried? STEEVENS.

[8] —*to his will!*] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read, to his *ill*. The preſent reading has ſome obſcurity; the meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to purſue his *deſire*. That the *blind* ſhould *find paths to ill* is no great wonder. JOHNSON.

I ſee no obſcurity in the text. It is not unuſual for thoſe who are blinded by love to overlook every difficulty that oppoſes their purſuit. NICHOLS.

The

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
9 Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

The quarto 1597, reads
Should, without *laws*, give path-ways to our will!
This reading is the most intelligible. STEEVENS.

9 *Why then, O brawling love*, &c.] Of these lines neither the sense nor occasion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy; and to love one and hate another is no such uncommon state, as can deserve all this toil of antithesis. JOHNSON.

Had Dr. Johnson attended to the letter of invitation in the next scene, he would have found that Rosaline was niece to Capulet. ANONYMOUS.

Every sonnetteer characterises Love by contrarieties. Watson begins one of his canzonets:

" Love is a sowre delight, a sugred griefe,
" A living death, an ever-dying life, &c."

Turberville makes Reason harangue against it in the same manner:

" A fierie frost, a flame that frozen is with ise!
" A heavie burden light to beare! a vertue fraught with
" vice! &c."

Immediately from the *Romaunt of the Rose:*

" *Loue* it is an hatefull pees,
" A free aquitaunce without reles——
" *An heavie burthen light to beare,*
" A wicked wawe awaie to weare:
" And health full of maladie,
" And charitie full of envie——
" A laughter that in weping aie,
" Rest that trauaileth night and daie, &c."

This kind of antithesis was very much the taste of the Provençal and Italian poets; perhaps it might be hinted by the ode of Sappho preserved by Longinus. Petrarch is full of it:

" Pace non trovo, e non hò da far guerra,
" E temo, e spero, e ardo, e son un ghiaccio,
" E volo sopra'l ciel, e ghiaccio in terra,
" E nulla stringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio, &c." *Son.* 105.

Sir Tho. Wyat gives a translation of this sonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of, *Description of the contrarious Passions in a Louer*, amongst the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.

O any

O any thing, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. [1] Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
[2] Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
[3] Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewel, my coz. [*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

[1] *Why, such is love's transgression.*—] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. JOHNSON.

[2] *Being* purg'd, *a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;*] The author may mean *being purged of smoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being urg'd, a fire sparkling.* Being excited and inforced. To *urge* the fire is the technical term. JOHNSON.

[3] *Being vex'd,* &c.] As this line stands single, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhym'd to it is lost. JOHNSON.

It does not seem necessary to suppose any line lost. In the former speech about Love's contrarieties, there are several lines which have no other to rhime with them; as also in the following, about Rosalind's chastity. STEEVENS.

Ben. [4] Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—
O word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
[5] And, [6] in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, [7] with beauty dies her store.

Ben.

[4] *Tell me in sadness,*] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *seriousness*. JOHNSON.

[5] *And in strong proof* &c.] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not liable to be displeased at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried increases the probability of the present supposition. STEEVENS.

[6] *—in strong proof*] In chastity *of proof*, as we say in armour *of proof*. JOHNSON.

[7] *—with beauty dies her store.*] Mr. Theobald reads, "*With* "her dies beauty's *store*;" and is followed by the two succeeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty. JOHNSON.

Theobald's

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

[8] *Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity [9].
She is too fair, too wise; [1] wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks [2], that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget

Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1620:

"Nature now shall boast no more
"Of the riches of her store;
"Since, in this her chiefest prize,
"All the stock of beauty dies."

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakespeare:

"Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date."

Again, in Massinger's *Virgin-Martyr:*

"—— with her dies
"The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman." STEEVENS.

[8] Rom. *She hath, and in that sparing*, &c.] None of the following speeches of this scene are in the first edition of 1597. POPE.

[9] *For beauty, starv'd with her severity,*
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.]
So in our author's Third Sonnet.

"Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
"Of his self-love, to stop *posterity?*" MALONE.

[1] —*too wisely fair.*] HANMER. For *wisely too* fair. JOHNSON.

[2] These *happy masks*, &c.] i. e. the masks worn by female spectators of the play. Former editors print *those* instead of *these*, but without authority. STEEVENS.

The

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewel; thou canst not teach me to forget [3].

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A STREET.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. [4] And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

[3] *Thou canst not teach me to forget.*]
" Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
" 'Tis sure the hardest science, *to forget.*"—Pope's *Eloisa.*
STEEVENS.

[4] *And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*] The 4to, 1597, reads:—And too soon *marr'd* are those so early *married.*

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, uses this expression, which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound:*

" The maid that *soon married* is, *soon marred* is."

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So Sidney:

" Oh! he is *marr'd* that is for others *made!*"

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems. STEEVENS.

The

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
[5] She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
[6] Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:

[5] *She is the hopeful lady of my earth.*] This line is not in the first edition. POPE.

The lady of his earth is an expression not very intelligible, unless he means that she is heir to his estate, and I suppose no man ever called his *lands* his *earth*. I will venture to propose a bold change:

She is the hope *and stay* of my *full years*. JOHNSON.

She is the hopeful lady of my earth.—This is a Gallicism: *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an *heiress*.

King Richard II. calls his land, i. e. his kingdom, *his earth*:

"Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle *earth*."

Again,

"So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my *earth*."

Earth, in other old plays is likewise put for *lands*, i. e. landed estate. So in a *Trick to catch the old one*, 1619:

"A rich widow and four hundred a year in good *earth*."

STEEVENS.

[6] *Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:*] This nonsense should be reformed thus:

Earth-treading stars that make dark *earth* light:

i. e. When the evening is dark, and without stars, these earthly stars supply their place, and light it up. So again in this play:

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? Is any thing more commonly said, than that beauties eclipse the sun? Has not Pope the thought and the word?

"Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
"And op'd those eyes that must *eclipse the day*."

Both the old and the new reading are philosophical nonsense; but they are both, and both equally, poetical sense. JOHNSON.

Such

Such comfort, as [7] do lusty young men feel
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
[8] Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

Come,

7 —*do lusty* young men *feel*] To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man shall feel* as much in an assembly of beauties, *as young men feel in the month of April*, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment. I read:

Such comfort as do lusty *yeomen* feel.

You shall feel from the sight and conversation of these ladies, such hopes of happiness and such pleasure, as the farmer receives from the spring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the prospect of the harvest fills him with delight. JOHNSON.

The following passage from Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, will support the present reading, and shew the propriety of Shakespeare's comparison: for to tell *Paris* that he should feel the same sort of pleasure in an assembly of beauties, which *young folk* feel in that season when they are most *gay and amorous*, was surely as much as the old man ought to say:

" That it was May, thus dremid me,
" In time of love and jolite,
" That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.—
" Then *yonge folke* entendin aye,
" For to ben gaie and amorous,
" The time is then so favorous."

Romaunt of the Rose, v. 51, &c.
STEEVENS.

8 Such, *amongst view of many, mine, being one,*
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.]
The first of these lines I do not understand. The old folio gives no help; the passage is here, *Which* one *more view*. I can offer nothing better than this:

Within your view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, &c. JOHNSON.

A very slight alteration will restore the clearest sense to this passage. Shakespeare might have written the lines thus:

Search among view of many: mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

i. e. *Amongst the many you will view there, search for one that will*

please

Come, go with me:—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there; and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt Capulet, and Paris.*

Serv. [9] Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:——In good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. [1] Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben.

please you. Chuse out of the multitude. This agrees exactly with what he had already said to him:

— Hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be."

My daughter (he proceeds) *will, it is true, be one of the number, but her beauty can be of no reckoning* (i. e. estimation) *among those whom you will see here. Reckoning* for *estimation*, is used before in this very scene;

"Of honourable *reckoning* are you both." STEEVENS.

[9] *Find them out, whose names are written here?*] The quarto, 1597, adds: "And yet I know not who are written here: I must to the learned to learn of them; that's as much as to say, the tailor, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.*] Tackius tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that, if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it. Dr. GRAY.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.
Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[He reads the list.]

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; Whither should they come?
Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither? to supper[2]?
Serv. To our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.

The same thought occurs in Albumazar, in the following lines:

"Help, Armellina, help! I'm fall'n i' the cellar:
"Bring a fresh *plantain leaf*, I've broke my shin."

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson 1609, a fellow who has had his head broke, says: "'Tis nothing, a fillip, a device: fellow Juniper, prithee get me a *plantain*."

The plantain leaf is a blood-stauncher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. STEEVENS.

[2] — *to supper?*] Surely these words, *to supper*, must belong to the servant's answer in the next speech:

To supper, to our house. STEEVENS.

Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have aſk'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without aſking: My Maſter is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the houſe of Montagues, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine [3]. Reſt you merry.

Ben. At this ſame ancient feaſt of Capulet's
Sups the fair Roſaline, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſhood, then turn tears to fires!
And theſe,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-ſeeing ſun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Herſelf pois'd with herſelf in either eye:
But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales, [4] let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love againſt ſome other maid
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well, that now ſhews beſt.

[3] — cruſh *a cup of wine.*] This cant expreſſion ſeems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Fill the pot, hoſteſs, &c. and we'll *cruſh it.*"

Again, in Hoffman's *Tragedy*, 1631:

"— we'll *cruſh a cup* of thine own country wine."

Again, in the *Pinder of Wakefield*, 1599, the Cobler ſays:

"Come, George, we'll *cruſh a pot* before we part."

We ſtill ſay in cant language — *to crack a bottle.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *let there be weigh'd*
Your lady's love *againſt ſome other maid*] But the compariſon was not betwixt the love that Romeo's miſtreſs paid him, and the perſon of any other young woman; but betwixt Romeo's miſtreſs herſelf, and ſome other that ſhould be matched againſt her. The poet therefore muſt certainly have wrote:

Your *lady-love* againſt ſome other maid. WARBURTON.

Your lady's love is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly uſed for the lady herſelf. REVISAL.

Rom.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here; what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, [5] to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She's not fourteen: How long is't now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,

[5] —*to my teen*—] To my sorrow. JOHNSON.
So, in *Tancred and Guismund*, 1592:
"And on his cinders wreak my cruel *teen*."
Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 1. C. 9.
"—— for [illegible] and doleful *teen*."
This old word is introduced by Shakespeare for the sake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*. STEEVENS.

Com

Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake [6] now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting i' the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain [7]:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it teachy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone [8]; nay, by the rood,
She

6 *It is since the earthquake now eleven years;*] But how comes the nurse to talk of an *earthquake* upon this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakespeare may be supposed to have drawn his story; and therefore it seems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. [See *Stowe's Chronicle*, and *Gabriel Harvey's* letter in the preface to *Spenser's works*, ed. 1679.] If so, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least, was written in 1591; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years since the earthquake* were completed; and not later than the middle of July, *a fortnight and odd days* before *Lammas-tide*. TYRWHITT.

7 Well, I do *bear a brain.*] So, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"*Dash*, we must *bear some brain.*"

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604:

"— nay an I *bear not a brain.*"

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"As I can bear a pack, so I can *bear a brain.*" STEEVENS.

8 —*could stand alone.*] The 4to, 1597, reads: "could stand *high*

She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child;
Yea, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay*:
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he:
And, pretty fool, [9] it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

[1] *Nurse.* Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chuse but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay*:
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

high lone, i. e. *quite* alone, *completely* alone. So in another of our author's plays, *high fantastical* means *entirely* fantastical. STEEVENS.

[9] — *it stinted*,] i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping. So Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch, speaking of the wound which Antony received, says: "for the blood *stinted* a little when he was laid." So in *Titus Andronicus*:

"He can at pleasure *stint* their melody."

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607: "—— a letter
"New bleeding from their pens, scarce *stinted* yet."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, by Ben Jonson:
"[illegible] babbling tongue."

Again, in *What you will*, by Marston, 1607:
"Pish! for shame *stint* thy idle chat."

Again, in the *Misfortunes of King Arthur*, an ancient drama, 1587:
"Fame's but a blast that sounds a while,
"And quickl[illegible], and then is quite forgot."

Spenser uses this word [illegible]ently in his *Faerie Queene*. STEEVENS.

[1] Nurse. *Yes, madam; yet I cannot chuse*, &c.] This speech and tautology is not in the first edition. POPE.

Jul.

Jul. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.
Nurſe. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou waſt the pretticſt babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.
La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?
Jul. [2] It is an honour that I dream not of.
Nurſe. An honour! were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay, thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.
[3] *La. Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris ſeeks you for his love.
Nurſe. A man, young lady! lady, ſuch a man,
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax [4].
La. Cap. Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.

[2] *It is an hour*] The modern editors all read, *it is an honour*. I have reſtored the genuine word, *hour*, which is more ſeemly from a girl to her mother. *Your*, *fire*, and ſuch words as are vulgarly uttered in two ſyllables, are uſed as diſſyllables by Shakeſpeare. JOHNSON.

The firſt quarto reads *honour*; the folio *hour*. I have choſen the reading of the quarto.

The word *hour* ſeems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurſe that applauſe which ſhe immediately beſtows. The word *honour* was likely to ſtrike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and diſcreet word for the occaſion. STEEVENS.

[3] Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line:
Well, girl, the noble County Paris ſeeks thee for his wife.
STEEVENS.

[4] —*a man of* wax.] So, in *Wily Beguiled*:
"Why, he's a man as one ſhould picture him in *wax*."
STEEVENS.

Nurſe.

[5] *Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

[6] *La. Cap.* What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume [7] of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
[8] Examine every several lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes [9].
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
[1] That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;

So

[5] *Nurse.*] After this speech of the Nurse, Lady Capulet in the old quarto says only:

"Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?"

She answers, "I'll look to like, &c." and so concludes the scene, without the intervention of that stuff to be found in the later quartos and the folio. STEEVENS.

[6] La. Cap. *What say you?* &c.] This ridiculous speech is entirely added since the first edition. POPE.

[7] *Read o'er the volume* &c.] The same thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

"Her face the book of praises, where is read
"Nothing but curious pleasures." STEEVENS.

[8] *Examine every several lineament,*] The quarto, 1599, reads, every *married* lineament.—Shakespeare meant by this last phrase, Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which seems to be implied in *content.*—In *Troilus and Cressida*, he speaks of "the *married* calm of states;" and in his 8th Sonnet has the same allusion:

"In the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
"By unions *married*, do offend thine ear." STEEVENS.

[9] —*the margin of his eyes.*] The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin. So *Horatio* in *Hamlet* says: "—I knew you must be edify'd by the *margent*, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] *That in gold clasps locks in the* golden story;] The *golden story* is perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the darker ages of popery much

read,

So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye [2],
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

[3] *Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A STREET.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio [4], Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or

read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished; but of which Canus, one of the popish doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis.* JOHNSON.

The poet may mean nothing more than to say, that those books are most esteemed by the world, where *valuable contents* are embellished by as *valuable binding.* STEEVENS.

[2] —endart *mine eye,*] The quarto, 1597, reads, "to *engage* mine eye." STEEVENS.

[3] To this speech there have been likewise additions since the elder quarto, but they are not of sufficient consequence to be quoted. STEEVENS.

[4] *Mercutio.*] Shakespeare appears to have formed this character on the following slight hint in the original story: "—another gentleman called *Mercutio,* which was a courtlike gentleman, very

wel

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. [5] The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies [6] like a crow-keeper;
[7] Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our enterance:
But, let them measure us by what they will;

wel beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and curteous behavior was in al companies wel intertained." *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. 2. p. 221. STEEVENS.

[5] *The date is out of such prolixity.*] i. e. *Masks* are now out of fashion. That Shakespeare was an enemy to these fooleries, appears from his writing none; and that his plays discredited such entertainments, is more than probable. But in James's time, that reign of false taste as well as false politics, they came again in fashion; and a deluge of this affected nonsense overflowed the court and country. WARBURTON.

The diversion going forward at present is not a *masque* but a *masquerade*. In Henry VIII. where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions I believe Romeo is made to allude.

So, in *Histriomastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the *maskers* enter without any compliment:

"What come they in so blunt, *without device?*"

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech. STEEVENS.

Shakespeare has written a *masque* which the reader will find introduced in the 4th act of the Tempest. It would have been difficult for the reverend annotator to have proved they were discontinued during any period of Shakespeare's life. PERCY.

[6] *—like a crow-keeper;*] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in Lear. JOHNSON.

[7] *Nor no without-book prologue, &c.*] The two following lines are inserted from the first edition. POPE.

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. [8] Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

[9] *Mer.* You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and [1] so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:

[8] *Give me a torch,*] The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He is just like a *torch-bearer* to maskers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A *torch-bearer* seems to have been a constant attendant on every troop of masks. So, in the second part of *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"—— As on a masque; but for our *torch-bearers*,
"Hell cannot rake so mad a crew as I."

Again, in the same play:

"———— a gallant crew,
"Of courtly maskers landed at the stairs;
"Before whom, unintreated, I am come,
"And here prevented, I believe, their page,
"Who, with his *torch*, is enter'd."

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice:*

"We have not spoke as yet of *torch-bearers.*"

Again, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"Night, like a *masque*, is enter'd heaven's great hall,
"With thousand *torches* ushering the way." Steevens.

[9] Mer. *You are a lover*, &c.] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the first edition. Pope.

[1] —*so bound,*
I cannot bound, &c.] Let Milton's example, on this occasion, keep Shakespeare in countenance:

"—— in contempt
"At one slight *bound* high overleap'd all *bound*
"Of hill, &c." Par. Lost, book iv. l. 180. Steevens.

Under

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love?
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:
[*Putting on a mask.*
A visor for a visor!——what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities [2]?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: [3] let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels [4];
[5] For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll

[2] —*doth* quote *deformities?*] To *quote* is to *observe*. So, in *Hamlet*, Act 2. Sc. 1.

I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment
I had not *quoted* him. See a note on this passage.
STEEVENS.

[3] *Let wantons light of heart*, &c.] Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

" — bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,
" Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels,
" I have too much lead at mine." STEEVENS.

[4] *Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels*;] It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. So *Hentzner* in his Itinerary, speaking of Q. *Elizabeth's* presence-chamber at Greenwich, says: " The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *hay*," meaning *rushes*. So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

" Thou dancest on my heart, lascivious queen,
" Even as upon these rushes which thou treadest."

The *stage* was anciently strewn with *rushes*. So, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: " — on the very *rushes* when the commedy is to daunce." STEEVENS.

[5] The grandsire phrase is—*The black ox has trod upon my foot*. JOHNSON.

The proverb which Romeo means, is contain'd in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. [6] Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If

verbial expression, for being *an idle spectator*. Among Ray's proverbial sentences, is this—"A good *candle-holder* proves a good gamester." STEEVENS.

[6] *Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:*] This poor obscure stuff should have an explanation in mere charity. It is an answer to these two lines of Romeo:

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;—*and*
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mercutio, in his reply, answers the last line first. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-holder* (says Romeo) *and look on*. It is true, if I could play myself, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done*. I have nothing to play with; I have lost my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word *done*, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had said, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And so replies, *Tut! dun's the mouse*; a proverbial expression of the same import with the French, *La nuit tous les chats sont gris*: as much as to say, You need not fear; night will make all your complexions alike. And because Romeo had introduced his observations with,

I am *proverb'd with a grandsire phrase*,

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the constable's own word*: as much as to say, If you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; *'tis the constable's own word*; whose custom was, when he summoned his watch, and assigned them their several stations, to give them what the soldiers call, *the word*. But this night-guard being distinguished for their pacific character, the constable, as an emblem of their harmless disposition, chose that domestic animal for his *word*: which, in time, might become proverbial. WARBURTON.

A proverbial saying, used by Mr. Tho. Heywood, in his play, intitled *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, act 3.

"A rope for Bishop Bonner, Clunce runs,
"Call help, a rope, or we are all undone.
"Draw *dun* out of the *ditch*." Dr. GRAY.

Draw dun out of the mire, seems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other pastimes:

"At shove-groate, venter-point, or crosse and pile,
"At leaping o'er a Midsommer bone-fier,
"Or at the *drawing dun out of the myer*."

So,

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,
7 Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light [8], ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, [9] like lamps by day.

So, Skelton, in his *Crowne of Lawrel:*

" *Dun is in the mire*, dame, reach me my spur."

Again, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, 1607:

" I must play *dun*, and *draw them all out of the mire*."

Again, in *St. Patrick for Ireland*, by Shirley, 1640:

" Then *draw dun out of the mire*,
" And throw the clog into the fire."

Dun's the mouse is a proverbial phrase, which I have likewise met with frequently in the old comedies. So in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

" If my host say the word, the *mouse shall be dun*."

It is also found among Ray's proverbial similes.

Again, in the *Two merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

" Why then 'tis done, and *dun's the mouse*, and undone all the courtiers."

Of this cant expression I cannot determine the precise meaning. It is used again in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, but apparently in a sense different from that which Dr. Warburton would affix to it. STEEVENS.

7 *Or (save your reverence) love,*—]. The word *or* obscures the sentence; we should read *O!* for *or love*. Mercutio having called the affection with which Romeo was entangled by so disrespectful a word as *mire*, cries out,

O! save your reverence, love. JOHNSON.

Mercutio's meaning is lost if we dismiss the word *or*. " We'll draw thee from the mire (says he) *or rather* from this love wherein thou stick'st."

Dr. Johnson has imputed a greater share of politeness to Mercutio than he is found to be possessed of in the quarto, 1597. Mercutio, as he passes through different editions,

" Works himself clear, and as he runs refines:"

for in the former he is made to say,

——————— from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st. STEEV.

8 — we *burn day-light*, ho.] To *burn daylight* is a proverbial expression, used when candles &c. are lighted in the day time. STEEVENS.

9 —— *like lamps by day.*] *Lamps* is the reading of the oldest quarto. The folio and subsequent quartos read *lights*, *lights by day*. STEEVENS.

Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that [1], ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed asleep; while they do dream things true [2].

Mer. [3] O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She

[1] *Five times in that.*] The quarto, 1597, reads: "*Three times a day*;" and *right* wits, instead of *fine* wits. STEEVENS.

[2] In the quarto 1597, after the first line of Mercutio's speech, Romeo says, *Queen Mab, what's she?* and the printer, by a blunder, has given all the rest of the speech to the same character. STEEVENS.

[3] *O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.*
She is the FAIRIES' *midwife,*] Thus begins that admirable speech upon the effects of the imagination in dreams. But, Queen Mab the fairies mid-wife? What is she then Queen of? Why, the fairies. What! and their *midwife* too? But this is not the greatest of the absurdities. Let us see upon what occasion she is introduced, and under what quality. It is as a being that has great power over human imagination. But then the title given her must have reference to the employment she is put upon: First then, she is called Queen; which is very pertinent, for that designs her power: then she is called the *fairies' midwife*; but what has that to do with the point in hand? If we would think that Shakespeare wrote sense, we must say, he wrote——*the* FANCY'S *midwife*; and this is a proper title, as it introduces all that is said afterwards of her *vagaries*. Besides, it exactly quadrates with these lines:

———— I talk of *dreams*,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain *fantasie*.

These dreams are begot upon *fantasie*, and Mab is the midwife to bring them forth. And *fancy's midwife* is a phrase altogether in the manner of our author. WARBURTON

All the copies (three of which were published in our author's life-time) concur in reading *fairies' midwife*, and Dr. Warburton's alteration

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
4 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies[5]

Athwart

alteration appears to be quite unnecessary. The *fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife *to* the fairies, but that she was the person *among* the fairies, whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain*. When we say the *king's judges*, we do not mean persons who are to judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects. STEEVENS.

4 *On the fore-finger of an alderman*] The quarto, 1597, reads, *of a burgo-master*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himself, as we find it in the succeeding copy 1599; but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminished its propriety. In the pictures of *burgo-masters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a passage in *The First Part of Henry* IV. we may suppose the citizens in Shakespeare's time to have worn this ornament on the *thumb*. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

"—— and an *alderman*,
"As I may say to you, he has no more
"Wit than the rest o' the bench; and that lies in his
"*thumb-ring*." STEEVENS.

5 — *of* atomies] *Atomy* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atom*. So, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

"— I can tear thee
"As small as *atomies*, and throw thee off
"Like dust before the wind."

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"I'll tear thy limbs into more *atomies*
"Than in the summer play before the sun."

In *Drayton's Nimphidia* there is likewise a description of Queen *Mab's* chariot:

Four nimble Gnats the Horses were,
Their Harnesses of Gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her Charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting:
Her Chariot of a Snail's fine Shell,
Which for the Colours did excell,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The Seat, the soft Wool of the Bee,

The

Athwart men's noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſhoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film:
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ſies ſtraight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who ſtraight on kiſſes dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are.
⁶ Sometime ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,

And

The Cover (gallantly to ſee)
The Wing of a py'd Butterflee,
I trow, 'twas ſimple trimming:
The wheels compos'd of Cricket's Bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For Fear of rattling on the Stones,
With Thiſtle-down they ſhod it. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Sometime ſhe gallops o'er a* LAWYER'*s noſe,*
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:] The old editions have it, COURTIER'*s noſe*; and this undoubtedly is the true reading: and for theſe reaſons: Firſt, In the preſent reading there is a vicious repetition in this fine ſpeech; the ſame thought having been given in the foregoing line:

O'er *lawyers'* fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees:

Nor can it be objected that there will be the ſame fault if we read *courtiers'*, it having been ſaid before:

On *courtiers'* knees, that dream on curtſies ſtrait;

becauſe they are ſhewn in two places under different views: in the firſt, their *foppery*; in the ſecond, their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Secondly, In our author's time, a court-ſolicitation was called, ſimply,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:

And

ply, a *suit*; and a process, a *suit at law*, to distinguish it from the other. "The King" (says an anonymous cotemporary writer of the life of Sir William Cecil) "called him [Sir William Cecil] and "after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, "willed his father to FIND [i. e. *to smell out*] A SUIT for him. "Whereupon he became SUITER for the reversion of the Custos-"brevium office in the Common Pleas: which the king willingly "granted, it being the first SUIT he had in his life." Indeed our poet has very rarely turned his satire against *lawyers* and *law proceedings*, the common topic of later writers: for, to observe it to the honour of the English judicatures, they preserved the purity and simplicity of their first institution, long after chicane had over-run all the other laws of Europe. WARBURTON.

In these lines Dr. Warburton has very justly restored the old reading *courtier's nose*, and has explained the passage with his usual learning; but I do not think he is so happy in his endeavour to justify Shakespeare from the charge of a *vicious repetition* in introducing the *courtier* twice. The second folio, I observe, reads:

On COUNTRIES knee :——

which has led me to conjecture, that the line ought to be read thus:

On COUNTIES knees, that dream on courtsies strait:—

Counties I understand to signify *noblemen* in general. Paris, who, in one place, I think, is called *earl*, is most commonly stiled the *countie* in this play.

And so in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act 4. we find;

"Princes and *counties*."

And in *All's well that Ends well*, Act 3:

——"A ring the *County* wears."

The *Countie Egmond* is so called more than once in Holingshead, p. 1150, and in the Burleigh papers, vol. I. p. 204. See also p. 7, The *Countie* Palatine Lowys. However, perhaps, it is as probable that the repetition of the *Courtier*, which offends us in this passage, may be owing (not to any error of the press, but) to the players having jumbled together the varieties of several editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play. TYRWHITT.

At the first entry of the characters in the History of *Orlando Furioso*, played before Queen Elizabeth, and published in 1594 and 1599, *Sacripant* is called the *Countie* Sacripant.

Again, *Orlando*, speaking of himself:

"Surnam'd Orlando, the *Countie* Palatine."

Countie is at least repeated twenty times in the same play.

This speech at different times received much alteration and improvement.

And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, [7] Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
[8] And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

provement. The part of it in question, stands thus in the quarto 1597:

And in this sort she gallops up and down
Through lovers braines, and then they dream of love:
O'er courtiers knees, who strait on cursies dreame:
O'er ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait;
Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,
And then dreames he of smelling out a suit:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's taile,
Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a souldier's nose,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermines,
Of healths five fadome deep, &c.

Shakespeare, as I have observed before, did not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. STEEVENS.

[7] *Spanish blades,*] A sword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan steel. So Grotius:

"—— Ensis Toletanus
"Unda Tagi non est alio celebranda metallo,
"Utilis in cives est ibi lamina suos." JOHNSON.

The quarto 1597, instead of *Spanish blades*, reads *countermines*. STEEVENS.

[8] *And cakes the elf-locks,* &c.] This was a common superstition; and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease called the Plica Polonica. WARBURTON.

All the old copies that I have seen, concur in reading, "and *bakes,* &c." Mr. Pope first made the alteration, which does not appear to be absolutely necessary. STEEVENS.

Which,

Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs[9],
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence[1],
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our selves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,

9 — *when maids, &c.*] So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*

And Mab, his merry Queen, by Night
Bestrides young Folks that lie upright
(In elder Times the Mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

So, in *Gervase of Tilbury*, Dec. 1. C. 17. Vidimus quosdam dæmones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prorumpunt ludibria, et cum ad concubitum earum accedunt, *mirâ mole eas opprimunt*, nec ab aliis videntur.

— *of good* carriage.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act 1. Sc. 2.
"— let them be men of good repute and *carriage*.
Moth. Sampson, master; he was a man of good *carriage*; great *carriage*; for he *carried* the town-gates, &c." STEEVENS.

1 — *from thence.*] The quarto 1597, reads: — "in haste." STEEVENS.

Direct

² Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.
Ben. Strike, drum ³. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* ⁴ Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher ⁵! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens' hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the ⁶ court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save

² *Direct my* sail!] I have restored this reading from the elder quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceeding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

Direct my suit!] Guide the *sequel* of the adventure. JOHNSON.

³ *Strike drum.*] Here the folio adds: *They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins.* STEEVENS.

⁴ This scene is added since the first copy. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *he shift a* trencher, &c.] *Trenchers* were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. In the houshold book of the earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility. PERCY.

They continued common much longer in many public societies, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are still retained at Lincoln's-Inn. NICHOLS.

⁶ — *court-cupboard,*] I am not very certain that I know the exact signification of *court-cupboard.* Perhaps it is what we call at present the *side-board.* It is however frequently mentioned in the old plays: so, in a *Humorous Day's Mirth,* 1599: "—shadow these tables with their white veils, and accomplish the *court-cupboard.*"
Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive,* 1606, by Chapman:
"Here shall stand my *court-cupboard* with its furniture of plate."
Again, in the *Roaring Girl,* 1611:
"Place that in the *court cupboard.*"
Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore,* 1635:
"—they are together on the *cupboard of the court,* or the *court-cupboard.*"
Again, in Chapman's *May-Day,* 1611:
"*Court-cupboards* planted with Flaggons, Cans, Cups, Beakers, &c."

Two

7 ſave me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lov'ſt me, let the porter let in Suſan Grindſtone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, aſk'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be briſk a while, and the longer liver take all.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, &c. with the Gueſts and the Maſkers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their feet
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my miſtreſſes! which of you all

Two of theſe *court-cupboards* are ſtill in Stationers' Hall.
STEEVENS.

The uſe which to this day is made of thoſe *cupboards* is exactly deſcribed in the above-quoted line of Chapman; to diſplay at public feſtivals the *flaggons*, *cans*, *cups*, *beakers*, and other antique ſilver veſſels of the company, ſome of which (with the names of the donors inſcribed on them) are remarkably large. NICHOLS.

7 *Save me a piece of march-pane*;] March-pane was a confection made of piſtachio-nuts, almonds, and ſugar, &c. and in high eſteem in Shakeſpeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is ſaid that the univerſity preſented Sir William Cecil their chancellor with two pair of gloves, a *march-pane*, and two ſugar-loaves.
Peck's Deſiderata Curioſa, vol. ii. p. 29. GRAY.

March-pane was a kind of ſweet bread or biſcuit; called by ſome almond-cake. *Hermolaus barbarus* terms it *maxapanis*, vulgarly *martius panis*. G. *macepain* and *maſſepain*. It. *marzapane*. H. *maçapan*. B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *maſſa pura*. But, as few underſtood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally though corruptly called *maſſepeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *marſepeyn*; and in conſequence of this miſtake of theirs it ſoon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*.
HAWKINS.

March-pane was a conſtant article in the deſerts of our anceſtors. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1529: "—ſeeing that the iſſue of the table, fruits and cheſe or wafers hypocras and *marchpanes* or comfytures, be brought in."
See Dugdale's Orig. Jurid. p. 133. STEEVENS.

Will

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
[8] You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians, play.
[9] A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Musick plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, [1] good cousin Capulet;
For

[8] *You're welcome, gentlemen.*] These two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio. JOHNSON.

[9] *A hall! a hall!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, *make room*. So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

"Room! room! *a hall! a hall!*"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

"— Then cry, *a hall! a hall!*

Again, in an Epithalamium by Christopher Brooke, published at the end of *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Cry not, *a hall, a hall*; but chamber-roome;
"Dancing is lame, &c."

Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, a comedy, by *Chapman*, 1612:

"*A hall! a hall!* who's without there?"—
"A *hall! a hall!* let no more citizens in there."

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"*A hall, a hall!* let all the deadly sins
"Come in, and here accuse me!—".

Again, in *Decker's Satiromastix*:

"His grace comes.—A hall, varlets!—Where be my men?"

Again, in the *Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1600:

"— *Hall*, a *hall* there, musick sound."

Again, in *Woman will have her will*, 1631:

"She comes, she comes; A *hall*, a *hall*!" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens reads very rightly: "*A hall! a hall!* So, in Marston's Satires:—"*A hall, a hall!* Room for the spheres! &c." And Davies, in one of his Epigrams: "*A hall!* my masters, give *Rotundus* room." FARMER.

[1] —*good cousin Capulet*,] This *cousin* Capulet is *unkle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is described as old, *cousin* is

For you and I are past [2] our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* [3] Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night [4]
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:

is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very disproportionate; he has been past masking for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet, is but eight-and-twenty. JOHNSON.

[2] — *our* dancing *days*:] Thus the folio: the quarto reads, "our *standing* days." STEEVENS.

[3] — *will you tell me*, &c.] This speech stands thus in the first copy:

Will you tell me that it cannot be so?
His son was but a ward three years ago;
Good youths i'faith!—Oh, youth's a jolly thing!

There are many trifling variations in almost every speech of this play; but when they are of little consequence I have forborn to encumber the page by the insertion of them. The last, however, of these three lines is natural, and worth preserving. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *cheek of night.*] Shakespeare has the same thought in his 27th sonnet:

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
"Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new."

The quartos, 1597. 1599. 1609, 1637, and the folio 1623, read:

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night.

It is to the folio 1632, that we are indebted for the present reading; but I know not that it is the true one. STEEVENS.

Beauty

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty 'till this night[5].

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spight,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.

[5] *For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.*] Thus *K. Henry* VIII.
—— o beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee! STEEVENS.

You'll

You'll not endure him!—God ſhall mend my ſoul—
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
You will ſet cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a ſaucy boy:—Is't ſo, indeed?——
This trick may chance to ſcathe you [6];—I know what.—
You muſt contrary me [7]! marry, 'tis time——
Well ſaid, my hearts:—[8] You are a princox; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for ſhame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. [9] Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

[6] *To* ſcathe *you*, i. e. to do you an injury.
So, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:
"They ſhall amend the *ſcath*, or kiſs the pound."
Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:
"Alas, what wretched villain hath done me ſuch *ſcath*?"
STEEVENS.

[7] *You muſt* contrary *me.*] The uſe of this verb is common to our old writers. So, in *Tully's Love* by *Greene*, 1616: "— rather wiſhing to die than to *contrary* her reſolution." Many inſtances more might be ſelected from *Sidney's Arcadia*.
Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602. B. 10. Chap. 59.
"—— his countermand ſhould have *contraried* ſo."
The ſame verb is uſed in Sir Tho. North's tranſlation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

[8] *You are a* princox, *go*:—] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited perſon.
The word is uſed by Ben Jonſon in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609; by Chapman in his comedy of *May-Day*, 1610; in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606: "Your proud univerſity *Princox*;" again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633: "That *Princox* proud;" and indeed by moſt of the old dramatick writers. Cotgrave renders *un jeune eſtoudeau ſuperbe*—a young *princox* boy. STEEVENS.

[9] *Patience perforce,*] This expreſſion is in part proverbial: the old adage is,
"*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog." STEEV.

Rom.

Rom. [1] If I profane with my unworthy hand [*To Juliet.*
This holy ſhrine, the gentle fine is this—
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, ready ſtand
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For ſaints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiſs.

Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, leſt faith turn to deſpair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' ſake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my ſin is purg'd.
[*Kiſſing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O treſpaſs ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.

Jul. You kiſs by the book.

Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurſe. Marry, bachelor,

[1] *If I profane with my unworthy hand*
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin *is this,*
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, &c.] All profanations are ſuppoſed to be expiated either by ſome meritorious action, or by ſome penance undergone and puniſhment ſubmitted to. So Romeo would here ſay, If I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips ſtand ready, as two bluſhing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a ſweet penance. Our poet therefore muſt have wrote,
——— the gentle *fine* is this. WARBURTON.

Her

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards [2].—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen [3]; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. Come hither, nurse [4]: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:——if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

[2] *We have a foolish trifling banquet* towards.] *Towards* is ready, at hand. So, in *Hamlet*:
"What might be *towards*, that this sweaty haste
"Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?"
Again, in the *Phœnix*, by Middleton, 1607:
"—— here's a voyage *towards*, will make us all."
STEEVENS.

[3] — *honest gentlemen*;] Here the quarto, 1597, adds:
"I promise you, but for your company,
"I would have been in bed an hour ago:
"Light to my chamber, ho!" STEEVENS.

[4] *Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?*] This and the following questions are taken from the novel. STEEVENS.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* Juliet.
Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter [5] *CHORUS.*

Now old desire doth on his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, for which love groan'd sore, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extream sweet.
[*Exit Chorus.*

[5] *CHORUS.*] This chorus added since the first edition. POPE.

Chorus. The use of this chorus is not easily discovered; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scene will shew; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ay me! couple but—love and dove [6];
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name to her purblind son and heir,

[6] *Cry but—Ay me! couple but—love and dove.*] The quarto, 1597, reads *pronounce*, the two succeeding quartos and the first folio, *provant*: the 2d, 3d, and 4th folios, *couply*; and Mr. Rowe, who printed from the last of these, formed the present reading. *Provant*, in ancient language, signifies *provision*. So, in "The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, called Joan Cromwell, the wife of the late usurper, truly described and represented," 1664, p. 14. "— carrying some dainty *provant* for her own and her daughter's repast." To *provant* is to *provide*; and to *provide* is to *furnish*. "*Provant* but love and dove," may therefore mean *furnish* but such hackney'd rhimes as these are, the trite effusions of lovers.
STEEVENS.

[7] Young Adam Cupid, he that ſhot ſo trim,
[8] When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.——
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.——
I conjure thee by Roſaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeſnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpight: my invocation
Is fair and honeſt, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among thoſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humorous night [9]:

Blind

[7] *Young Adam Cupid,*] Alluding to the famous archer Adam Bell. GRAY.

[8] *When king Cophetua, &c.*] Alluding to an old ballad. POPE.

This ballad is preſerved in the firſt volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry.* STEEVENS.

" —— her *pur-blind* ſon and heir,
" Young *Adam Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo *trim*,
" When, &c."

This word *trim*, the firſt editors conſulting the general ſenſe of the paſſage, and not perceiving the alluſion, would naturally alter to *true*; yet the former ſeems the more humourous expreſſion, and, on account of its quaintneſs, more likely to have been uſed by Mercutio. PERCY.

So *trim* is the reading of the oldeſt copy, and this ingenious conjecture is confirmed by it. In *Decker's Satiromaſtix* is a reference to the ſame archer:

" —— He ſhoots his bolt but ſeldom; but when *Adam* lets go, he hits:"
" He ſhoots at thee too, *Adam Bell*; and his arrows ſtick here." STEEVENS.

[9] —*the* humorous *night.*] I ſuppoſe *Shakeſpeare* means humid, the

Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
[1] As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

t. moiſt *dewy* night. *Chapman* uſes the word in that ſenſe in h[1] tranſlation of *Homer*, book II. edit. 1598:

"The other gods and knights at arms ſlept all the *humorous* night."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong 3:

"Such matter as ſhe takes from the groſs *humorous* earth."

Again, ſong 13th:

"—which late the *humorous* night
"Beſpangled had with pearl—"

Again, in his *Barons' Wars*, canto I:

"The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:* "The *vaporous* night approaches." MALONE.

[1] *As maids*, &c.] After this line in the quarto 1597, I find two other verſes, containing ſuch ribaldry, that I cannot venture to inſert them in the text, though I exhibit them here as a proof that either the poet or his friends knew ſometimes how to blot:

O Romeo that ſhe were, O that ſhe were
An open *Et cætera*, thou a *Poprin* Pear!

This pear is mentioned in the *Wiſe Woman of Hogſdon*, 1638.
"What needed I to have grafted in the ſtock of ſuch a choke-pear, and ſuch a goodly *Poprin* as this to eſcape me?"
Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

"—I requeſted him to pull me
"A Katherine Pear, and had I not look'd to him
"He would have miſtook and given me a *Popperin*."

In the *Atheiſt's Tragedy*, by *Cyril Turner*, 1611, there is much conceit about this Pear. I am unable to explain it, nor does it appear indeed to deſerve explanation.

Thus much may ſafely be ſaid; viz. that our Pear might have been of French extraction, as *Popering* was the name of a pariſh in the Marches of Calais. So, Chaucer's *Rime of Sire Thopas*, edit. 1775, ver. 13650:

"In Flandres, al beyonde the ſee
"At *Popering* in the place." STEEVENS.

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here, that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. [2] He jeſts at ſcars, that never felt a wound.—
But, ſoft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the eaſt, and Juliet is the ſun!—
[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*
Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than ſhe:
[3] Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious;
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off.—
[4] It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that ſhe knew ſhe were!——
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; What of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it.——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me it ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars in all the heaven,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night.

[2] *He jeſts at ſcars,*] That is, Mercutio jeſts, whom he overheard. JOHNSON.

[3] *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana. JOHNSON.

[4] *It is my lady;*] This line and half I have replaced. JOHNSON.

See,

See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
[5] O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek [6]!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She ſpeaks:——
[7] O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides [8] the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this? [*Aſide.*

[5] *O that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This paſſage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637:

"Oh that I were a flea upon that lip," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —touch *that cheek!*] The quarto, 1597, reads; "*kiſs* that cheek." STEEVENS.

[7] *Oh, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art*
As glorious to this night,] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, yet the latter part of the ſimile ſeems to require,

As glorious to this *ſight*;——

and therefore I have ventured to alter the text ſo. THEOBALD.

I have reſtored the old reading, for ſurely the change was unneceſſary. The plain ſenſe is, that Juliet appeared as ſplendid an object in the vault of heaven obſcured by darkneſs, as an angel could ſeem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

As glorious to this night, means *as glorious an appearance in this dark night*, &c. It ſhould be obſerved, however, that the ſimile agrees preciſely with Theobald's alteration, and not ſo well with the old reading. STEEVENS.

[8] —*the* lazy-pacing *clouds,*] Thus corrected from the firſt edition, in the other *lazy-puffing*. POPE.

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;
[1] Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
[2] Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;

[1] *Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.*] *i. e.* you would be just what you are, although you were not of the House of Montague. WARBURTON.

I think the true reading is,

Thou art thyself, *then* not a Montague.

Thou art a being of peculiar excellence, and hast none of the malignity of the family from which thou hast thy name.—Hanmer reads:

Thou r't not *thyself* so, *though* a Montague. JOHNSON.

This line is wanting in the elder quarto; all the other editions concur in one reading. I think the passage will support Dr. Johnson's sense without his proposed alteration. Thou art thyself (i. e. a being of distinguished excellence) though thou art not what thou appearest to others, akin to thy family in malice. STEEVENS.

[2] *Take all myself.*] The elder quarto reads, *Take all I have.* STEEVENS.

Art

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords [3]; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued [4], wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;

3 —— *there lies more peril in thine eye,*
Than twenty of their swords;]
B. & Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid in the Mill:*
"The lady may command, sir;
"She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon."
STEEVENS.

4 *Than death* prorogued,] To *prorogue* has not, in this place, its common signification, but means to *delay*. STEEVENS.

Else

Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have ſpoke; But farewel compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know, thou wilt ſay—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'ſt I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my haviour light:
But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more [5] cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heardſt, ere I was ware,
My true love's paſſion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, ſwear not by the moon, the inconſtant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.

Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?

Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,

[5] —*coying to be ſtrange.*] For *coying*, the modern editions have *cunning*. JOHNSON.

Cunning is the reading of the elder quarto, and I have reſtored it. To *coy* is nevertheleſs an old verb. So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

"Love is ſo young, it *coys* but cannot ſpeak."

To be ſtrange, is to put on affected coldneſs, to appear ſhy. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "— Is it the faſhion in Padua to be ſo *ſtrange* with your friends?" STEEVENS.

Which

Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not ſwear; although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,
Ere one can ſay—It lightens [6]. [7] Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by ſummer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?

Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within; Dear love, adieu!

[*Nurſe calls within.*

[6] *Ere one can ſay—It lightens.*] So, in the *Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:

"—— lightning ceaſleſsly to burn,
"Swifter than thought from place to place to paſs,
"And being gone, doth ſuddenly return
"*Ere you could ſay preciſely what it was.*"

The ſame thought occurs in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Sweet, good night.*] All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night*, to *Stay but a little*, &c. were added after the firſt copy. STEEVENS.

Anon,

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam.
I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—[*Within:* Madam.] By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Re-enter Juliet again, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a faulconer's voice,
[8] To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

Bondage

[8] *To lure this tassel-gentle back again!*] The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *goshawk*; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My sweet?
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years 'till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

all birds of prey. In the *Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turbervile, gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Massinger,

" —— then for an evening flight
" A *tiercel-gentle*."

Taylor the water poet uses the same expression, " —— By casting " out the lure, she makes the *tassel-gentle* come to her fist."
Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. 3. c. 4.

" Having far off espyde a *tassel-gent*,
" Which after her his nimble wings doth straine."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

" Your *tassel-gentle*, she's lur'd off and gone."

This species of hawk had the epithet of gentle annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. STEEVENS.

Rom.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A MONASTERY.

Enter friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. [9] The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness [1] like a drunkard reels

[9] *The grey-ey'd morn,* &c.] These four first lines are here replaced, conformable to the first edition, where such a description is much more proper than in the mouth of Romeo just before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his mistress. POPE.

In the folio these lines are printed twice over, and given twice to Romeo, and once to the frier. JOHNSON.

The same mistake has likewise happened in the quartos, 1599, 1609, and 1637. STEEVENS.

[1] *And* flecked *darkness*] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streak'd or variegated. In this sense it is used by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Tho. Mowbray Duke of Norfolk.* Mowbray, speaking of the Germans, says:

" All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,
" They swear, they curse, and drink till they be *fleck'd.*"

Lord Surrey uses the same word in his translation of the 4th Æneid:

" Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly staine."

The same image occurs in *Much ado about nothing,* act. 5. sc. 3.

" *Dapples* the drowsy east with spots of grey." STEEVENS.

From

From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt up-fill this oſier cage of ours [2]
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
[3] The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the [4] powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live [5],
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give;
Nor ought ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe:
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied;
And vice ſometime's by action dignify'd.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
Poiſon hath reſidence, and med'cine power:
For this, being ſmelt, with that part chears each part;

[2] *I muſt up-fill this ozier cage of ours,* &c.] So, in the 13th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"His happy time he ſpends the works of God to ſee,
"In thoſe ſo ſundry herbs which there in plenty grow,
"Whoſe ſundry ſtrange effects he only ſeeks to know.
"And in a little *maund*, being made of *oziers* ſmall,
"Which ſerveth him to do full many a thing withal,
"He very choicely ſorts his ſimples got abroad."

Drayton is ſpeaking of a hermit. STEEVENS.

[3] *The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;*]

"Omniparens, eadem rerum commune ſepulchrum."
Lucretius.
"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave." *Milton.*
STEEVENS.

[4] *—powerful grace,*] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

[5] *For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live.*] The quarto, 1597, reads:

For nought ſo vile that *vile* on earth doth live. STEEVENS.

Being

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
[6] Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father!
Fri. Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
[7] But where unbruised youth with unstuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'rature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

[6] *Two such opposed* FOES—] This is a modern sophistication. The old books have it *opposed* KINGS. So that it appears, Shakespeare wrote, *Two such opposed* KIN. Why he calls them *kin* was, because they were qualities residing in one and the same substance. And as the enmity of opposed *kin* generally rises higher than that between strangers, this circumstance adds a beauty to the expression. WARBURTON.

Foes may be the right reading, or *kings*, but I think *kin* can hardly be admitted. Two *kings* are two opposite *powers*, two contending *potentates*, in both the natural and moral world. The word *encamp* is proper to *commanders*. JOHNSON.

Foes is the reading of the oldest copy; *kings* of that in 1609. STEEVENS.

[7] —*with unstuft brain* &c.] The copy, 1597, reads:
"——— with unstuff'd brains
"Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleep remaines."
STEEVENS.

Rom.

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
[8] Holy saint Francis! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;

8 *Holy Saint Francis!*] Old copy, *Jesu Maria!* STEEVENS.

 And

And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.
Rom. Thou chidd'ſt me oft for loving Roſaline.
Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: ſhe, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not ſo.
Fri. O, ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be;
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſholds' rancour to pure love.*
Rom. O, let us hence; I ſtand on ſudden haſte.
Fri. Wiſely, and ſlow; They ſtumble, that run faſt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Benvolio, and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil ſhould this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's; I ſpoke with his man.
Mer. Why, that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that Roſaline,
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman of old Capulet,
Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.

* The two following lines were added ſince the firſt copy of this play. STEEVENS.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. [1] More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the [2] courageous captain of compliments: he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance [3], and proportion; he rests his minim, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button [4], a duellist, a duellist; [5] a gentleman of the very first house;

[1] *More than prince of cats,—*] *Tybert*, the name given to the *Cat*, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. WARBURTON.

So, in *Decker's Satiromastix*:

"— tho' you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd prince of Rats."

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1598:

"— not *Tibault* prince of *Cats*, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] *— courageous captain of compliments:*] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio.

"A *man of compliments*, whom right and wrong
"Have chose as umpire;"

says our author of Don *Armado*, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Lost*. JOHNSON.

[3] *— keeps time, distance, and proportion.*] So *Jonson's Bobadil*:

"Note your *distance*, keep your due *proportion of time*." STEEVENS.

[4] *— the very butcher of a silk button,*] So, in the *Return from Parnassus*:

"Strikes his poinado at a *button's* breadth." STEEVENS.

[5] *A gentleman of the very first house;—of the first and second cause:*] i. e. one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See a note on *As you like it*, Act 5. Sc. 6. WARBURTON.

Tybalt cannot pretend to be at the head of his family, as both

Capulet

house;—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! [6] the hay!——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes [7]; these new tuners of accents!—*By ——a very good blade!——a very tall man!——a very good whore!——*[8] Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, [9] these Pardonnez-moy's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? [1] O, their *bon's*, their *bon's*!

Enter

Capulet and Romeo barr'd his claim to that elevation. "A gentleman of the *first house*;—of the *first* and *second cause*," is a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duellists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to fight.—The *Clown*, in *As you like it*, talks of the *seventh cause* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

[6] —*the hay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ha!* JOHNSON.

[7] —*affecting fantasticoes.*] Thus the old copies, and rightly. The modern editors read, *phantasies*. Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, says—"Follow some of these new-fangled Galiardo's and Signor Fantastico's," &c. Again, in Decker's Comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—"I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen *fantasticoes*, convers'd with humorists," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire,*] Humourously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

[9] —*these pardonnez-mois,*] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. JOHNSON.

[1] *O, their bones, their bones!*] Mercutio is here ridiculing those frenchified fantastical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moi's*;

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, ſhe had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipſy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thiſbé, a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French ſalutation to your French ſlop [2]. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit [3] did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, ſir, the ſlip; Can you not conceive?

Rom.

moi's: and therefore, I ſuſpect here he meant to write French too.

O, their *bon's!* their *bon's!*

i. e. how ridiculous they make themſelves in crying out *good*, and being in ecſtaſies with every trifle; as he had juſt deſcribed them before.

"—— a very good blade!" &c. THEOB.

They ſtand ſo much on the *new form*, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the *old bench*."] This conceit is loſt, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to. FARMER.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act. I. Sc. I: —ſitting with her on the *form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and *form* following." STEEVENS.

[2] *Your French ſlop.*] *Slops* are large looſe *breeches* or *trowſers* worn at preſent only by ſailors. They are mentioned by Jonſon in his *Alchymiſt*:

"—— ſix great *ſlops*
"Bigger than three *Dutch boys*."

Again, in *Ram-alley*, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

"— three pounds in gold
"Theſe *ſlops* contain." STEEVENS.

Hence evidently the term *ſlop-ſeller* for the venders of ready-made cloaths. NICHOLS.

[3] —— *What* counterfeit, &c.?

Mer. The ſlip, *the* ſlip, *ſir*;] To underſtand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *ſlip*, it ſhould be obſerved that in our Author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money diſtinguiſhed by the name of a *ſlip*. This will appear in the following inſtances: "And therefore he went and got him certain *ſlips*, which are

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my businefs was great; and, in fuch a cafe as mine, a man may ftrain courtefy.

Mer. That's as much as to fay—fuch a cafe as yours conftrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to curt'fy.

Mer. Thou haft moft kindly hit it.

Rom. A moft courteous expofition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtefy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, [5] then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Well faid: follow me this jeft now, till thou haft worn out thy pump; that, when the fingle fole of it is worn, the jeft may remain, after the wearing, folely fingular.

Rom. O fingle-fol'd jeft, folely fingular for the fingleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and fpurs, fwitch and fpurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goofe chafe, I am done; for thou haft more of the wild-goofe in one

" *counterfeit* pieces of money, being braffe, and covered over with " filver, which the common people call *flips*." *Thieves falling out, True men come by their goods*; by Robert Greene.

Again, " I had like t'have been
" Abus'd i'the bufinefs, had the *flip* flur'd on me,
" A *counterfeit*." *Magnetick Lady*, A. 3. S. 6. REED.

The flip is again ufed equivocally in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657: *Clown.* " Becaufe you fhall be fure on't, you have given me a *nine pence* here, and I'll give you *the flip* for it." [*Exit.* MALONE.

[5] — *then is my pump well flower'd.*] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be eafily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. JOHNSON.

See the fhoes of the *morris-dancers* in the plate at the conclufion of the firft part of *K. Henry* IV, with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

It was the cuftom to wear ribbons in the fhoes formed into the fhape of rofes, or of any other flowers. So Middleton, in the *Mafque*, by the Gent. of Gray's-Inn, 1614: " Every mafker's *pump* was faften'd with a *flower* fuitable to his cap." STEEVENS.

of

of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. [4] I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not [5].

Mer. Thy wit is [6] a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's [7] a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom.

[4] — I will *bite thine ear* ——] So Sir Epicure Mammon to Face in Jonson's *Alchymist*.

"Slave, I could *bite thine ear*." STEEVENS.

[5] — *Good goose, bite not*,] Is a proverbial expression, to be found in Ray's Collection; and is used in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599. STEEVENS.

[6] — *a very bitter sweeting*;] A bitter *sweeting*, is an apple of that name. So, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"— as well crabs as *sweetings* for his summer fruits."

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

"[illegible]t, in displeasure gone!
And left me such a *bitter sweet* to gnaw upon?"

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. 8. fol. 174. b:

"For all such tyme of love is lore,
"And like unto the *bitter swete*
"For though it thinke a man fyrst swete
"He shall well felen at laste
"That it is sower, &c."

An allusion to fruit remains unexplained in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Act 1:

"A soft velvet head like a *Mellicotton*."

i. e. a *Malacoton*, a species of peach, at that time newly imported from France. STEEVENS.

[7] — *a wit of cheverel*,] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609:

"Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,
"Not *cheveril* stretching to such prophanation."

From *Chevreau*, a *Kid*, Fr. So again, in ΤΕΧΝΟΓΑΜΙΑ, or *The Marriages of the Arts*, 1618:

"The quilting of Ajax his shield was but a thin *cheverel* to it."

Again,

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word—broad; which added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now thou art ſociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole [8].

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the hair [9].

Ben. Thou would'ſt elſe have made thy tale [illegible] [1].

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have [illegible] ſhort: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurſe, and Peter.

Mer. A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

Ben. Two, two; a ſhirt, and a ſmock.

Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"To day in pumps and *cheveril* gloves to walk ſhe will be bold."

Again, in *The Owl*, by Drayton:

"A *cheverell* conſcience, and a ſearching wit." STEEVENS.

Cheveril is from Chevreuil, Roebuck. MUSGRAVE.

[8] — *to hide his* bauble *in a hole.*] It has been already obſerved by Sir *J. Hawkins*, in a note on *All's Well*, &c. that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licenſed fool or jeſter. So again, in Sir *W. D'Avenant's Albovine*, 1629: "For ſuch rich widows there, love *court fools*, and uſe to play with their *baubles*."

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt, the greater Fool thou art*, 1570:

"And as ſtark an idiot as ever bare *bable*."

See the plate at the end of *K. Henry* IV. P. 1. with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEVENS.

[9] — *againſt the hair.*] *A contrepoil*: Fr. An expreſſion equivalent to one which we now uſe — "againſt the grain." STEEVENS.

Nurſe.

Nurse. *Peter!*

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, *Peter* [1].

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, [2] fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand [3] of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Rom. I can tell you; but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

[1] *My fan, Peter.*] The business of *Peter* carrying the *Nurse's fan*, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet, called "*The* "*Serving-man's Comfort*," 1598, we are informed, "The mis- "tress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her "*fanne*." FARMER.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

To see him walk before a lady, and to *bear her fan*.

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman usher, &c. who can hide his face with *her fan*, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] *God ye good den*,] i. e. God give you a good even. The first of these contractions is common among the ancient comic writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:

"*God you good even*, sir." STEEVENS.

[3] — *the hand of the dial* —] In the *Puritan Widow*, 1605, which has been attributed to our author, is a similar expression: "—the feskewe of the diall is upon the chrisse-crosse of noon." STEEVENS.

Mer.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took; i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. [4] No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar [5],
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady; farewel, lady, lady, lady [6].

[*Exeunt Mercutio, and Benvolio.*

[4] *No hare, sir;*] Mercutio having roared out, *So ho!* the cry of the sportsmen when they start a hare; Romeo asks *what he has found.* And Mercutio answers, *No hare* &c. The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance. JOHNSON.

[5] *An old hare* hoar,] *Hoar* or *hoary*, is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pennyless's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "—as *hoary* as Dutch butter." Again, in F. Beaumont's letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer, 1602: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were vinew'd and *hoarie* with over long lying." Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:* "—— mice and rats
"Eat up his grain; or else that it might rot
"Within the *hoary* ricks e'en as it stands." STEEVENS.

[6] —*lady, lady, lady.*] The burthen of an old song. See Dr. *Farmer's* note on *Twelfth Night*, p. 196. STEEVENS.

Nurse.

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant [7] was this, that was so full [8] of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am [9] none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet.

7 — *What saucy* merchant *was this*, &c.] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person shewed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant* in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect. STEEVENS.

8 — of his *ropery*.] *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *roguery* is now. So in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"Thou art very pleasant and full of thy *roperye*."

Rope-tricks are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

9 *None of his* skains-*mates*.] The word *skains-mate*, I do not understand, but suppose that *skain* was some low play, and *skains-mate*, a companion at such play. JOHNSON.

A *skein* or *skain* was either a knife or *a short dagger*. By *skains-mates* the nurse means none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

The word is used in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599.

"Against the light-foot Irish have I serv'd,
"And in my skin bare tokens of their *skeins*."

Again, in the comedy called *Lingua*, &c. 1607. At the opening of the piece *Lingua* is represented as apparelled in a particular manner, and among other things——having "a little *skene* tied in "a purple scarf."

Green, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, describes "an ill-"favour'd knave, who wore by his side a *skeine* like a brewer's "bung-knife."

Skein

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure; if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, ſir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me enquire you out; what ſhe bade me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs. I proteſt unto thee,—

Nurſe. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, ſir,—that you do proteſt [1]; which, as I take it, is a gentleman like offer.

Rom.

Skein is the Iriſh word for a *knife*. Again, in the *Fatal Contract*, by J. W. Hemings, 1653:

"How eaſily this *ſkein* is ſheath'd in him."

Again, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:

"— with this frantic and untamed paſſion,
To whet their *ſkeins*."

Again, in Drayton's *Miſeries of Q. Margaret*:

"Came in the van-guard with his Iriſhmen,
"With darts and *ſkains*."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong 4:

"— thoſe crooked *ſkaines* they us'd in war to bear."

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, book 5. chap. 26.

"And hidden *ſkeines* from underneath their forged garments drew." STEEVENS.

Swift has the word in his deſcription of an Iriſh feaſt:

"A cubit at leaſt the length of their *ſkains*." NICHOLS.

[1] —*proteſt.*] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comic to Shakeſpeare's audience, is not at preſem

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift
This afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at friar Laurence' cell
Be ſhriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No, truly, ſir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, ſir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abby-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made [2] like a tackled ſtair,
[3] Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell!—Be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy miſtreſs.

Nurſe. Now God in heaven bleſs thee!—Hark you, ſir.

Rom. What ſay'ſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? Did you ne'er hear ſay—
Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, ſir; my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady—
Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—
O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that

ſent to be determined. The uſe of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of Sir *Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

"There is not the beſt duke's ſon in France dares ſay, *I proteſt*, till he be one and thirty years old at leaſt; for the inheritance of that word is not to be poſſeſſed before." STEEVENS.

[2] — *like a tackled ſtair,*] Like ſtairs of rope in the tackle of a ſhip. JOHNSON.

[3] — *top-gallant of my joy*]
The *top-gallant* is the higheſt extremity of the maſt of a ſhip.
The expreſſion is common to many writers; among the reſt, to Markham in his *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

"—— beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour."

Again, in *Eliofto Libidinoſo*, 1606:

"—— that, vailing *top-gallant*, ſhe returned, &c."

STEEVENS.

would

would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

4 *Rom.* Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

4 Rom. *Ay, Nurse; what of that? both with an* R.

Nurse. *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name.* R *is for* the no, *I know it begins with* no *other letter*;] I believe, I have rectified this odd stuff; but it is a little mortifying, that the sense, when found, should not be worth the pains of retrieving it.

"——— spissis indigna theatris
"Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus."

The *Nurse* is represented as a prating silly creature; she says, she will tell Romeo a good joke about his mistress, and asks him, whether Rosemary and Romeo do not begin both with a letter: He says, Yes, an R. She, who, we must suppose, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and says, No, sure, I know better: our dog's name is *R.* yours begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. *R* put her in mind of that sound which is made by dogs when they snarl; and therefore, I presume, she says, that is the dog's name, *R* in the schools being called *The dog's letter.* Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says, *R is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the sound.*

"Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat." *Lucil.*

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads: — R. is for Thee? STEEVENS.

This passage is thus in the old folio. *A mocker, that's the dog's name. R is for the* no, *I know it begins with some other letter.* In this copy the error is but small. I read, *Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name. R is for the* nonce, *I know it begins with another letter.* For the *nonce*, is for some *design, for a sly trick.* JOHNSON.

For the nonce is an expression common to all the ancient writers. *For the nonce* is for *the present purpose.* So Holinshead, p. 933: "— she withdrew into a little place made for *the nones.*" So Phaer, in his translation of *Virgil*, B. ii. speaking of Sinon:

"That *for the nonce* had done himself, by yielding to be took."

Again, one of the stage-directions in *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*, says: "They must have axes made *for the nonce*, to fight withal." Again, in M. Kyffin's translation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1588: "— dost thou think but small difference between that one doth in *good earnest*, and that which is done *for the nonce*?" STEEVENS.

Nurse.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name [5]. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds [6] should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve

[5] *Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the No,* &c.] I believe we should read, *R* is for the *dog*. No; I know it begins with some other letter. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this emendation. STEEVENS.

[6] *—should be thoughts,* &c.] The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

—— should be thoughts,
And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd,
Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.
Oh, now she comes! Tell me, gentle Nurse,
What says my love?—

The greatest part of the scene is likewise added since that edition. STEEVENS.

Is

Is three long hours,—yet ſhe is not come.
Had ſhe affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe, with Peter.

O God, ſhe comes!—O honey nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? Send thy man away.
Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*
Jul. Now, good ſweet nurſe,— O lord! why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though news be ſad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news
By playing it to me with ſo ſour a face.
Nurſe. I am aweary, give me leave a while;—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!
Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak;—good, good nurſe, ſpeak.
Nurſe. What haſte? can you not ſtay awhile?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good, or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied; Is't good or bad?
Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chuſe a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they

are paſt compare: He is not the flower of courteſy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; ſerve God:—What, have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' the other ſide,—O, my back, my back!—
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I am ſorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me, what ſays my love?

Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome, and
I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? How oddly thou reply'ſt?
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,——
Where is your mother?

Nurſe. O, God's lady dear!
Are you ſo hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages yourſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil;—Come, what ſays Romeo?

Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church; I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's neſt ſoon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

But you ſhall bear the burden ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honeſt nurſe, farewel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, and Romeo [7].

Friar. So ſmile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!

Rom.

[7] This ſcene was entirely new formed: the reader may be pleaſed to have it as it was at firſt written:

Rom. Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant
Conſiſts the good of me and Juliet.
Friar. Without more words, I will do all I may
To make you happy, if in me it lie.
Rom. This morning here ſhe 'pointed we ſhould meet,
And conſummate thoſe never-parting bands,
Witneſs of our hearts' love, by joining hands;
And come ſhe will.
Friar. I gueſs ſhe will indeed:
Youth's love is quick, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.

Enter Juliet ſomewhat faſt, and embraceth Romeo.

See where ſhe comes!——
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;
Of love and joy, ſee, ſee the ſovereign power!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes
(Cloſ'd in night's miſts) attend the frolick day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet;
And thou art come.
Jul. I am (if I be day)
Come to my ſun; ſhine forth, and make me fair.
Rom. All beauteous fairneſs dwelleth in thine eyes.
Jul. Romeo, from thine all brightneſs doth ariſe.
Friar. Come, wantons, come, the ſtealing hours do paſs;
Defer embracements to ſome fitter time:

part

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Friar. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph, die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiſs, conſume: The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth ſo;
[8] Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

[9] Here comes the lady;—O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint:
A lover may beſtride the goſſamour [1]

Part for a time, "you ſhall not be alone,
"'Till holy church hath join'd you both in one."
Rom. Lead, holy father, all delay ſeems long:
Jul. Make haſte, make haſte, this ling'ring doth us wrong.
Friar. O, ſoft and fair makes ſweeteſt work they ſay;
Haſte is a common hind'rer in croſs-ways. [*Exeunt.*

STEEVENS.

[8] *Too ſwift arrives*] He that travels too faſt is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels ſlow. Precipitation produces miſhap. JOHNSON.

[9] *Here comes the lady*, &c.] However the poet might think the alteration of this ſcene on the whole to be neceſſary, I am afraid, in reſpect of the paſſage before us, he has not been very ſucceſsful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlaſting flint* appears to me not only more reprehenſible, but even leſs beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightneſs of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the paſſion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

[1] *A lover may beſtride the* goſſamour.] The *Goſſamer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in ſummer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by *Nabbes*:

"Fine as Arachne's web, or *goſſamer*,
"Whoſe curls when garniſh'd by their dreſſing, ſhew
"Like that ſpun vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew?"

STEEVENS.

That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall; ſo light is vanity.
Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly confeſſor.
Friar. Romeo ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happineſs that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth [2].
Friar. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
'Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A STREET.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
[3] The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,

[2] *I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth.*] The old copies read:
I cannot ſum up *ſum of half* my wealth,
and,
I cannot ſum up *ſome* of half my wealth. STEEVENS.

[3] *The day is hot,*] It is obſerved, that in Italy almoſt all aſſaſſinations are committed during the heat of ſummer. JOHNSON.

And

And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now, theſe hot days, is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, *God ſend me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as ſoon mov'd to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, an there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs, in his beard, than thou haſt. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon but becauſe thou haſt hazel eyes; What eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou haſt quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter? with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

4 *Ben.* An I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

4 Theſe two ſpeeches have been added ſince the firſt quarto, together with ſome few circumſtances in the reſt of the ſcene, a well as in the enſuing one. STEEVENS.



Enter Tybalt, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.— Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To ſuch a greeting:—Villain I am none;
Therefore farewel; I ſee, thou know'ſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do proteſt, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe,
'Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love:
And ſo, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
[5] *A la ſtoccata* carries it away.—
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. [6] Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

[5] *A la ſtoccata*—] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thruſt or ſtab with a rapier. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"He makes a thruſt; I with a ſwift paſſado
"Make quick avoidance, and with this *ſtoccata*, &c."

STEEVENS.

[6] *Will you pluck your ſword out of his* PILCHER *by the ears?*] We ſhould read *pilche*, which ſignifies a cloke or coat of ſkins, meaning the ſcabbard. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads *ſcabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, juſt. Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication*, 1595, ſpeaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*:

"I'll beat five pounds out of his leather *pilch*."

Again,

"Thou haſt forgot how thou ambled'ſt in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'ſt mad Jeronimo's part, to get ſervice among the mimics."

It appears from this paſſage, that *Ben Jonſon* acted the part of *Hieronimo* in the Spaniſh tragedy, the ſpeech being addreſſed to *Horace*, under which character old *Ben* is ridiculed. STEEVENS.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.
Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*
Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expresly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.
[*Exit Tybalt.*
Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?
Ben. What, art thou hurt?
Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit Page.*
Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me [7] a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague

[7] — *a grave man.*] After this, the quarto 1597 continues Mercutio's speech as follows:

"—— A pox o' both your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montague's and the Capulets: and then some peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon?

Boy. He's come, sir.

Mer. Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side.—— Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o' both your houses! STEEVENS.

"You will find me *a grave man.*" This jest was better in old language, than it is at present; Lidgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

"My master *Chaucer* now *is grave.*" FARMER.

I meet with the same quibble in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where *Vindici* dresses up a lady's *scull*, and observes:

"— she has a somewhat *grave* look with her." STEEVENS.

o' both

o' both your houſes!—What! a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, Benvolio,
Or I ſhall faint.—A plague o' both your houſes!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and ſoundly too:—Your houſes!

[*Exeunt Mercutio, and Benvolio.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With Tybalt's ſlander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinſman:—O ſweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoften'd valour's ſteel.

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds[8],
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

Rom. [9] This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

[8] —*hath* aſpir'd *the clouds.*] So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

" Her haughty mind is too lofty for me to *aſpire.*"

We never uſe this verb at preſent without ſome particle, as, *to* and *after*. STEEVENS.

[9] *This day's black fate on more days does depend;*] This day's unhappy deſtiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet be more miſchief. JOHNSON.

Rom.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Or thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, Tybalt falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. [1] O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [*Exit Romeo.*

Enter Citizens, &c.

Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, their Wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

[1] *O! I am fortune's fool!*] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, *like* the fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool*, in *Measure for Measure.* See Dr. Warburton's note. JOHNSON.

In the first copy, O! I am *fortune's slave.* STEEVENS.

There

There lies the man, ſlain by young Romeo,
That ſlew thy kinſman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my couſin!——O my brother's child!——
O prince!—O huſband!—O, the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman!—Prince, [2] as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of Montague.—
O couſin, couſin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here ſlain, whom Romeo's hand did ſlay;
Romeo that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
[3] How nice the quarrel was, [4] and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure: all this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold Mercutio's breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to Tybalt, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from Tybalt hit the life
Of ſtout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,

2 *— as thou art true,*] As thou art *juſt* and *upright.* JOHNSON.

3 *How nice the quarrel—*] How *ſlight*, how *unimportant*, how *petty*. So in the laſt act,

The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge
Of dear import. JOHNSON.

4 *— and urg'd withal—*] The reſt of this ſpeech was new written by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the ſame ſcene. STEEVENS.

And

And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
[5] Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mont. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
[6] I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,

[5] *Affection makes him* false,] The charge of falshood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to shew, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON.

[6] *I have an interest in your* hearts' *proceeding*,] Sir Thomas Hanmer saw that this line gave no sense, and therefore put, by a very easy change,

I have an interest in your *heats* proceeding:

which is undoubtedly better than the old reading which Dr. Warburton has followed; but the sense yet seems to be weak, and perhaps a more licentious correction is necessary. I read therefore,

I *had no* interest in your *heats* proceeding.

This, says the prince, is no quarrel of mine, *I had no interest in your former discord*; I suffer merely by your private animosity. JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1597, reads *hates' proceeding*. This renders the emendation unnecessary. I have followed it. STEEVENS.

That

That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses [7],
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill [8].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in Capulet's house.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards [9] Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately [1].——
[2] Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That

[7] *Nor tears nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses;*] This was probably designed as a stroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, incest, and all other crimes, were minutely settled, and as shamelessly received. STEEVENS.

[8] *Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.*] So, in *Hale's Memorials*: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember likewise that there is a mercy due to the country." MALONE.

[9] —*Phœbus' mansion*;] The second quarto and folio read, *lodging*. STEEVENS.

[1] —*immediately.*] Here ends this speech in the eldest quarto. The rest of the scene has likewise received considerable alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

[2] *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,*
That run-away's *eyes may wink*;] What run-aways are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopt? Macbeth, we may remember, makes an invocation to night much in the same strain:

"——Come, feeling night,
"*Scarf* up the tender *eye* of pitiful *day*," &c.

So Juliet would have night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the *sun*; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phœbus*, drawn in his car with *fiery-footed* steeds, and *posting* through the heavens,

That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—[3] Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my [4] unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With

heavens, she very properly calls him, with regard to the swiftness of his course, the *run-away*. In the like manner our poet speaks of the night in the *Merchant of Venice:*

"For the close night doth play the *run-away*." WARBURTON.

I am not satisfied with this explanation, yet have nothing better to propose. JOHNSON.

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows:

May that run-away's eyes wink!

Or, *That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink!*

These ellipses are frequent in Spenser; and *that* for *oh! that* is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer observes in a note on the first scene of the *Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3. Sc. 6.

That ever I should call thee cast-away!

Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world:

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!

next, recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as of a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind lest they should make discoveries. The *eyes of night* are the stars, so called in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakespeare terms *the night* a *run-away* in the *Merchant of Venice:* and in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is spoken of under the same character:

"The night hath play'd the swift-foot *run-away*."

Romeo was not expected by Juliet 'till the sun was gone, and therefore it was of no consequence to her that any eyes should wink but those of the night; for, as Ben Jonson says in *Sejanus:*

"— *night hath many eyes*,
"Whereof, tho' most do sleep, yet some are spies." STEEVENS.

[3] *Come*, civil *night*,] *Civil* is *grave, decently solemn*. JOHNSON.

[4] — unmann'd *blood*—] Blood yet unacquainted with man. JOHNSON.

Hood my unmann'd *blood* bating *in my cheeks*,] These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to

endure

With thy black mantle; 'till ſtrange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in
night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new ſnow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars [5],
And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,
That all the world ſhall be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the [6] gariſh ſun.—

endure company. *Bating* (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed) is fluttering with the wings as ſtriving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Sad Shepherd*:

"A hawk yet half ſo haggard and *unmann'd*."

Again, in the *Booke of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "It is called *bating*, for ſhe *bateth* with herſelfe moſt often cauſeleſſe." STEEVENS.

[5] *Take him and cut him into little ſtars*, &c.] The ſame childiſh thought occurs in *The Wiſdome of Doctor Dodypoll*, which was acted before the year 1596;

"The glorious parts of faire Lucilia,
"Take them and joine them in the heavenly ſpheres;
"And fixe them there as an eternal light,
"For lovers to adore and wonder at." STEEVENS.

[6] —*the* gariſh *ſun*.] Milton had this ſpeech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penſeroſo*:

"—— *Civil* night,
"Thou ſober-ſuited matron."—*Shakeſpeare*.
"Till *civil-ſuited* morn appear."—*Milton*.
"Pay no worſhip to the *gariſh* ſun."—*Shakeſpeare*.
"Hide me from day's *gariſh* eye."—*Milton*. JOHNSON.

Gariſh is gaudy, ſhowy. So, in *Richard* III:

A dream of what thou waſt, a *gariſh* flag.

Again, in Marlow's *Edward* II, 1622:

"— march'd like players
"With *gariſh* robes."

It ſometimes ſignifies wild, flighty. So, in the following inſtance: "— ſtarting up and *gairiſhly* ſtaring about, eſpecially on the face of *Elioſto*." Hinde's *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, 1606. STEEVENS.

O,

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords,
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:——O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
7 And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than

7 *And that bare vowel ay shall poison more*
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.] I question much whether the grammarians will take this new *vowel* on trust from Mr. Pope, without suspecting it rather for a *diphthong*. In short, we must restore the spelling of the old books, or we lose the poet's conceit. At his time of day, the affirmative adverb *ay* was generally written *I*: and by this means it both becomes a *vowel*, and answers in sound to *eye*, upon which the conceit turns in the second line. THEOBALD.

death-darting

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be ſuch an *I*;
Or thoſe eyes ſhut, that make thee anſwer, *I*.
If he be ſlain ſay—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief ſounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,—
God ſave the mark!—here on his manly breaſt:
A piteous corſe, a bloody piteous corſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I ſownded at the ſight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth reſign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, preſs one heavy bier!

Nurſe. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the beſt friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honeſt gentleman!
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!

— *death-darting eye of cockatrice.*] The ſtrange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. POPE.

The ſtrange lines are theſe:

I am not I, if there be ſuch an I,
Or theſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwer I;
If he be ſlain, ſay I; or if not, no;
Brief ſounds determine of my weal or woe.

Theſe lines hardly deſerve emendation; yet it may be proper to obſerve, that their meanneſs has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the two firſt of them being evidently tranſpoſed; we ſhould read:

— That one vowel *I* ſhall poiſon more,
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,
Or thoſe eyes *ſhot*, that make thee anſwer, I.
I am not I, &c. JOHNSON.

I think the tranſpoſition recommended may be ſpared. The ſecond line is corrupted. Read *ſhut* inſtead of *ſhot*, and then the meaning will be ſufficiently intelligible.

Shot, however, may be the ſame as *ſhut*. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, late edit. ver. 3358:

"And dreſſed him up by a *ſhot* window." STEEVENS.

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
[8] Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

[8] *Dove-feather'd raven!* &c.] In old editions,

Ravenous dove, feather'd raven, &c.] The four following lines not in the first edition, as well as some others which I have omitted. POPE.

Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,

Wolvish-ravening lamb!] This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, because these two noble *hemistichs* are inharmonious: but is there no such thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verse? I'll venture to restore to the poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ravenous* was blunderingly coined out of *raven* and *ravening*; and, if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verse, and a proper contrast of epithets and images:

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-rav'ning lamb! THEOBALD.

Alas

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit [9];
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears [1], back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;

[9] *Upon his brow shame is asham'd to* sit;] So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 223: "Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comelinesse, disloyaltie and treason may have their *siedge* and lodging?" STEEVENS.

[1] *Back* foolish *tears*, &c.] So, in the *Tempest*:

— I am a *fool*
To weep at what I am glad of.

I think in this speech of Juliet, the words *woe* and *joy* should change places; otherwise, her reasoning is inconclusive. STEEVENS.

That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
[2] Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
[3] Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:——*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!—

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you;—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

[2] *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being. JOHNSON.

[3] *Which modern lamentation, &c.*] This line is left out of the later editions, I suppose because the editors did not remember that Shakespeare uses *modern* for *common*, or *slight*: I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,

And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment:
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—[4] More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;
Who, even in pure and veſtal modeſty,
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin;
Flies may do this, when I from this muſt fly;
They are free men, but I am baniſhed.
And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not; he is baniſhed[5].
Hadſt thou no poiſon mix'd, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, though ne'er ſo mean,
But—baniſhed—to kill me? baniſhed?
O friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How haſt thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word—baniſhment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but ſpeak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.

4 —— *More* validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip *lives*
In carrion flies, than Romeo.] *Validity* ſeems here to mean *worth* or *dignity*: and *courtſhip* the ſtate of a *courtier* permitted to approach the higheſt preſence. JOHNSON.

5 *But Romeo may not; he is baniſhed.*] This line is very aukwardly introduced here, and might better be inſerted after—*their own kiſſes ſin.* STEEVENS.

Fri.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.

Rom. Yet baniſhed?—Hang up philoſophy!
Unleſs philoſophy can make a Juliet,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I ſee that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.

Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but marry'd, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Ariſe; one knocks; good Romeo hide thyſelf. [*Knock within.*

Rom. Not I; unleſs the breath of heart-ſick groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the ſearch of eyes. [*Knock.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, ariſe;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—ſtand up; [*Knock.*
Run to my ſtudy:—By and by:—God's will!
What wilfulneſs is this [6]?—I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

[6] What *wilfulneſs*] The folio reads—What *ſimpleneſs.* STEEVENS.

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!—
Fri. O woeful sympathy[7]!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
[8] Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—death is the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our [9] cancell'd love?

[7] *O woeful sympathy!*
Piteous predicament!] One may wonder the editors did not see that this language must necessarily belong to the *Friar.* FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's emendation may justly claim that place in the text to which I have now advanced it. STEEVENS.

[8] *Why should you fall into so deep an oh?*] *Hamner* reads:
Why should you fall into so deep an—
Rom. Oh nurse! JOHNSON.

[9] — cancell'd *love?*] The folio reads *conceal'd* love. JOHNSON.
The quarto, *cancell'd* love. STEEVENS.

Nurse.

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
[1] Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.

[1] *Unseemly woman,* &c.] This strange nonsense Mr. Pope threw out of his edition for desperate. But it is easily restored as Shakespeare wrote it into good pertinent sense.

Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
An *ill-beseeming beast in seeming* groth.

i. e. you have the *ill-beseeming* passions of a brute beast in the well-seeming shape of a rational creature. For having in the *first* line said, he was a woman in the shape of a man, he aggravates the thought in the *second*, and says, he was even a brute in the shape of a rational creature. *Seeming* is used in both places for *seemly.* WARBURTON.

The old reading is probable. *Thou art a beast of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man.* JOHNSON.

Fie,

Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask [2],
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
[3] And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there too art thou happy:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis'hav'd and a sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not 'till the watch be set,

[2] *Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask, &c.*] To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match*-locks, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. The same allusion occurs in *Humor's Ordinary*, an old collection of English epigrams:

"When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,
"And till this hour the burning is not out." STEEVENS

[3] *And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thy own weapons. JOHNSON.

For

For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming [4].

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. [5] Go hence. Good night:—and [6] here stands all your state,—
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewel; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

4 *Romeo is coming.*] Much of this speech has likewise been added since the first edition. STEEVENS.

5 *Go hence. Good night,* &c.] These three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. JOHNSON.

6 *—here stands all your state;*] The whole of your fortune depends on this. JOHNSON.

SCENE

[7] SCENE IV.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:—
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up [8] to her heaviness.
Cap. [9] Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here with my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; What day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.

[7] SCENE IV. Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this scene according to the oldest editions. POPE.

These verses are such as will by no means connect with the last and most improved copy of the play. STEEVENS.

[8] *mew'd up.*] This is a phrase from falconry. A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks. STEEVENS.

[9] *Sir Paris, I will make a* desperate *tender*
Of my child's love.—] *Desperate* means only *bold, advent'rous,* as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, *I will speak a* bold *word,* and venture *to promise you my daughter.* JOHNSON.

So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall,* 1618:
"Witness this *desperate tender* of mine honour." STEEVENS.

Cap.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, wednesday is too soon,
O' thursday let it be;—o' thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—o' thursday be it then:—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by;—Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Juliet's chamber.

Enter Romeo, and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings [1] on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

[1] Nightly *she sings on yon pomegranate tree:*] This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale that, if undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together. STEEVENS.

Rom.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the [2] pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
[3] I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division [4];
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
[5] O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!

Since

[2] —*the pale reflex*—] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

[3] *I have more care to stay, than will to go.*] Would it be better thus, *I have more will to stay, than care to go?* JOHNSON.

[4] —sweet *division*;] *Division* seems to have been the technical term for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. So, in *K. Henry* IV. P. 1:

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing *division* to her lute. STEEVENS.

[5] *O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!*] The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes.* To this the speaker alludes. But sure she need not have

6 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
7 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

have *wished* that *they had changed voices too.* The lark appeared to her untunable enough in all conscience; as appears by what she said just before,

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords *and* unpleasing sharps.

This directs us to the right reading. For how natural was it for her after this to add,

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I wot *they have chang'd voices too.*

i. e. the lark sings so harshly, that I now perceive the toad and she have changed *voices* as well as *eyes.* WARBURTON.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustick rhyme,

— To heav'n I'd fly,
But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye. JOHNSON.

6 *Since arm from arm,* &c.] These two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deserve to be replaced, but as they may shew the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would* to I *wot* was specious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The sense is this, *The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now* I would *the toad had her voice too, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers.* JOHNSON.

7 *Hunting thee up with* huntsup *to the day.*] The *huntsup* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso,* 1594 and 1599:

" To play him *huntsup* with a point of war,
" I'll be his minstrel with my drum and fife."

Again, in *The Seven Champions of Christendom,* a comedy, 1638:

"— When Calib's concert plays
" A *huntsup* to her."

Again, in *West-ward Hoe,* 1607:

" — Make a noise, its no matter; any *huntsup* to waken vice."

Again, in the *Return from Parnassus,* 1606:

" Yet will I play a *hunts-up* to my Muse."

Again, in *Aristippus,* or the Jovial Philosopher, 1630:

" Heyday! there goes the *huntsup*—"

Again, in Monsieur *Thomas,* 1639:

" I'll pipe you such a *huntsup.*"

Again, in the *Four Prentices of London,* 1632:

" — a drum
" To give me a *huntsup.*"

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion,* song 13th:

" But *hunts-up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing."

STEEVENS.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
[*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewel! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[*Romeo descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! lord! ah, husband! friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
[8] O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewel! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. [9] O God! I have an ill-divining soul;

[8] *O! by this count I shall be much in years,*
Ere I again behold my Romeo.
"Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,
"Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus." *Ovid. Epist.* I.
STEEVENS.

[9] *O God! I have an ill-divining soul*, &c.] This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet.

"——my mind misgives,
"Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
"Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
"From this night's revels." STEEVENS.

5 Methinks,

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood [1]. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit Romeo.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause [2] procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief shews much of love;
But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

[1] *Dry sorrow drinks our blood.*] This is an allusion to the proverb—"Sorrow's dry." STEEVENS.

[2] —procures *her hither?*] *Procures* for *brings*. WARBURTON.

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. [3] Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught[4],
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, 'till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

[3] *Ay, madam, from*—] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. JOHNSON.

[4] *That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio 1623, which read, less intelligibly,
"Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram." STEEVENS.

— *unaccustom'd dram.*] In vulgar language, Shall give him a *dram* which he is *not used* to. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books *unaccustomed* signifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious.* JOHNSON.

La.

La. Cap. [5] Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, [6] in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry my child, early next thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris [7], at saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

[5] *Find thou*, &c.] This line in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet. STEEVENS.

[6] *—in happy time,—*] *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. JOHNSON.

[7] *The County Paris,—*] It is remarked, that "Paris, though in "one place called *Earl*, is most commonly stiled the *Countie* in this "play. Shakespeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or "other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it from "the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his "plot."—He certainly did so: Paris is there first stiled *a young Earle*, and afterward *Counte*, *Countee*, and *County*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time.

The word however is frequently met with in other writers; particularly in Fairfax:

"As when a captaine doth besiege some hold,
"Set in a marish or high on a hill,
"And trieth waies and wiles a thousand fold,
"To bring the place subjected to his will;
"So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold," &c.

Godfrey of Bulloigne, Book 7. Stanza 90.
FARMER.

Ere he, that ſhould be huſband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I ſwear,
It ſhall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:——Theſe are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him ſo yourſelf,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, and Nurſe.

Cap. When the ſun ſets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the ſun-ſet of my brother's ſon,
It rains downright.——
How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhowering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood; the winds, thy ſighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, ſir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks:
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap.

Cap. How now! how now! chop logick? What is this?
Proud—and, I thank you—and, I thank you not—
And yet not proud—Miſtreſs minion, you [8],
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt thurſday next,
To go with Paris to ſaint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs carrion! [9] out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to ſpeak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' thurſday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God hath ſent us but this only child;
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurſe. God in heaven bleſs her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her ſo.

[8] *And yet not proud,* &c.] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[9] —*Out, you baggage!*
You tallow-face!] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakeſpeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuſe in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their verſions of the moſt chaſte and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurſt, the tranſlator of Virgil in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas——*Hedge-brat, ſcullion,* and *tar-breech,* in the courſe of one ſpeech.
Nay, in the Interlude of the *Repentance of Mary Magdalene,* 1567, *Mary Magdalen* ſays to one of her attendants:
"*Horeſon,* I beſhrowe your heart, are you here?" STEEVENS.

Cap. And why, my lady wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nurſe. I ſpeak no treaſon.
Cap. O, God ye good den!
Nurſe. May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demeſnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they ſay) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wiſh a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To anſwer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—*
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i' the ſtreets,
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall never do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or,

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies [1].
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.
Nurse. [2] 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
Oh! he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not [3] so green, so quick, so fair an eye

[1] *In that* dim *monument*, &c.] The modern editors read *dun* monument. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto 1597, and the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] *Faith, here it is:*—] The character of the nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. STEEVENS.

[3] —*so green,*—] So the first editions. *Hanmer* reads,—*so keen.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrius*, in the *Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour:

His nose was high, his eyin bright *cittyn:*

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakespeare, Act 5. Sc. 1. "— oh vouchsafe,

"With that thy rare *green* eye, &c.——" STEEVENS.

As Paris hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
[4] As living here and you no uſe of him.

Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?

Nurſe. And from my ſoul too;
Or elſe beſhrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurſe. What?

Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.

Nurſe. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! [5] O moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin—to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thouſand times?—Go, counſellor;
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

[4] *As living here,*—] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, *as living* hence; that is, at a diſtance, in baniſhment; but *here* may ſignify, *in this world*. JOHNSON.

[5] *Ancient damnation!*] This term of reproach occurs in the *Malcontent*, 1604:
"—out, you *ancient damnation!*" STEEVENS.

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, and Paris.

Fri. On thurſday, ſir? the time is very ſhort.
Par. My father Capulet will have it ſo;
[6] And I am nothing ſlow, to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore little have I talk'd of love;
For Venus ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, ſir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe do give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety:
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd [7]. [*Aſide.*
Look, ſir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

[6] *And I am, &c.*] *His haſte ſhall not be abated by my ſlowneſs.* It might be read:

And I am nothing ſlow to *back* his haſte:

that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haſte. JOHNSON.

Slack was certainly the author's word, for, in the firſt edition, the line ran—

"For I am nothing *ſlack* to ſlow his haſte."

Back could not have ſtood there. MALONE.

[7] — be *ſlow'd.*] So, in Sir A. Gorges' tranſlation of the ſecond book of Lucan:

"—— will you overflow
"The fields, thereby my march to *ſlow*?" STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, [8] my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, ſir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, love, on thurſday next.
Jul. What muſt be ſhall be.
Friar. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer that, were to confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am ſure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their ſpight.
Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no ſlander, ſir, which is a truth;
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.——
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now;
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now:—
My lord, we muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion!—
Juliet, on thurſday early will I rouze you:
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs.
[*Exit Paris.*
Jul. O, ſhut the door! and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me; Paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help!

8 — *my lady and my* wife!] As theſe four firſt lines ſeem intended to rhyme, perhaps the author wrote thus:
——— my lady and my *life!* JOHNSON.

Friar.

Friar. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It ſtrains me paſt the compaſs of my wits:
I hear thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On thurſday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wiſdom, thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
[9] Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the [1] commiſſion of thy years and art
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

Friar. Hold, daughter; I do ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution
As that is deſperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thyſelf;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf to ſcape from it;
And, if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

[9] *Shall play the umpire;*—] That is, this knife ſhall decide the ſtruggle between me and my diſtreſſes. JOHNSON.

[1] —*commiſſion of thy years and art*] *Commiſſion* is for *authority* or *power*. JOHNSON.

From

From off the battlements of yonder tower[2];
[3] Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial[4], being then in bed,

And

[2] — *of* yonder *tower*;] Thus the quarto 1597. All other ancient copies — of *any* tower. STEEVENS.

[3] *Or chain me*, &c.]

Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
Or hide me nightly, &c.

It is thus the editions vary. POPE.

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted; but the old copy seems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read,

Where *savage* bears and *roaring* lions roam. JOHNSON.

I have inserted the lines which Pope omitted; for which I must offer this short apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three distinct ideas, such as may be supposed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are these:

Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;
Or shut me— STEEVENS.

[4] *Take thou this phial*, &c.] Thus *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 237. "Beholde heere I give thee a viole, &c. drink so much as is contained therein. And then you shall feele a certaine kinde of pleasant sleepe, which incroching by litle and litle all the

parts

And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run [5]
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is)
[6] In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,

Thou

parts of your body, wil constraine them in such wise, as unmoveable they shal remaine: and by not doing their accustomed duties, shall loose their natural feelings, and you abide in such extasie the space of xl houres at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the custome of our citie, you shall be called to the churchyard hard by our church, when you shall be intombed in the common monument of the Capellets your ancestors, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] —*through all thy veins shall run*
A cold and drowsy humour,] The first edition in 1597, has in general been here followed, except only, that instead of *a cold and drowsy humour*, we there find—'*a dull and heavy slumber*.' MALONE.

[6] *In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,*] Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the first folio, introduce the following verse, which the poet very probably had struck out on his revisal, because it is quite unnecessary, as the sense of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.

Had Virgil lived to have revised his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:

" At

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; [7] and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
[8] If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewel, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.——
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

"At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit;
"Et multo nebulæ circum *dea* fudit amictu."

The aukward repetition of the nominative case in the second of them, seems to decide very strongly against it. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *and he and I*
Will watch thy waking,—] These words are not in the folio. JOHNSON.

[8] *If no unconstant toy,*—] If no *fickle freak,* no *light caprice,* no *change of fancy,* hinder the performance. JOHNSON.

Cap.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—— [*Exit Servant.*
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift [9] with merry look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go, tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well, stand up:
This is as't should be.——Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

9 —*from shrift*, i. e. from confession.] So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:

"Ay, like a wench comes roundly to her *shrift*."

In the old Morality of *Every Man*, bl. l. no date, confession is personified:

"Now I pray you *shrifte*, mother of salvacyon."

STEEVENS.

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
[1] All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet, and Nurse.*

La. Cap. [2] We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt Capulet, and lady Capulet.*

SCENE III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet, and Nurse [3].

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;

[1] *All our whole city is much bound to him.*] Thus the folio and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldest quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:

All our whole city is much bound unto. STEEVENS.

[2] *We shall be short*—] That is, we shall be *defective*. JOHNSON.

[3] *Enter Juliet, and Nurse.*] Instead of the next speech, the quarto 1597, supplies the following short dialogue:

Nurse. Come, come, what need you anie thing else?
Juliet. Nothing good nurse, but leave me to myselfe.
Nurse. Well there's a cleane smocke under your pillow, and so good night. STEEVENS.

For

[4] For I have need of many oriſons
To move the heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs and full of ſin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you buſy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you;
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and reſt; for thou haſt need.

[*Exeunt Lady, and Nurſe.*

Jul. [5] Farewel!——God knows, when we ſhall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;——
Nurſe!—What ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone.——
Come, phial.——
What if this mixture do not work at all [6]?

Shall

[4] *For I have need*, &c.] Juliet plays moſt of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakeſpeare meant to puniſh her hypocriſy. JOHNSON.

[5] *Farewel!* &c.] This ſpeech received conſiderable additions after the elder copy was publiſhed. STEEVENS.

[6] *What if this mixture do not work at all?*] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure*, tom. ii. p. 239. "—but what know I (ſayd ſhe) whether the operation of this pouder will be to ſoone or to late, or not correſpondent to the due time, and that my faulte being diſcovered, I ſhall remayne a jeſting ſtocke and fable to the people? what know I moreover, if the ſerpents and other venomous and crauling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth, will hurt me thinkyng that I am dead? But how ſhall I indure the ſtinche of ſo many carions and bones of myne

[7] Shall I of force be married to the count?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there[8].——
[Laying down a dagger.
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
[9] I will not entertain so bad a thought.——
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,

myne auncestors which rest in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Romeo and frier Laurence doe come to help me? And as she was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, she thought that she sawe a certaine vision or fansie of her cousin Thibault, in the very same sort as she sawe him wounded and imbrued with blood, &c." STEEVENS.

[7] *Shall I of force be married to the count?*] Thus the eldest quarto. Succeeding quartos and the folio read:

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning? STEEVENS.

[8] *— lie thou there. Laying down a dagger.*] This stage-direction has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597, reads: "— *Knife*, lie thou there." It appears from several passages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride; and every thing *behoveful* for Juliet's *state* had just been left with her. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"See at my girdle hang my *wedding knives*!"

Again, in *King Edward* III. 1599:

"Here by my side do hang my *wedding knives*:
"Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
"And with the other, I'll dispatch my love." STEEVENS.

[9] *I will not entertain so bad a thought.*] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

Together

Together with the terror of the place,——
[1] As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth [2],
Lies festring [3] in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! [4] is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them [5], run mad——

[1] *As in a vault*, &c.] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.—I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakespeare against the criticisms of Voltaire, is one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world. STEEVENS.

[2] —*green in earth*,] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet*:

"—of our dear brother's death,
"The memory be *green*."

Again, in the *Opportunity*, by Shirley:

"—I am but
"*Green* in my honours." STEEVENS.

[3] Lies *festring*—] To *fester* is to corrupt. So, in *K. Edward* III. 1599:

"Lillies that *fester* smell far worse than weeds."

This line likewise occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakespeare. The play of *Edward* III. has been ascribed to him. STEEVENS.

[4] —*is it not like, that I*] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind. JOHNSON.

[5] —*run mad*—] So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"I have this night dig'd up a *mandrake*,
"And am *grown mad* with't."

So, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611:

"The *cries of mandrakes* never touch'd the ear
"With more sad horror, than that voice does mine."

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

"I'll rather give an ear to the black shrieks
"Of *mandrakes*," &c.

Again, in *Aristippus*, or the Jovial Philosopher:

"This is the *mandrake's voice* that undoes me." STEEVENS.

O! if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught [6],
Environed with all theſe hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his ſhroud?
And, in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out Romeo, that did ſpit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, ſtay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE IV.

Capulet's hall.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurſe.

La. Cap. Hold, take theſe keys, and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir! the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
[7] The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—

[6] — be *diſtraught.*] *Diſtraught* is diſtracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10:
"Is, for that river's ſake, near of his wits *diſtraught.*"
Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. C. 9:
"What frantic fit, quoth he, hath thus *diſtraught*, &c."
STEEVENS.

[7] *The curfeu bell*—] I know not that the morning bell is called the *curfeu* in any other place. JOHNSON.

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening, as appears from a paſſage in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:
"— well 'tis *nine* o'clock, 'tis time to ring *curfew.*"
STEEVENS.

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt [8] in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter three or four, with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with musick straight,
[*Musick within.*
For so he said he would. I hear him near:—
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, Nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

[8] —*a mouse-hunt*—] It appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, that *mouse* was once a term of endearment applied to a woman:
"Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his *mouse*."
STEEVENS.

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!——madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!——
What, not a word?——you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath [9] set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her:—Madam! madam! madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!

[9] —*set up his rest,*] This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramatick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuss. This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: "—set your heart at rest, for I have *set up my rest*, that unless you can run swifter than a hart, home you go not." The same expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother:*

"—— *My rest is up,*
"Nor will I go less——"

See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Françoise*, tom. v. plate 48.

STEEVENS.

I must

I muſt needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!——
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—My lord!—my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What's the matter?
Nurſe. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!——
Help, help!—call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurſe. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead.
Cap. Ha! let me ſee her:—Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woeful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Friar Laurence, and Paris, with Muſicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—

[1] O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride [2]:—See, there she lies
Flower as she was, deflowered now by him [3].
[4] Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face [5],
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
Nurse. [6] O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

[1] *O son, the night before thy wedding day*
Hath death lain with thy wife.—] Euripides has sported with this thought in the same manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* ver. 460.

"Τὴν δ' αὖ τάλαιναν παρθένον (τί παρθένον;
"Ἅιδης νιν, ὡς ἔοικε, νυμφεύσει τάχα.)" Sir W. RAWLINSON.

[2] *Hath death lain with thy bride:*] Perhaps this line is coarsely ridiculed in Decker's *Satiromastix:*

"Dead: she's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead."

STEEVENS.

[3] Flower *as she was,* deflowered *now by him.*] This jingle was common to other writers; and among the rest, to Greene, in his *Greene in Conceipt* 1598: "—— a garden-house having round about it many flowers, and within it much *deflowering.*" COLLINS.

[4] *Death is my son-in-law,* &c.] The remaining part of the speech I have restored from the quarto, 1609. STEEVENS.

[5] — *morning's face,*] The quarto, 1597, continues the speech of Paris thus:

And doth it now present such prodigies?
Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,
Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am;
Born to the world to be a slave in it:
Distrest, remediless, unfortunate.
O heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me,
To live so vile, so wretched as I shall? STEEVENS.

[6] *O woe! oh woeful,* &c.] This speech of exclamations is not in the edition above cited. Several other parts, unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found in the said edition; which occasions the variation in this from the common books. POPE.

Most

Moſt lamentable day! moſt woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain!
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!——
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murder murder our ſolemnity?——
O child! O child!—my ſoul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. 7 Peace, ho, for ſhame! confuſion's cure lives not
In theſe confuſions. Heaven and yourſelf
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The moſt you ſought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itſelf?
O, in this love, you love your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;

7 *Peace, ho, for ſhame,* confuſions: care *lives not In thoſe confuſions.*] This ſpeech, though it contains good Chriſtian doctrine, though it is perfectly in character for the Friar, Mr. Pope has curtailed to little or nothing, becauſe it has not the ſanction of the firſt old copy. But there was another reaſon: certain corruptions ſtarted, which ſhould have required the *indulging* a *private ſenſe* to make them intelligible, and this was an unreaſonable labour. As I have reformed the paſſage above-quoted, I dare warrant I have reſtored our poet's text; and a fine ſenſible reproof it contains againſt immoderate grief. THEOBALD.

But

But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
[8] For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, [9] that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding chear, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter [1].

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease*;

[8] *For though some nature bids us all lament,*] *Some* nature? Sure, it is the *general* rule of nature, or she could not bid us *all* lament. I have ventured to substitute an epithet, which, I suspect, was lost in the idle corrupted word *some*; and which admirably quadrates with the verse succeeding this. THEOBALD.

[9] *All things, &c.*] Instead of this and the following speeches, the eldest quarto has only a couplet:

'*Cap.* Let it be so, come woeful sorrow-mates,
Let us together taste this bitter fate. STEEVENS.

[1] *Enter Peter.*] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that the part of *Peter* was originally performed by *William Kempe*. MALONE.

2 O,

O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*

Mus. Why *heart's ease?*

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—[2] *My heart is full of woe:* [3] O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

Mus. [4] Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek [5]: I will give you the minstrel.

Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

---

[2] *My heart is full of woe:*] This, if I mistake not, is the beginning of an old ballad. STEEVENS.

[3] *O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.*] This is not in the folio, but the answer plainly requires it. JOHNSON.

It was omitted in the folio by mistake, for it is found in the quarto 1609, from which the folio was manifestly printed. MALONE.

[4] A *dump* anciently signified *some kind of dance*, as well as *sorrow*. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

"He loves nothing but an *Italian dump*,
"Or a *French brawl.*"

But on this occasion it means a mournful song. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, after the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearse of *Colin, Venus* says to *Paris*:

"—How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?
"*Paris.* Such *dumps*, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly *dumps* to prove." STEEVENS.

[5] —*the gleek.*] So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Nay, I can *gleek*, upon occasion."

To *gleek* is to scoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek*. STEEVENS.

The game is mentioned in the beginning of the present century, by Dr. King of the Commons, in his Art of Love:

"But whether we diversion seek
"In these, in Comet, or in *Gleek*,
"Or Ombre, &c." NICHOLS.

Mus.

Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:——Answer me like men:

When griping grief[6] *the heart doth wound,*
[7] *And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*
Then musick, with her silver sound,

Why *silver sound?* why, *musick with her silver sound?*

What

[6] *When* griping *grief*, &c.] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surry, in his translation of the second book of Virgil's Æneid, makes the hero say:

"New *gripes* of dred then pearse our trembling brestes."

Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. STEEVENS.

In Commendation of Musicke.

Where griping grief ye hart would woūd, (& dolful domps ye mind oppresse,
There musick with her silver sound, is wont with spede to geue redresse,
Of troubled minds for every sore, swete musick hath a salue in store.

In ioy it maks our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heauy sprights,
The carefull head releaf hath found, by musicks pleasant swete delights
Our senses, what should I saie more, are subiect unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musick hath their pray, the soule therein doth ioye,
For as the Romaine poets saie, in seas whom pirats would destroye
A Dolphin sau'd from death most sharpe, Arion plaiyng on his harp.

Oh

[7] *And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*] This line I have recovered from the old copy. It was wanting to complete the stanza as it is afterwards repeated. STEEVENS.

What say you, Simon Catling [8]?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, [9] Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you [1]. It is—*musick with her silver sound* [2], because such fellows as you have no gold for sounding:—

Oh heauenly gift that turnes the minde, like as the sterne doth rule the ship,
Of musick whom ye Gods assignde to comfort mã, whom cares would nip,
Sith thou both man, & beast doest moue, what wisemã thẽ will thee reprove?
From the Paradise of Daintie Deuises, Fol. 31. b. *Richard Edwards.*

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of sundry poems in this collection, see an account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and also in Tanner's *Bibliotheca.* SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Another copy of this song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his Reliques of ancient English Poetry. STEEVENS.

[8] Simon *Catling?*] A *catling* was a small lutestring made of catgut. STEEVENS.

[9] *Hugh Rebeck?*] The fidler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec, rebecquin.* See Menage, in v. *Rebec.* So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*: "—'Tis present death for these fidlers to tune their *rebecks* before the Great Turk's grace." In *England's Helicon*, 1614, is *The Shepherd Arsilius his Song to his* REBECK, by Bar. Yong. STEEVENS.

[1] *—because such fellows as you—*] Thus the quarto 1597. The others read—because *musicians.* I should suspect that a fidler made the alteration. STEEVENS.

[2] *—silver sound,*] So, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:
"Faith, fellow fidlers, here's no *silver sound* in this place."
Again, in *Wily Beguiled:*
"—— what harmony is this
"With *silver sound* that glutteth Sophos' ears?"
Spenser perhaps is the first who used this phrase:
"A *silver sound* that heav'nly music seem'd to make."
STEEVENS.

Then muſick with her ſilver ſound,
With ſpeedy help doth lend redreſs. [*Exit, ſinging.*

1 *Muſ.* What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2 *Muſ.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

---

[3] ACT V. SCENE I.

MANTUA.

A STREET.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. [4] If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
[5] My boſom's lord ſits lightly on his throne;

[6] And

[3] *Act V.*] The acts are here properly enough divided, [illegible] did any better diſtribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the peruſal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the firſt folio, and I ſuppoſe the foregoing editions are in the ſame ſtate, there is no diviſion of the acts, and therefore ſome future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals. JOHNSON.

[4] *If I may truſt the flattering* truth *of ſleep,*] The ſenſe is, *If I may only truſt the* honeſty *of ſleep*, which I know however not to be ſo nice as not often to practiſe *flattery*. JOHNSON.

The oldeſt copy reads—*the flattering* eye *of ſleep*. Whether this reading ought to ſuperſede the more modern one, I ſhall not pretend to determine: it appears to me, however, the moſt eaſily intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

[5] *My* boſom's lord—] So, in *King Arthur*, a Poem, by R. Cheſter, 1601:

"That neither Uter nor his councell knew
"How his deepe *boſome's lord* the dutcheſs thwarted."

The Author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *boſom's lord* he means—*Cupid.* Thus too, Shakeſpeare (as Mr. Malone obſerves to me) in *Twelfth Night* and *Othello:*

It gives a very echo to the ſeat
Where *love* is *thron'd.*——

Again,

Yield up, o *Love*, thy crown and *hearted throne.* STEEVENS.

My boſom's lord——] Theſe three lines are very gay and pleaſing. But why does Shakeſpeare give Romeo this involuntary

cheerfulneſs

And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter Balthaſar.

News from Verona!——How now, Balthaſar?
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I aſk again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Balth. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in Capulet's monument [6],
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, ſir.

cheerfulneſs juſt before the extremity of unhappineſs? Perhaps to ſhew the vanity of truſting to thoſe uncertain and caſual exaltations or depreſſions, which many conſider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this paſſage himſelf a little further on:

"How oft, when men are at the point of death,
"Have they been merry? which their keepers call
"A lightning before death."

Again, in G. Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576:

"— a lightning delight againſt his ſouden deſtruction."

STEEVENS.

[6] — *in* Capulet's *monument.*] The old copies read in *Capel's* monument; and thus Gaſcoigne in his *Flowers*, p. 51:

"Thys token whych the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, ſo that
"They covet to be knowne from *Capels* where they paſſe,
"For ancient grutch whych long ago 'tweene theſe two houſes was." STEEVENS.

Rom.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars![7]—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus[8]
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Balth. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit Balthasar*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,——
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
[9] A beggarly account of empty boxes,

[7] — *I defy you, stars!*] The folio reads—*deny* you, stars. STEEVENS.

[8] *Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus.*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read:
"I do beseech you, sir, have patience." STEEVENS.

[9] *A* beggarly *account of empty boxes;*] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account; but *beggarly* is probably right: if the *boxes* were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous. JOHNSON.

This circumstance is likewise found in Painter's translation, tom. ii. p. 241. "—beholdyng an apoticaries shoppe of lytle furniture, and lesse store of boxes and other thynges requisite for that science, thought that the verie povertie of the mayster apothecarye woulde make him wyllyngly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde." STEEVENS.

Green

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes [1],
[2] Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,

The

[1] *Need and oppression* starveth *in thine eyes,*] The first quarto reads:

"And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks."

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio:

"Need and oppression *starveth* in thine eyes."

Our modern editors, without authority,

Need and oppression *stare* within thine eyes. STEEVENS.

[2] *Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,*] This is the reading of the

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother[*] out,

the oldest copy. I have restored it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the subsequent impressions:

"Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back."

In the *First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a passage somewhat resembling this of Shakespeare:

"Whose famish'd jaws look like the chaps of death,
"Upon whose eye-brows hang damnation." STEEVENS.

One

[3] One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;

[3] *One of our order, to associate me,*] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior whenever he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other. STEEVENS.

[4] —*was not* nice,—] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle subject.

Nice signifies *foolish* in many parts of Gower, and Chaucer. So, in the second book *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. 37:

"My sonne, eschewe thilke vice.——
"My father elles were I *nice*."

So, in Chaucer's *Scogan unto the lordes*, &c.

"— the most complaint of all,
"Is to thinkin that I have be so *nice*,
"That I ne would in vertues to me call, &c."

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"You must appeare to be straunge and *nyce*."

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the synonymes of *sot*. Apol. Herod. l. i. c. 4. STEEVENS.

 Within

Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake [5];
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell 'till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page with a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed: [*Strewing flowers.*
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;

[5] *Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;*] Instead of this line, and the concluding part of the speech, the quarto, 1597, reads only:

"Lest that the lady should before I come
"Be wak'd from sleep, I will hye
"To free her from that tombe of miserie." STEEVENS.

Fair

[6] Fair Juliet, that with angels doſt remain,
Accept this lateſt favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praiſes do adorn thy tomb!

[*The boy whiſtles.*

The boy gives warning; ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,
To croſs my obſequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.

Enter Romeo, and Balthaſar with a torch, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I muſt uſe
In [7] dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But

[6] *Fair Juliet, that with angels,* &c.] Theſe four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has theſe lines:

" Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew;
" O woe! thy canopy is duſt and ſtones,
" Which with ſweet water nightly I will dew,
" Or, wanting that, with tears diſtill'd by moans.
" The obſequies which I for thee will keep,
" Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy grave, and weep."

JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactneſs; but took the firſt and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two intermediate verſes, which I have reſtored. STEEVENS.

[7] —*dear employment,*] That is, *action of importance.* Gems were ſuppoſed to have great powers and virtues. JOHNSON.

 Ben

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
On what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild [8];
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewel, good fellow.

Balth. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit Balth.*

Rom. Thou detestable [9] maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking up the monument.*
And, in despight, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;

Ben Jonson uses the word *dear* in the same sense:
"Put your known talents on so *dear* a business."
Catiline, Act 1.
Again, in Chapman's version of the 10th book of the Odyssey:
"—— full pitching on
"The *dearest* joint his head was plac'd upon." STEEVENS.

[8] —*savage-wild*;] Here the speech concludes in the old copy. STEEVENS.

[9] —*detestable*—] This word, which is now accented on the second syllable, was once accented on the first; therefore this line did not originally seem to be inharmonious. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604:
"Court with vain words and *detestable* lyes."
Again, in Shakespeare's *K. John*, Act 3. Sc. 3:
"And I will kiss thy *detestable* bones." STEEVENS.

Can

Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou muſt die.

Rom. I muſt, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon theſe gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beſeech thee, youth,
Pull not [1] another ſin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter ſay—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. [2] I do defy thy conjuration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom.

[1] *Pull* not &c.] The quarto, 1597, reads:—*heap* not. The quartos 1599 and 1609, and all the folios:—*Put* not.—Mr. Rowe firſt made the change, which may be diſcontinued at the reader's pleaſure. STEEVENS.

[2] *I do defy* &c.] The quarto, 1597, reads, *I do defy thy conjuration,*] Paris conceived Romeo to have burſt open the monument for no other purpoſe than to do *ſome villainous ſhame* on the dead bodies, ſuch as witches are reported to have practiſed; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magic arts which he ſuſpects he is preparing to uſe. So, in Painter's tranſlation of the novel, tom. ii. p. 244. "—the watch of the city by chance paſſed by, and ſeeing light within the grave, ſuſpected ſtraight that they were necromancers which had opened the tombs *to abuſe the dead bodies* for aide of their arte."

The folio reads:

I do *defy* thy commiſeration.

To *defy*, anciently meant to *refuſe* or *deny*. So, in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"Or, as I ſaid, for ever I *defy* your company."

Again,

"Even from my ſoul I villainy *defy*."

Again, in the *Miſeries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

"My liege, quoth he, all mercy now *defy*."

Again, in R. Green's *Planetomachia*, 1585:

"I *defy* thee for my father who haſt ſo diſpleaſed the Gods."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 8:

"Foole (ſaid the Pagan) I thy gift *defye*."

Again,

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight, Paris falls.*

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

Par. O, I am ſlain!—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruſe this face;—
Mercutio's kinſman, noble county Paris:—
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris ſhould have marry'd Juliet:
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was ſo?—O, give me thy hand,—
One writ with me in ſour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lanthorn, ſlaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting [3] preſence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying Paris in the monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: [4] O, how may I
Call

Again, b. v. c. 5:
"She daily told her, love he did *defye.*"
Paris may, however, mean—I refuſe to do as thou *conjureſt* me to do, *i. e.* to depart. STEEVENS.

[3] —*preſence*—] A *preſence* is a *public room.* JOHNSON.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602:
"The darkeſt dungeon which ſpite can deviſe
"To throw this carcaſe in, her glorious eyes
"Can make as lightſome as the faireſt chamber
"In Paris Louvre." STEEVENS.

[4] — *O,* how *may I*
Call this a lightning?——] I think we ſhould read,
—— *O,* now *may I*
Call this a lightning?—— JOHNSON.

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramatic pieces. So in the ſecond part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"I thought

Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there [5].—
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet [6]?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,

"I thought it was *a lightning before death*,
"Too sudden to be certain."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 15th Iliad:

"— since after this he had not long to live,
"This *lightning flew before his death*."

Again, in his translation of the 18th Odyssey:

"—— extend their chear
"To th' utmost *lightning* that still ushers death."

STEEVENS.

[5] *And death's pale flag*, &c.] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

"And nought-respecting death (the last of paines)
"Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' ensign of his might)
"Upon his new-got spoil; &c."

In the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare is less florid in his account of the lady's beauty; and only says:

"—— ah, dear Juliet,
"How well thy beauty doth become the grave!"

The speech, as it now stands, is first found in the quarto, 1599.

STEEVENS.

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.] An ingenious friend some time ago pointed out to me a passage of *Marini*, which bears a very strong resemblance to this:

Morte la'nsegna sua pallida e bianca
Vincitrice spiegó su'l volto mio.

Rime lugubri, p. [illegible]49, ed. Venet. 1605.

TYRWHITT.

[6] *Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?*] So, in Painter's translation, tom. ii. p. 24[illegible]. "— what greater or more cruel satisfaction canste thou desyre to have, or henceforth hope for, than to see hym which murdered thee, to be empoysoned wyth hys owne handes, and buryed by thy syde?" STEEVENS.

Why

Why art thou yet ſo fair? Shall I believe—
I will believe (come lie thou in my arms)
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
For fear of that, I will ſtill ſtay with thee;
7 And never from this palace of dim night

Depart

7 *And never from this palace of dim night*
Depart again: (Come lie thou in my arms;
Here's to thy health. O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick).] Mr. Pope's, and ſome other of the worſer editions acknowledge abſurdly the lines which I have put into parentheſis here; and which I have expunged from the text, for this reaſon: Romeo is made to confeſs the effects of the poiſon before ever he has taſted it. I ſuppoſe, it hardly was ſo ſavoury that the patient ſhould chooſe to make two draughts of it. And, eight lines after theſe, we find him taking the poiſon in his hands, and making an apoſtrophe to it; inviting it to perform its office at once; and then, and not till then, does he clap it to his lips. or can with any probability ſpeak of its inſtant force and effects. Beſides, Shakeſpeare would hardly have made Romeo drink to the *health* of his *dead* miſtreſs. Though the firſt quarto in 1599, and the two old folios, acknowledge this abſurd ſtuff, I find it left out in ſeveral later quarto impreſſions. I ought to take notice, that though Mr. Pope has thought fit to ſtick to the old copies in this addition, yet he is no fair tranſcriber; for he has ſunk upon us an hemiſtich of moſt profound abſurdity, which poſſeſſes all thoſe copies.

—— *Come, lie thou in my arms;*
Here's to thy health, where-e'er thou tumbleſt in.
O true apothecary! &c. THEOBALD.

I have no edition but the folio, which has all the paſſage here mentioned. I have followed Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

I am ſorry to ſay, that the foregoing note is an inſtance of diſingenuouſneſs, as well as inattention in Mr. Theobald, who, relying on the ſcarcity of the old quartos, very frequently makes them anſwerable for any thing he thinks proper to aſſert.

The quarto in 1599, was not the firſt. It was preceded by one in 1597; and though Mr. Theobald declares, *he found the paſſage left out in ſeveral of the later quarto impreſſions*, yet in the liſt of thoſe he pretends to have collated for the uſe of his edition, he mentions but one of a later date, and had never ſeen either that publiſhed in 1609, or another without any date at all; for in the former of theſe, the paſſage in queſtion is preſerved (the latter I have no

Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will

copy of), and he has placed that in 1637, on the single faith of which his rejection is founded, among those quartos of middling authority: so that what he so roundly affirms of several, can with justice be said of only one; for there are in reality no later quarto editions of this play than I have here enumerated, and two of those (by his own confession) he had never met with.

The hemistich, which Mr. Theobald pronounces *to be of most profound absurdity*, may deserve a somewhat better character; but being misplaced, could not be connected with that part of that speech where he found it; yet, being introduced a few lines lower, seems to make very good sense.

"Come bitter conduct! come unsav'ry guide!
"Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
"The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary bark!
"*Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in.*
"Here's to my love! O true apothecary!
"Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die."

To tumble into port in a storm, I believe to be a sea-phrase, as is *a tumbling sea*, and agrees with the allusion to the pilot or the tempest-beaten bark. *Here's success*, says he (continuing the allusion) *to thy vessel wherever it tumbles in*, or perhaps, *to the pilot who is to conduct, or tumble it in*; meaning, *I wish it may succeed in ridding me of life, whatever may betide me after it, or wherever it may carry me.* He then drinks to the memory of Juliet's love, adding (as he feels the poison work) a short apostrophe to the apothecary, the effect of whose drugs he can doubt no longer; and turning his thoughts back again to the object most beloved, he dies (like Othello) on a kiss.

The other hemistich (not disposed of) may yet be introduced: how naturally, must be left to the reader to determine. The quarto of 1609, exhibits the passage thus:

"—— Ah, dear Juliet!
"Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe,
"Shall I believe? that unsubstantial death is amorous,
"And that the lean," &c.

If such an idea could have any foundation in nature, or be allowed in poetry, and Romeo, in consequence of having raised it to his imagination, was jealous of death, it would follow, that in his first frenzy, he might address himself to his mistress, and take her in his arms for the greater security. That being granted, with a slight transposition (one verse already exceeding the measure by two feet) the passage might be read thus:

"—Ah,

Will I set up my everlasting rest [8];
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—

" —— Ah, dear Juliet!"
" Why art thou yet so fair? *shall* I believe—
" I *will* believe (*come lie thou in my arms*)
" That unsubstantial death is amorous,
" And that the lean," &c.

The object of dispute may perhaps be such as hardly to deserve this toil of transposition, but one critick has just as good a right to attempt the insertion of what he thinks he understands, as another has to omit a passage, because he can make no use of it at all. The whole of the conjecture is offered with the least degree of confidence, and from no other motive than a desire of preserving every line of Shakespeare, when any reason, tolerably plausible, can be given in its favour.

Mr. Theobald has not dealt very fairly in his account of this speech, as the absurdity is apparently owing to the repetition of some of the lines by a blunder of the printer, who had thereby made Romeo confess the effects of the poison before he had tasted it.

On second thoughts, it is not improbable, that Shakespeare had written—*I will believe*, and afterwards corrected it to—*Shall I believe*, without erasing the former: by which means it has happened that the printer has given us both. Thus, in what follows—*Come lie thou in my arms*, &c. might have been the poet's first sketch of the conclusion of Romeo's speech, which he forebore to obliterate, when he substituted—*here, here will I remain*, &c. This seems indeed to be evident from the edition of 1599, and the other old editions after that, in all which—*Depart again*, as the catch word, from which his amendment was to begin, is repeated. Let some future editor decide. STEEVENS.

[8] —*my everlasting rest*;] See a note on scene 5th of the preceding act. So, in the *Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

" —— could I *set up my rest*
" That he were lost, or taken prisoner,
" I could hold truce with sorrow."

To *set up one's rest* is to be determined to any certain purpose, to rest in perfect confidence and resolution, to make up one's mind. Again, in the same play:

" *Set up thy rest*; her marriest thou, or none." STEEVENS.

Come,

Come, bitter conduct [9] come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in:
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter Friar Laurence, with a lanthorn, crow, and spade.

Lau. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves [1]?—Who's
there?

Enter Balthasar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Lau. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capulets' monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Lau. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Lau. How long hath he been there?

[9] *Come bitter* conduct.] Marston also in his satires, 1599, uses *conduct* for *conductor*:
"Be thou my *conduct* and my genius."
So, in a former scene in this play:
"And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now." MALONE.

[1] — *how oft to-night*
Have my old feet stumbled *at graves?*] This accident was reckoned ominous. So, in *K. Henry* VI. p. 3.
For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,
Are well foretold, that danger lurks within.
Again, in *K. Richard* III. Hastings, going to execution, says:
Three times to-day my footcloth horse did *stumble*.
STEEVENS.

Balth.

Balth. Full half an hour.

Lau. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Lau. Stay then, I'll go alone: — Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
[2] I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Lau. Romeo?—
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?—
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs.

Jul. [*waking.*] O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

Lau. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest

[2] *I dreamt my master and another fought,*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. STEEVENS.

Of

Of death, contagion, [3] and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay no longer. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

Watch. [*within*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger* [4].
This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself.*] there rust, and let me die [5].

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

[3] —*and unnatural sleep*;] Shakespeare alludes to the sleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs. STEEVENS.

[4] *Snatching Romeo's dagger.*] So, in Painter's translation of *Pierre Boisteau*, tom. ii. p. 244.—"Drawing out the dagger which Romeo ware by his side, she pricked herself with many blowes against the heart." STEEVENS.

[5] —*there* rust *and let me die.*] Is the reading of the quarto 1599. That of 1597 gives the passage thus:

"I, noise? then must I be resolute.
"Oh, happy dagger! thou shalt end my fear,
"*Rest* in my bosom; thus I come to thee."

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

"This is thy *sheath*." STEEVENS.

Watch.

Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the church-yard;
Go, some of you, whome'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;——
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.——
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,——
[6] Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, 'till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Laurence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince, and attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

[6] *Raise up the Montagues.—Some others search:—*] Here seems to be a rhyme intended, which may be easily restored;
"Raise up the Montagues. Some others, *go.*
"We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,
"But the true ground of all *this* piteous *woe*
"We cannot without circumstance descry." JOHNSON.
It was often thought sufficient, in the time of Shakespeare, for the second and fourth lines in a stanza, to rhime with each other.
STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Capulet, and lady Capulet, &c.

Cap. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the ſtreet cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and ſome—Paris; and all run,
With open out-cry, toward our monument.

Prince. [7] What fear is this, which ſtartles in our ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris ſlain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a friar, and ſlaughter'd Romeo's man;
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'en, for, [8] lo! his houſe
Lies

[7] *What fear is this, which ſtartles in* your *ears?*] Read,
" What fear is this, which ſtartles in *our* ears?" JOHNSON.

[8] *— lo! his houſe*, &c.] The modern editors (contrary to the authority of all the ancient copies, and without attention to the diſagreeable aſſonance of *ſheath* and *ſheathed*, which was firſt introduced by Mr. Pope) read,

" This dagger hath miſta'en; for, lo! *the ſheath*
" *Lies* empty on the back of Montague,
" *The point* miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom."

The quarto, 1597, erroneouſly,

" —— this dagger hath miſtook,
" For (loe) the backe is empty of yong Montague,
" And it is ſheathed in our daughter's breaſt."

The quarto, 1599, affords the true reading,

" This dagger hath miſtane, for, loe! his houſe
" Is emptie on the back of Mountague,
" And *it* miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's boſome."

If we do not read *it* inſtead of *is*, Capulet will be made to ſay—*The ſcabbard is at once empty on the back of Montague, and ſheathed in Juliet's boſom.* The conſtruction even with this emendation will be irregular.

Lies empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague, and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up [9],
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. [1] Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! [2] what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

The quartos, 1609, 1637, and the folio 1623, offer the same reading, except that they concur in giving *is* instead of it.

It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back*. So, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"Thou must weare thy sworde by thy side,
"And thy *dagger* handsumly *at thy backe*."

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collection of satires, no date:

"See you the huge bum *dagger at his backe*?" STEEVENS.

The passage, as it stands in the quarto of 1609, and in the first folio, if regulated thus, is perfectly grammatical:

"This dagger hath mista'en, (for lo! his house
"Lies empty on the back of Montague)
"And *is* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom."

MALONE.

[9] —*for thou art early up*, &c.] This speech (as appears from the following passage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601) has something proverbial in it:

"In you i'faith the proverb's verified,
"*You are early up*, and yet are ne'er the near." STEEVENS.

[1] *Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night*;] After this line the quarto 1597 adds,

"And young Benvolio is deceased too."

But this I suppose the poet rejected on his revision of the play, as unnecessary slaughter. STEEVENS.

[2] *O, thou untaught!* &c.] So, in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

"Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:
"Who came first to the world, should first depart.
"It not becomes the old o'er-live the young;
"This dealing is preposterous and o'er-thwart." STEEVENS.

Prince.

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Lau. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

[3] *Lau.* I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell, there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: mean time I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.

[3] *Laurence.*] It is much to be lamented, that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON.

But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could ſend to Romeo:
But, when I came, (ſome minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb;
And ſhe, too deſperate, would not go with me,
But (as it ſeems) did violence on herſelf.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurſe is privy: And, if aught in this
Miſcarry'd by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prince. We ſtill have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he ſay to this?

Balth. I brought my maſter news of Juliet's death;
And then in poſt he came from Mantua,
To this ſame place, to this ſame monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's grave;
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my maſter drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

5 *Prince.*

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.——
Where be theſe enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen:—all are puniſh'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raiſe her ſtatue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at ſuch rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich ſhall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace [4] this morning with it brings;
The ſun, for ſorrow, will not ſhew his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
[5] Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed:

For

[4] *A* glooming *peace*, &c.] The modern editions read—*gloomy*; but *glooming*, which is the old reading, may be the true one. So, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"Through dreadful ſhades of ever-*glooming* night."

To *gloom* is an ancient verb uſed by Spenſer; and I meet with it likewiſe in the play of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

"If either he gaſpeth or *gloometh*." STEEVENS.

[5] *Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed:*] This ſeems to be not a reſolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various diſpenſations of Providence; for who was there that could juſtly be puniſhed by any human law? EDWARDS's MSS.

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was baniſhed

 for

For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo [6]. [*Exeunt omnes.*

for concealing the marriage; Romeo's ſervant ſet at liberty becauſe he had only acted in obedience to his maſter's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while Friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and peace. STEEVENS.

6 —*Juliet and her Romeo.*] Shakeſpeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the ſcenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marſton, in his ſatires, 1598, ſays:

"Luſcus, what's play'd to-day?—faith, now I know
"I ſet thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
"Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo." STEEVENS.

THIS play is one of the moſt pleaſing of our author's performances. The ſcenes are buſy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the cataſtrophe irreſiſtibly affecting, and the proceſs of the action carried on with ſuch probability, at leaſt with ſuch congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakeſpeare to exhibit the converſation of gentlemen, to repreſent the airy ſprightlineſs of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might eaſily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakeſpeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, leſt he ſhould have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no ſuch formidable perſon, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed,* without danger to a poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in queſt of truth, that, in a pointed ſentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very ſeldom to be rigorouſly underſtood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wiſh him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the conſtruction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakeſpeare to have continued his exiſtence, though ſome of his ſallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whoſe genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehenſive, and ſublime.

The Nurſe is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great ſubtilty of diſtinction, drawn her at once loquacious and ſecret, obſequious and inſolent, truſty and diſhoneſt.

His comic ſcenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic ſtrains are always polluted with ſome unexpected depravations. His perſons, however diſtreſſed, *have a conceit left them in their miſery, a miſerable conceit.* JOHNSON.

HAMLET.

HAMLET.

Perſons Repreſented.

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*
Hamlet, *ſon to the former, and nephew to the preſent king.*
Fortinbras, *prince of Norway.*
Polonius, *lord chamberlain.*
Horatio, *friend to Hamlet.*
Laertes, *ſon to Polonius.*
Voltimand, Cornelius, Roſencrantz, Guildenſtern, } *courtiers.*
Oſrick, *a courtier.*
Another courtier.
A prieſt.
Marcellus, Bernardo, } *officers.*
Franciſco, *a ſoldier.*
Reynaldo, *ſervant to Polonius.*
A captain; An ambaſſador.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's father.

Gertrude, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*
Ophelia, *daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, ladies, players, grave-diggers, ſailors, meſſengers, and other attendants.

SCENE, *Elſineur.*

HAMLET[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

ELSINOUR.

A platform before the palace.

Francisco on his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me[2]: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber.

[1] *Hamlet.*] The original story on which this play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus the Danish historian. From thence Belleforest adopted it in his collection of novels, in seven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publish through succeeding years. From this work, *The Hystorie of Hamblett*, quarto, bl. l. was translated. I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play than one in the year 1604, though it must have been performed before that time, as I have seen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey, (the antagonist of Nash) who, in his own hand-writing, has set down the play, as a performance with which he was well acquainted, in the year 1598. His words are these: "The younger "sort take much delight in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis; but "his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, "have it in them to please the wiser sort, 1598."

In the books of the Stationers' Company this play was entered by James Roberts, July 26, 1602, under the title of "A booke called *The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmarke*, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servantes."

In

[I.] This play is printed both in the folio of 1623, and in the quarto of 1637, more correctly, than almost any other of the works of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

[2] —*me:*] i. e. me who am already on the watch, and have a right to demand the watch-word. STEEVENS.

Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve; get thee to bed, Franciſco.
Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

In *Eaſt-ward Hoe* by G. Chapman, B. Jonſon, and T. Marſton, 1605, is a fling at the hero of this tragedy. A footman named *Hamlet* enters, and a tankard-bearer aſks him—"'Sfoote, *Hamlet*, are you *mad?*" The following particulars, relative to the date of the piece, are borrowed from Dr. Farmer's *Eſſay on the Learning of Shakeſpeare*, p. 85, 86, ſecond edition.

"Greene, in the Epiſtle prefixed to his *Arcadia*, hath a laſh at ſome "vaine glorious tragedians," and very plainly at Shakeſpeare in particular.—"I leave all theſe to the mercy of their *mother-tongue*, that feed on nought but the crums that fall from the *tranſlator's* trencher.—That could ſcarcely *latinize* their neck verſe if they ſhould have neede, yet *Engliſh Seneca* read by candlelight yeelds many good ſentences—hee will affoord you whole *Hamlets*, I ſhould ſay, *handfuls* of tragicall ſpeeches."—I cannot determine exactly when this *Epiſtle* was firſt publiſhed; but, I fancy, it will carry the original *Hamlet* ſomewhat further back than we have hitherto done: and it may be obſerved, that the oldeſt copy now extant, is ſaid to be "enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was." *Gabriel Harvey* printed at the end of the year 1592, "Foure Letters and certaine Sonnetts, eſpecially touching *Robert Greene*:" in one of which his *Arcadia* is mentioned. Now *Naſh's* Epiſtle muſt have been previous to theſe, as *Gabriel* is quoted in it with applauſe; and the *Foure Letters* were the beginning of a quarrel. *Naſh* replied, in "Strange news of the intercepting certaine Letters, and a Convoy of Verſes, as they were going *privilie* to victuall the *Low Countries*, 1593." *Harvey* rejoined the ſame year in "*Pierce's* Supererogation, or a new praiſe of the old Aſſe." And *Naſh* again, in "Have with you to *Saffron-Walden*, or *Gabriell Harvey's* Hunt is up; containing a full anſwer to the eldeſt ſonne of the halter-maker, 1596."—*Naſh* died before 1606, as appears from an old comedy called "The Return from Parnaſſus." STEEVENS.

The

4 The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewel, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit Francisco.*

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?

5 *Hor.* A piece of him.

4 *The rivals of my watch.*] *Rivals*, for partners. WARBURTON.

By *rivals of the watch* are meant those who were to watch on the next adjoining ground. *Rivals*, in the original sense of the word, were proprietors of neighbouring lands, parted only by a brook, which belonged equally to both. HANMER.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1636:

" *Tullia.* Aruns, associate him.

" *Aruns.* A *rival* with my brother, &c."

Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637:

" And make thee *rival* in those governments."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3. Sc. 5: — having made use of him in the wars against Pompey, presently deny'd him *rivality*." STEEVENS.

I should propose to point and alter this passage thus—

If you do meet Horatio, and Marcellus
The *rival* of my watch—

Horatio is represented throughout the play as a gentleman of no profession. Marcellus was an officer, and consequently did that through duty, for which Horatio had no motive but curiosity. Besides, there is but one person on each watch. Bernardo comes to relieve Francisco, and Marcellus to supply the place of some other on the adjoining station. The reason why Bernardo as well as the rest expect Horatio, was because he knew him to be informed of what had happened the night before. WARNER.

5 Hor. A piece *of him.*] But why a *piece?* He says this as he gives his hand. Which direction should be marked. WARB.

A piece of him, is, I believe, no more than a cant expression. STEEVENS.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What [6], has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have ſeen nothing.

Mar. Horatio ſays, 'tis but our phantaſy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us:
Therefore I have intreated him along,
With us to watch [7] the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may [8] approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.

Hor. Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while;
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
[9] What we two nights have ſeen.

Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo ſpeak of this.

Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame ſtar, that's weſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myſelf,
The bell then beating one,——

[6] *What*, &c.] The quartos give this ſpeech to Horatio. STEEVENS.

[7] — *the minutes of this night*;] This ſeems to have been an expreſſion common in Shakeſpeare's time. I find it in one of Ford's plays, *The Fancies*, Act 5.

I promiſe ere *the minutes of the night*. STEEVENS.

[8] — approve *our eyes*,——] Add a new teſtimony to that of our eyes. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:
"I can by grounded arguments *approve*
"Your power and potency."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
— I am full ſorry
That he *approves* the common lyar, who
Thus ſpeaks of him at Rome.— STEEVENS.

[9] *What we two nights have ſeen.*] This line is by Hanmer given to Marcellus, but without neceſſity. JOHNSON.

Mar.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghoſt.

Ber. In the ſame figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Moſt like:—it harrows [1] me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be ſpoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majeſty of bury'd Denmark
Did ſometime march? by heaven I charge thee, ſpeak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it ſtalks away.

Hor. Stay; ſpeak; I charge thee, ſpeak.
[*Exit Ghoſt.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyſelf:
Such was the very armour he had on,

[1] *It* harrows *me*, &c.] To *harrow* is to conquer, to ſubdue. The word is of Saxon origin. So, in the old bl. l. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys:*
"He ſwore by him that *harowed* hell." STEEVENS.

When

When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle[2],
[3] He smote the [4] sledded Polack on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, [5] and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk he hath gone by our watch.

Hor.

[2] — *an angry* parle,] This is one of the affected words introduced by *Lilly*. So, in *Two Wise Men and all the Rest Fools*, 1619:

"— that you told me at our last *parle*." STEEVENS.

[3] *He smote the sledded* Polack *on the ice.*] *Pole-ax* in the common editions. He speaks of a prince of Poland whom he slew in battle. He uses the word *Polack* again, Act 2. Scene 4. POPE.

Polack was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of Poland: *Polaque*, French. As in F. Davison's translation of Passeratius's epitaph on Henry III. of France, published by Camden:

"Whether thy chance or choice thee hither brings,
"Stay, passenger, and wail the best of kings.
"This little stone a great king's heart doth hold,
"Who rul'd the fickle French and *Polacks* bold:
"Whom, with a mighty warlike host attended,
"With trait'rous knife a cowled monster ended.
"So frail are even the highest earthly things,
"Go, passenger, and wail the hap of kings." JOHNSON.

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

"— I scorn him
"Like a shav'd *Pollack*—" STEEVENS.

[4] A *sled*, or *sledge*] Is a carriage without wheels, made use of in the cold countries. So, in *Tamburlaine* or the *Scythian Shepherd*, 1590.

"—— upon an ivory *sled*
"Thou shalt be drawn among the frozen poles." STEEV.

[5] — *and* just *at this dead hour*,] The old quarto reads *jumpe*: but the following editions discarded it for a more fashionable word. WARBURTON.

The old reading is, *jump at this* same *hour*; *same* is a kind of correlative to *jump*; *just* is in the oldest folio. The correction was probably made by the author. JOHNSON.

Jump and *just* were synonymous in the time of Shakespeare. Ben Jonson speaks of verses made on *jump names*, i. e. names that suit exactly. Nash says—"and *jumpe*, imitating a verse in As in præsenti." So, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:

"Your appointment was *jump* at three, with me."

Again, in *The Arcadia* by Shirley, 1640.

"— so even and *jump* with his desires."

Hor. [6] In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the [7] grofs and fcope of mine opinion,
This bodes fome ftrange eruption to our ftate.
Mar. Good now, fit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this fame ftrict and moft obfervant watch
So nightly toils the fubject of the land?
And why fuch daily caft [8] of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why fuch imprefs of fhip-wrights, whofe fore tafk
Does not divide the funday from the week?
What might be toward, that this fweaty hafte
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At leaft, the whifper goes fo. Our laft king,
Whofe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a moft emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which, our valiant Hamlet
(For fo this fide of our known world efteem'd him)
Did flay this Fortinbras; [9] who, by a feal'd compact,
Well

Again, in *M. Kyffin's* tranflation of the *Andria* of *Terence*, 1588:
"Comes he this day fo *jump* in the very time of this marriage?" STEEVENS.

[6] *In what particular thought to work,*] i. e. What particular train of thinking to follow. STEEVENS.

[7] — *Grofs and fcope*——] General thoughts, and tendency at large. JOHNSON.

[8] — *daily* caft—] The quartos read *coft*. STEEVENS.

[9] — *who by a feal'd compact,*
Well ratified by law and *heraldry,*] The fubject fpoken of is a duel between two monarchs, who fought for a wager, and entered into articles for the juft performance of the terms agreed upon. Two forts of law there were neceffary to regulate the decifion of the affair: the *civil law*, and the *law of arms*; as, had there been a wager without a duel, it had been the *civil law only*; or a duel without a wager, the *law of arms only*. Let us fee now how our author is made to exprefs this fenfe.

—*a feal'd*

Well ratify'd by law, and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; [1] as, by that covenant,
[2] And carriage of the articles design'd,
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
[3] Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath

——— *a seal'd compact,*
Well ratified by law and *heraldry.*

Now *law*, as distinguished from *heraldry*, signifying the *civil law*; and this seal'd compact being a *civil law* act, it is as much as to say, *An act of law well ratified by law*, which is absurd. For the nature of *ratification* requires that which ratifies, and that which is ratified, should not be one and the same, but different. For these reasons I conclude Shakespeare wrote:

——— *who by* seal'd compact
Well ratified *by law* of *heraldry.*

i. e. the execution of the civil compact was ratified by the law of arms; which, in our author's time, was called the *law of heraldry.* So the best and exactest speaker of that age: *In the third kind,* [i. e. of the *Jus gentium*] *the* law of heraldry *in war is positive*, &c. *Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity.* WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton says, that Shakespeare sometimes expresses one thing by two substantives, and that *law and heraldry* means, by the *herald law.* So *Ant.* and *Cleop.* Act 4.

" Where rather I expect victorious life,
" Than *death and honour*, i. e. honourable death."
STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesie*, speaks of the *Figure of Twynnes*, " *horses and barbes*, for *barbed horses*, *venim* & *Dartes*, for *venimous Dartes*, &c." FARMER.

1 — *as, by* that cov'nant,
And carriage of the articles design'd,] The old quarto reads:
— *as by the same* comart;
and this is right. *Comart* signifies a bargain, and *carriage of the articles*, the *covenants* entered into to confirm that bargain. Hence we see the common reading makes a tautology. WARBURTON.

I can find no such word as *comart* in any dictionary. STEEV.

2 *And* carriage *of the articles* design'd,] *Carriage*, is *import*: *design'd*, is *formed*, *drawn up between them.* JOHNSON.

3 *Of* unimproved *mettle*——] *Unimproved*, for *unrefined.*
WARBURTON.

Full

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
[4] Shark'd up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
[5] That hath a stomach in't; which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
[6] And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage [7] in the land.

Ber. [[8] I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort [9], that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is [1], to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and [2] palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

Full of unimproved mettle, is full of spirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience. JOHNSON.

[4] *Shark'd* up a list, &c.] I believe to *shark up* means to pick up without distinction, as the *shark* fish collects his prey. The quartos read *lawless* instead of *landless*. STEEVENS.

[5] *That hath a* stomach *in't*;——] *Stomach*, in the time of our author, was used for *constancy*, *resolution*. JOHNSON.

[6] *And terms* compulsative,—] The old quarto, better, *compulsatory*. WARBURTON.

[7] — *romage*—] Tumultuous hurry. JOHNSON.

[8] *I think*, &c.] These, and all other lines confin'd within crotchets, throughout this play, are omitted in the folio edition of 1623. The omissions leave the play sometimes better and sometimes worse, and seem made only for the sake of abbreviation. JOHNSON.

It may be worth while to observe, that the title pages of the first quartos in 1604 and 1605, declare this play to be *enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppy*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Well may it sort*,—] The cause and the effect are proportionate and suitable. JOHNSON.

[1] *A* mote *it is*,—] The first quarto reads, a *moth*. STEEVENS.

[2] — palmy *state of Rome*,] *Palmy*, for *victorious*; in the other editions, *flourishing*. POPE.

 The

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell [3];
[4] Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And [5] even the like [6] precurse of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
[7] And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—]

[3] *Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell*; &c.] Thus Mr. Rowe altered these lines, which have no immediate connection with the preceding ones. The quartos read (for the passage is not in the folio):

As stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters *in* the sun,—

Perhaps an intermediate line is lost. STEEVENS.

[4] Disasters *veil'd the sun*;—] *Disasters* is here finely used in its original signification of evil conjunction of stars. WARBURTON.

[5] *And even*——] Not only such prodigies have been seen in Rome, but the elements have shewn our countrymen like forerunners and foretokens of violent events. JOHNSON.

[6] —*precurse of fierce events*,] *Fierce*, for *terrible*. WARBURTON.

I rather believe that *fierce* signifies *conspicuous, glaring*. It is used in a somewhat similar sense in *Timon*.—O the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings! STEEVENS.

[7] *And prologue to the* omen *coming on*,] But *prologue* and *omen* are merely synonymous here. The poet means, that these strange *phænomena* are prologues and forerunners of the events *presag'd*: and such sense the slight alteration, which I have ventured to make, by changing *omen* to *omen'd*, very aptly gives. THEOBALD.

Omen, for *fate*. WARBURTON.

Hanmer follows Theobald.

A distich from the life of Merlin, by Heywood, will shew that there is no occasion for correction:

"*Merlin* well vers'd in many an hidden spell,
"His countries *omen* did long since foretell." FARMER.

Again, in the *Vowbreaker*:

"And much I fear the weakness of her braine
"Should draw her to some *ominous* exigent." STEEVENS.

Re-enter

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
[8] If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, hapily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.—
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis here!
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the shew of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,

[8] *If thou hast any sound,*—] The speech of Horatio to the spectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the [illegible] of apparitions. JOHNSON.

 Whether

[9] Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
[1] The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock [2].
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:

[9] *Whether in sea, &c.*] According to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of spirits, who had dispositions different, according to their various places of abode. The meaning therefore is, that all *spirits extravagant*, wandering out of their element, whether aerial spirits visiting earth, or earthly spirits ranging the air, return to their station, to their proper limits in which they are *confined*. We might read,

—— And at his warning
" Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
" To his confine, whether in sea or air,
" Or earth, or fire. And of," &c.

But this change, though it would smooth the construction, is not necessary, and, being unnecessary, should not be made against authority. JOHNSON.

Bourne of Newcastle, in his *Antiquities of the common People*, informs us, " It is a received tradition among the vulgar, that at " the time of cock-crowing, the midnight spirits forsake these lower " regions, and go to their proper places.—Hence it is, says he, " that in country places, where the way of life requires more early " labour, they always go chearfully to work at that time; whereas " if they are called abroad sooner, they imagine every thing they " see a wandering ghost." And he quotes on this occasion, as all his predecessors had done, the well-known lines from the first hymn of *Prudentius*. I know not whose translation he gives us, but there is an old one by Heywood. The *pious Chansons*, the *hymns* and *carrols*, which Shakespeare mentions presently, were usually copied from the elder Christian poets. FARMER.

[1] *Th' extravagant*—] i. e. got out of its bounds. WARBURTON.

So, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598: " —they took me up for a '*stravagant*." STEEVENS.

[2] *It faded on the crowing of the cock.*] This is a very ancient superstition. Philostratus giving an account of the apparition of Achilles' shade to Apollonius Tyaneus, says that it vanished with a little glimmer as soon as the *cock crowed*. Vit. Apol. iv. 16. STEEVENS.

And

And then, they say, no spirit[3] dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
[4] No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon[5] high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room of state.

Enter the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom

[3] *Dares stir abroad.* Quarto. The folio reads—*can walk*—. STEEVENS.

[4] *No fairy* takes,] No fairy *strikes* with lameness or diseases. This sense of *take* is frequent in this author. JOHNSON.

[5] — *high* eastern *hill*:] The old quarto has it better *eastward.* WARBURTON.

The superiority of the latter of these readings is not, to me at least, very apparent. I find the former used in *Lingua,* &c. 1607: "—— and overclimbs
"Yonder gilt *eastern* hills."
Eastern and *eastward*, alike signify *toward the East.* STEEVENS.

To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye [6];
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,—
[7] Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.

[6] *With* one *auspicious, and* one *dropping eye*;] Thus the folio. The quarto, with somewhat less of quaintness:

With *an* auspicious, and *a* dropping eye.

The same thought, however, occurs in the *Winter's Tale*: "She had *one eye* declined for the loss of her husband; *another* elevated that the oracle was fulfilled." STEEVENS.

[7] Colleagued *with this dream of his advantage*,] The meaning is, He goes to war so indiscreetly, and unprepared, that he has no allies to support him but a *dream*, with which he is *colleagued* or confederated. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads—*collogued*, and perhaps rightly, as this word is frequently used by Shakespeare's contemporaries. So, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604: "Why look you, we must *collogue* sometimes, forswear sometimes." Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1599: "*Collogue* with her again." Again, in Heywood's *Love's Mistress*, 1636: "This *colloguing* lad." Again, in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620: "For they are cozening, *colloguing*, ungrateful, &c."
STEEVENS.

Now

Now for ourſelf, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the buſineſs is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe,—to ſuppreſs
His further gait herein [8]; in that the levies,
The liſts, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his ſubject:—and we here diſpatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the king, more than the ſcope [9]
Of theſe dilated articles allows [1].
Farewel; and let your haſte commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt Voltimand, and Cornelius.*

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the Dane,
And loſe your voice: What would'ſt thou beg, Laertes,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking?
[2] The head is not more native to the heart,

The

[8] —— *to ſuppreſs*
His further gait *therein,*] *Gate* or *gait* is here uſed in the northern ſenſe, for *proceeding, paſſage*; from the A. S. verb *gae*. A *gate* for a path, paſſage, or ſtreet, is ſtill current in the north. PERCY.

[9] —*more than the ſcope*] More than is compriſed in the general deſign of theſe articles, which you may explain in a more diffuſe and dilated ſtile. JOHNSON.

[1] —*theſe* dilated *articles*] i. e. the articles when dilated. MUSGRAVE.

[2] *The head is not more native to the heart,*
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.] This is a flagrant inſtance of the firſt editor's ſtupidity, in preferring ſound to ſenſe. But

The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'ſt thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To ſhew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What ſays Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my ſlow leave,

But *head*, *heart*, and *hand*, he thought muſt needs go together, where an honeſt man was the ſubject of the encomium: tho' what he could mean by the *head's being* native *to the heart*, I cannot conceive. The mouth indeed of an honeſt man might, perhaps, in ſome ſenſe, be ſaid to be *native*, that is, allied to the heart. But the ſpeaker is here talking not of a *moral*, but a *phyſical* alliance. And the force of what is ſaid is ſupported only by that diſtinction. I ſuppoſe, then, that Shakeſpeare wrote:

The blood *is not more* native *to the heart*,——
Than to *the throne of Denmark is thy father.*

This makes the ſentiment juſt and pertinent. As the blood is formed and ſuſtained by the labour of the heart, the mouth ſupplied by the office of the hand, ſo is the throne of Denmark by your father, &c. The expreſſion too of the *blood's* being *native to the heart*, is extremely fine. For the heart is the laboratory where that vital liquor is digeſted, diſtributed, and (when weakened and debilitated) again reſtored to the vigour neceſſary for the diſcharge of its functions. WARBURTON.

Part of this emendation I have received, but cannot diſcern why the *head* is not as much *native to the heart*, as the *blood*, that is, *natural* and *congenial* to it, *born with it*, and co-operating with it. The relation is likewiſe by this reading better preſerved, the *counſellor* being to the *king* as the *head* to the *heart*. JOHNSON.

I am not certain that the part of Dr. Warburton's emendation which is received, is neceſſary. The ſenſe ſeems to be this, the head is not formed to be more uſeful to the heart, the hand is not more at the ſervice of the mouth, than my power is at your father's ſervice. That is, he may command me to the utmoſt; he may do what he pleaſes with my kingly authority. STEEVENS.

By

By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:]
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. [3] Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [4] A little more than kin, and less than kind. [*Aside.*

King.

[3] *Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,*
And thy fair graces; spend it at thy will.] This is the pointing in both Mr. Pope's editions; but the poet's meaning is lost by it, and the close of the sentence miserably flatten'd. The pointing, I have restored, is that of the best copies; and the sense, this: "You have my leave to go, Laertes; make the fairest use you "please of your time, and spend it at your will with the fairest "graces you are master of." THEOBALD.

I rather think this line is in want of emendation. I read,

——Time is thine,
And my *best graces: spend it at thy will.* JOHNSON.

[4] Ham. *A little more than kin, and less than* kind.] The *king* had called him, *cousin* Hamlet, therefore Hamlet replies,

A little more than kin,——

i. e. A little more than cousin; because, by marrying his mother, he was become the king's son-in-law: so far is easy. But what means the latter part,

——and less than kind?

The king, in the present reading, gives no occasion for this reflection, which is sufficient to shew it to be faulty, and that we should read and point the first line thus,

But now, my cousin Hamlet—kind *my son*——

i. e. But now let us turn to you, cousin Hamlet. *Kind my son* (or, as we now say, Good my son) lay aside this clouded look. For thus he was going to expostulate gently with him for his melancholy, when Hamlet cut him short by reflecting on the titles he gave him;

A little more than kin, and less than kind,

which we now see is a pertinent reply. WARBURTON.

A little more than kin, *and less than* kind.] It is not unreasonable to suppose that this was a proverbial expression, known in former times for a relation so confused and blended, that it was hard to define it. HANMER.

Kind is the Teutonick word for *child.* Hamlet therefore answers with propriety, to the titles of *cousin* and *son*, which the king had given

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am [5] too much i' the sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy [6] vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

given him, that he was somewhat more than *cousin*, and less than *son*. JOHNSON.

In this line, with which Shakespeare introduces *Hamlet*, Dr. Johnson has perhaps pointed out a nicer distinction than it can justly boast of. To establish the sense contended for, it should have been proved that *kind* was ever used by any English writer for *child*. *A little more than kin*, is a little more than a common relation. The king was certainly something *less than kind*, by having betrayed the mother of Hamlet into an indecent and incestuous marriage, and obtained the crown by means which he suspects to be unjustifiable. In the 5th Act, the Prince accuses his uncle of having *popt in between the election and his hopes*; which obviates Dr. Warburton's objection to the old reading, viz. that "the king had given no occasion for such a reflection."

A jingle of the same sort is found in *Mother Bombie* 1594, and seems to have been proverbial, as I have met with it more than once: "—— the nearer we are in blood, the further we must be from love; the greater are *kindred* is, the less the *kindness* must be." Again, in *Gorboduc*, a tragedy, 1565:

"In kinde a father, but not in *kindelyness*."

As *kind*, however, signifies *nature*, Hamlet may mean that his relationship was become an *unnatural* one, as it was partly founded upon incest. Our author's *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *King Richard* II, and *Titus Andronicus*, exhibit instances of *kind* being used for *nature*; and so too in this play of *Hamlet*, Act 2. Sc. the last:

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, *kindless* villain.

STEEVENS.

[5] *—too much i' the sun.*] He perhaps alludes to the proverb, *Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun.* JOHNSON.

—— too much i' the sun.

Meaning probably his being sent for from his studies to be exposed at his uncle's marriage as his *chiefest courtier*, &c. STEEVENS.

I question whether a quibble between *sun* and *son* be not here intended. FARMER.

[6] *—vailed lids,*] With lowering eyes, cast down eyes. JOHNSON.

Thou

Thou know'ſt, 'tis common; all, that live, muſt die,
Paſſing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not ſeems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, modes, ſhews of grief[7],
That can denote me truly: Theſe, indeed, ſeem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhew;
Theſe, but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.

King, 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But, you muſt know, [8] your father loſt a father;
That

[7] —ſhews *of grief,*] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto reads—*chapes*—I ſuppoſe for *ſhapes.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*your father loſt a father;*
That father, his; and the ſurvivor bound] Thus Mr. Pope judiciouſly corrected the faulty copies. On which the editor Mr. Theobald thus deſcants: *This ſuppoſed refinement is from Mr. Pope, but all the editions elſe, that I have met with, old and modern, read,*
That father loſt, loſt *his;*—
The reduplication of which word here gives an energy and an elegance, WHICH IS MUCH EASIER TO BE CONCEIVED THAN EXPLAINED IN TERMS. I believe ſo: for when *explained in terms* it comes to this; That father after he had loſt himſelf, loſt his father. But the reading is *ex fide codicis,* and that is enough. WARBURTON.

I do not admire the repetition of the word, but it has ſo much of our author's manner, that I find no temptation to recede from the old copies. JOHNSON.

—*your father loſt a father;*
That father loſt, loſt his;—

The

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do [9] obsequious sorrow: But to persévER
[1] In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shews [2] a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
[3] To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
From the first corse, 'till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for, let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
[4] And, with no less nobility of love

The meaning of the passage is no more than this. *Your father lost a father*, i. e. your grandfather, which *lost grandfather*, also lost his father. STEEVENS.

[9] —obsequious *sorrow.*—] *Obsequious* is here from *obsequies* or *funeral ceremonies.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"To shed *obsequious* tears upon his trunk." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's 31st Sonnet:

How many a holy and *obsequious* tear,
Hath dear religious love stoll'n from mine eye! MALONE.

[1] *In obstinate* condolement,] *Condolement*, for *sorrow.* WARBURTON.

[2] —*a will most* incorrect—] *Incorrect*, for *untutor'd.* WARBURTON.

[3] *To* reason *most absurd*;——] *Reason*, for *experience.* WARBURTON.

Reason is here used in its common sense, for the *faculty* by which we form conclusions from arguments. JOHNSON.

[4] *And with no less* nobility *of love*,] *Nobility*, for *magnitude.* WARBURTON.

Nobility is rather *generosity.* JOHNSON.

Than

Than that which dearest father bears his son,
[5] Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, [6] bend you to remain
Here, in the chear and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
[7] No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouze the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

[5] *Do I impart toward you.*—] *Impart*, for *profess*. WARBURTON.

I believe *impart* is, *impart myself*, *communicate* whatever I can bestow. JOHNSON.

Do I impart toward you.——

The crown of Denmark was elective. So, in *Sir Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599:

"And me possess for spoused wife, who in *election* am
"To have the *crown of Denmark* here, as heir unto the same."

The king means, that as Hamlet stands the fairest chance to be next elected, he will strive with as much love to ensure the crown to him, as a father would shew in the continuance of heirdom to a son. STEEVENS.

[6] *—bend you to remain*] i. e. subdue your inclination to go from hence, and remain, &c. STEEVENS.

[7] *No jocund health,*——] The king's intemperance is very strongly impressed; every thing that happens to him gives him occasion to drink. JOHNSON.

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew [8]!
[9] Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
[1] So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
[2] That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit

[8] — resolve *itself into a dew!*] *Resolve* means the same as *dissolve*. Ben Jonson uses the word in his *Volpone*, and in the same sense.

"Forth the *resolved* corners of his eyes."

Again, in the *Country Girl*, 1647:

"—my swoln grief, *resolved* in these tears." STEEVENS.

[9] *Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd*
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!] The generality of the editions read thus, as if the poet's thought were, Or *that the Almighty had not planted his* artillery, *or* arms *of* vengeance, *against self-murder*. But the word which I restored (and which was espoused by the accurate Mr. Hughes, who gave an edition of this play) is the true reading, i. e. *that he had not restrained suicide by his* express law *and* peremptory prohibition. THEOBALD.

There are yet those who suppose the old reading to be the true one, as they say the word *fixed* seems to decide very strongly in its favour. I would advise such to recollect Virgil's expression:

——*fixit* leges pretio, atque *refixit*. STEEVENS.

[1] *So excellent a king, that was, to this,*
Hyperion *to a Satyr*:——] This similitude at first sight seems to be a little far-fetch'd; but it has an exquisite beauty. By the *Satyr* is meant *Pan*, as by *Hyperion*, *Apollo*. *Pan* and *Apollo* were brothers, and the allusion is to the contention between those gods for the preference in musick. WARBURTON.

All our English poets are guilty of the same false quantity, and call Hypĕrīon Hypĕrīon; at least the only instance I have met with to the contrary, is in the old play of *Fuimus Troes*, 1603:

"— Blow gentle Africus
"Play on our poops, when Hypĕrīon's son
"Shall couch in West." STEEVENS.

[2] In former editions,
That he permitted not *the winds of heaven*] This is a sophistical

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;——Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
She marry'd.—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

stical reading, copied from the players in some of the modern editions, for want of understanding the poet, whose text is corrupt in the old impressions: all of which that I have had the fortune to see, concur in reading;

—— So loving to my mother,
That he might not beteene *the winds of heaven*
Visit her face too roughly.

Beteene is a corruption without doubt, but not so inveterate a one, but that, by the change of a single letter, and the separation of two words mistakenly jumbled together, I am verily persuaded, I have retrieved the poet's reading——*That he might not* let e'en *the winds of heaven*, &c. THEOBALD.

So, in the Enterlude of the *Lyfe and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, &c. by Lewis Wager, 1567:

"But evermore they were unto me very tender,
"They would not *suffer* the *wynde* on me to blowe."

STEEVENS.

So again, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"—— she had a lord,
"Jealous that air should ravish her chaste looks." MALONE.

Enter

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordſhip!
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myſelf?
Hor. The ſame, my lord, and your poor ſervant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you [3].
And [4] what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord,—
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; [5] good even, ſir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord
Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elſinour?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think, it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

[3] — *I'll change that name*—] I'll be your ſervant, you ſhall be my friend. JOHNSON.

[4] — *what make you*——] A familiar phraſe for *what are you doing*. JOHNSON.

[5] — *good even, ſir.*] So the copies. Sir Th. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton put it, *good morning*. The alteration is of no importance, but all licence is dangerous. There is no need of any change. Between the firſt and eighth ſcene of this act it is apparent, that a natural day muſt paſs, and how much of it is already over, there is nothing that can determine. The king has held a council. It may now as well be *evening* as *morning*. JOHNSON.

Ham.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats [6]
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my [7] dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!——
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.
Hor. O where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye [8], Horatio.

Hor.

[6] — *the funeral bak'd meats*] It was anciently the general custom to give a cold entertainment to mourners at a funeral. In distant counties this practice is continued among the yeomanry. See *The Tragique Historie of the Faire Valeria of London*, 1598. "His corpes was with funerall pompe conveyed to the church, and there sollemnly enterred, nothing omitted which necessitie or custom could claime; a sermon, a *banquet*, and like observations." Again, in the old romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date.

"A great *feaste* would he holde
"Upon his quenes mornynge day
"That was buryed in an abbay." COLLINS.

[7] *Dearest*, for *direst*, most dreadful, most dangerous. JOHNSON.

Dearest is *most immediate*, *consequential*, *important*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"— a ring that I must use
"In *dear* employment."

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill*:

You meet your *dearest* enemy in love,
With all his hate about him.

Again, in *Timon*:

"—— In our *dear* peril."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Whom thou in terms so bloody and so *dear*
"Hast made thine enemies."

Again, in *K. Henry* IV. P. 1.

"— Which art my nearest and *dearest* enemy."

Again, in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, 1662:

"He was my nearest and *dearest* enemy." STEEVENS.

[8] *In my mind's eye.*] This expression occurs again in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—— himself behind
"Was left unseen, save to *the eye of mind*."

Ben Jonson has borrowed it in his Masque called *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*:

"As only by *the mind's eye* may be seen."

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
[9] I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. [1] Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; 'till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points [2], exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their opprest and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly [3] with the act of fear,

Stand

Telemachus lamenting the absence of Ulysses, is represented in like manner:

'Οσσομένος πατέρ' ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ φρεσίν,— STEEVENS.

[9] I *shall not look upon his like again.*] Mr. Holt proposes to read from Sir —— Samuel's emendation:

" *Eye* shall not look upon his like again;"

and thinks it is more in the true spirit of Shakespeare than the other. So, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 746: "In the greatest pomp that ever *eye* behelde." Again, in *Sandys's Travels*, p. 150: "We went this day through the most pregnant and pleasant valley that ever *eye* beheld." STEEVENS.

[1] Season *your admiration*—] That is, *temper* it. JOHNSON.

[2] *Arm'd at all points,*] Thus the folio. The quartos—*armed at point.* STEEVENS.

[3] —*with the* act of *fear,*] Shakespeare could never write so improperly as to call the *passion of fear*, the *act of fear.* Without doubt the true reading is,

—— *with* th' effect *of fear.* WARBURTON.

Here

Stand dumb and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecreſy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſh'd from our ſight.

Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, ſirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Here is an affectation of ſubtilty without accuracy. *Fear* is every day conſidered as an *agent*. *Fear laid hold on him; fear drove him away.* If it were proper to be rigorous in examining trifles, it might be replied, that Shakeſpeare would write more erroneouſly, if he wrote by the direction of this critick; they were not *diſtilled*, whatever the word may mean, *by the effect of fear*; for that *diſtillation* was itſelf *the effect*; *fear* was the cauſe, the active cauſe, that *diſtilled* them by that force of operation which we ſtrictly call *act* involuntary, and *power* in involuntary agents, but popularly call *act* in both. But of this too much. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*beſtil'd*. STEEVENS.

All. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face.
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more
In ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,
Very like: Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte
Might tell a hundred.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?
Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant, it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, though hell itſelf ſhould gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
* Let it be tenable in your ſilence ſtill;
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:

* *Let it be* treble *in your ſilence ſtill*:] If *treble* be right, in propriety it ſhould be read,
Let it be treble *in your ſilence* now:
But the old quarto reads,
Let it be TENABLE *in your ſilence ſtill.*
And this is right. WARBURTON.

Upon

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
'Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
(Though all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in Polonius' house.

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewel:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
[5] The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

[5] *The perfume, and* suppliance *of a minute:*] Thus the quarto: the folio has it,

——— *Sweet, not lasting,*
The suppliance of a minute.

It is plain that *perfume* is necessary to exemplify the idea of *sweet, not lasting*. With the word *suppliance* I am not satisfied, and yet dare hardly offer what I imagine to be right. I suspect that *soffiance*, or some such word, formed from the Italian, was then used for the act of fumigating with sweet scents. JOHNSON.

The perfume, and *suppliance* of a minute; i. e. what is supplied to us for a minute. The idea seems to be taken from the short duration of vegetable perfumes. STEEVENS.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews [6], and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
[7] And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
[8] The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,

[6] *In* thews,] i. e. in sinews, muscular strength. STEEVENS.

[7] *And now no soil*, nor cautel,—] From *cautela*, which signifies only a *prudent foresight* or caution; but, passing through French hands, it lost its innocence, and now signifies *fraud, deceit*. And so he uses the adjective in *Julius Cæsar*:

Swear priests and cowards, and men cautelous.

But I believe Shakespeare wrote,

And now no soil of *cautel*—

which the following words confirm:

——— *doth* besmirch
The virtue *of his will*:—

For by *virtue* is meant the *simplicity* of his will, not *virtuous will*: and both this and *besmerch* refer only *to soil*, and to the soil *of* craft and insincerity. WARBURTON.

So, in the second part of Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, 1592: "—and their subtill *cautels* to amend the statute." *To amend the statute* was the cant phrase for evading the law. STEEVENS.

Virtue seems here to comprise both *excellence* and *power*, and may be explained the *pure effect*. JOHNSON.

[8] *The* sanctity *and the health of the whole state*;] What has the *sanctity* of the state to do with the prince's disproportioned marriage? We should read with the old quarto *safety*. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads very rightly, *sanity*. *Sanctity* is elsewhere printed for *sanity*, in the old edition of this play. JOHNSON.

Sanity and *health* may have the same meaning. I therefore read with all the quartos,

The *safety* and the health, &c. STEEVENS.

Whereof

Whereof he is the head: Then if he ſays, he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his [9] unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And [1] keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt maid [2] is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes:
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then: beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven;
[3] Whilſt, like a puſt and reckleſs libertine,

Himſelf

[9] —*unmaſter'd*—] i. e. *licentious*. JOHNSON.

[1] —*keep within the rear*, &c.] That is, do not advance ſo far as your affection would lead you. JOHNSON.

[2] *The* charieſt *maid*] *Chary* is cautious. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "Love requires not chaſtity, but that her ſoldier be *chary*." Again, "She liveth chaſtly enough, that liveth *charily*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Whilſt, like a puſt and careleſs libertine,*] This reading gives us a ſenſe to this effect, Do not you be *like* an ungracious preacher, who is *like* a careleſs libertine. And there we find, that he who is ſo *like* a careleſs libertine, is the careleſs libertine himſelf. This could not come from Shakeſpeare. The old quarto reads,

Whilſt

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And [4] recks not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;

Whiles a puft and reckless *libertine,*
which directs us to the right reading,
Whilst he, *a puft and* reckless *libertine.*
The first impression of these plays being taken from the play-house copies, and those, for the better direction of the actors, being written as they were pronounced, these circumstances have occasioned innumerable errors. So *a* for *he* every where.
——— *'a was a goodly king,*
'A was a man take him for all in all.
——— *I* warn't *it well,*
for *I warrant.* This should be well attended to in correcting Shakespeare. WARBURTON.

The emendation is not amiss, but the reason for it is very inconclusive: we use the same mode of speaking on many occasions. When I say of one, *he squanders like a spendthrift,* of another, *he robbed me like a thief,* the phrase produces no ambiguity; it is understood that the one is a *spendthrift,* and the other a *thief.* JOHNSON.

[4] — recks *not his own* read.] That is, heeds not his own lessons. POPE.

So, in *Hycke Scorner;*
" —— I *reck* not a feder."
Ben Jonson uses the word *red* in his *Catiline:*
" So that thou couldst not move
" Against a public *reed.*"
Again, in Sir Tho. North's translation of Plutarch: "—Dispatch, I *read* you, for your enterprize is betray'd." Again, in the old Morality of *Hycke Scorner:*
" And of thy living, I *reed* amend thee."
So the *Old Proverb* in the *Two Angry Women of Abington,* 1599:
" Take heed, is a good *reed.*"
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England,* 1602, book 5. chap. 27:
" — and to his *reed* already bent." STEEVENS.

The

The wind sits in the [5] shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for: There,—my blessings with
you; [*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
[6] But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure [7], but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
[8] Are most select, and generous chief, in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

[5] *— the shoulder of your sail,*] This is a common sea phrase. STEEVENS.

[6] *But do not dull thy palm with entertainment Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.*] The literal sense is, *Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand.* The figurative meaning may be, *Do not by promiscuous conversation make thy mind insensible to the difference of characters.* JOHNSON.

[7] *— each man's censure.*] *Censure* is opinion. So, in *King Richard* III: —To give your *censures* in this weighty business. STEEVENS.

[8] *Are most select and generous, chief in that.*] I think the whole design of the precept shews we should read,

Are most select, and generous chief, in that.

Chief is an *adjective* used *adverbially*, a practice common to our author. Chiefly generous. Yet it must be owned that the punctuation recommended is very stiff and harsh. STEEVENS.

This

This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
[9] And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewel; [1] my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

[9] *And it must follow, as the* night *the day.*] The sense here requires, that the similitude should give an image not of *two effects of different natures*, that follow one another alternately, but of a *cause and effect*, where the effect follows the cause by a *physical necessity*. For the assertion is, Be true to thyself, and then thou must *necessarily* be true to others. Truth to himself then was the *cause*, truth to others the *effect*. To illustrate this necessity, the speaker employs a similitude: but no similitude can illustrate it, but what presents an image of a *cause* and *effect*; and such a cause as that, where the effect follows by a *physical*, not a *moral* necessity: for if only, by a *moral* necessity, the thing *illustrating* would not be more certain than the thing *illustrated*; which would be a great absurdity. This being premised, let us see what the text says,

And it must follow, as the night *the day.*

In this we are so far from being presented with an *effect* following a *cause* by a physical necessity, that there is no cause at all: but only two different effects, proceeding from two different causes, and succeeding one another alternately. Shakespeare, therefore, without question wrote,

And it must follow, as the light *the day.*

As much as to say, Truth to thyself, and truth to others, are inseparable, the latter depending necessarily on the former as *light depends upon the day*; where it is to be observed, that *day* is used figuratively for the *sun*. The ignorance of which, I suppose, contributed to mislead the editors. WARBURTON.

And it must follow, as the night *the day.*

This note is very acute, but the common succession of night to day was, I believe, all that our author meant to make Polonius think of, on the present occasion.

So, in the 145th Sonnet of Shakespeare:

"That follow'd it *as gentle day*
"*Doth follow night*, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] —*my blessing* season *this in thee!*] *Season*, for *infuse*.

WARBURTON.

It is more than to *infuse*, it is to infix it in such a manner as that it never may wear out. JOHNSON.

So, in the mock tragedy represented before the king:

—who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly *seasons* him his enemy. STEEVENS.

2 *Pol.*

Pol. [2]The time invites you; go, your servants tend[3].

Laer. Farewel, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you [4]yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [*Exit Laertes.*

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

[2] *The time invites you:—*] This reading is as old as the first *folio*; however, I suspect it to have been substituted by the players, who did not understand the term which possesses the elder *quartos:*

The time invests you;

i. e. besieges, presses upon you on every side. To *invest a town*, is the *military* phrase from which our author borrowed his *metaphor*. THEOBALD.

Either reading may serve. Macbeth says,

"I go, and it is done, the bell *invites* me." STEEVENS.

[3] *—your servants tend.*] i. e. your servants are waiting for you. JOHNSON.

[4] *—yourself shall keep the key of it.*] That is, By thinking on you, I shall think on your lessons. JOHNSON.

The meaning is, that your counsels are as sure of remaining locked up in my memory, as if you yourself carried the key of it. So, in *North-ward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "You shall close it up like treasure of your own, and yourself *shall keep the key of it.*" STEEVENS.

Pol.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
[5] Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. [6] Tender yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)
Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

[5] Unsifted *in such perilous circumstance.*] *Unsifted*, for *untried*. *Untried* signifies either not *tempted*, or not *refined*; *unsifted*, signifies the *latter* only, though the sense requires the *former*. WARBURTON.

[6] —— *Tender yourself more dearly;*
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)
Wronging *it thus, you'll tender me a fool.*] The *parenthesis* is closed at the wrong place; and we must have likewise a slight correction in the last verse. Polonius is racking and playing on the word *tender*, till he thinks proper to correct himself for the licence; and then he would say—not farther to crack the wind of the phrase, by *twisting* and *contorting* it, as I have done. WARBURTON.

I believe the word *wronging* has reference, not to the phrase, but to Ophelia; if you go on *wronging it thus*, that is, *if you continue to go on thus wrong*. This is a mode of speaking perhaps not very grammatical, but very common; nor have the best writers refused it.

To sinner it or saint it,
is in Pope. And Rowe,
— *Thus to* coy it,
To one who knows you too.
The folio has it,
— roaming *it thus,*—
That is, *letting yourself loose to such improper liberty.* But *wronging* seems to be more proper. JOHNSON.

"See you do not *coy it*," is in Massinger's *New way to pay old Debts*. Mr. Rowe had read this author, and borrowed from him the plan of the *Fair Penitent*, though without the most trivial acknowledgement. STEEVENS.

Pol. Ay, [7] fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks [8]. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: These blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
[9] Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a [1] larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers;
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But meer implorators of unholy suits,
[2] Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,

The

[7] —fashion *you may call it*:—] She uses *fashion* for *manner*, and he for a *transient practice*. JOHNSON.

[8] —*springes to catch woodcocks*.] A proverbial saying.
"Every woman has a *springe to catch a woodcock*."
STEEVENS.

[9] *Set your entreatments*] *Entreatments* here means *company*, *conversation*, from the French *entretien*. JOHNSON.

[1] —*larger* tether—] A string to tie horses. POPE.

Tether is that string by which an animal, set to graze in grounds uninclosed, is confined within the proper limits. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1601: "To tye the ape and the bear in one *tedder*." *Tether* is a string by which any animal is fastened, whether for the sake of feeding or the air. STEEVENS.

[2] *Breathing like sanctified and pious* bonds,] On which the editor Mr. Theobald remarks, *Tho' all the editions have swallowed this reading implicitly, it is certainly corrupt; and I have been surprised how men of genius and learning could let it pass without some suspicion. What ideas can we frame to ourselves of a breathing bond, or of its being sanctified and pious*, &c.? But he was too hasty in *framing ideas* before

The better to beguile. This is for all,—
[2] I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noise of musick within.*
What does this mean, my lord?

Ham.

before he understood those already framed by the poet, and expressed in very plain words. Do not believe (says Polonius to his daughter) Hamlet's amorous vows made *to you*; which pretend religion in them *(the better to beguile)* like those sanctified and pious vows [*or bonds*] made *to heaven*. And why should not this *pass without suspicion?* WARBURTON.

Theobald for *bonds* substitutes *bawds*. JOHNSON.

[2] *I would not*, in plain terms, *from this time forth*,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,] The humour of this is fine. The speaker's character is all affectation. At last he says he will *speak plain*, and yet cannot for his life; his plain speech of *slandering a moment's leisure* being of the like fustian stuff with the rest. WARBURTON.

Here is another *fine* passage, of which I take the beauty to be only imaginary. Polonius says, *in plain terms*, that is, not in language

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse [4],
Keeps wassel, [5] and [6] the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But, to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
[7] This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes

guage less elevated or embellished than before, but *in terms that cannot be misunderstood: I would not have you so disgrace your most idle moments, as not to find better employment for them than lord Hamlet's conversation.* JOHNSON.

[4] — *takes his rouse,*] A rouse is a large dose of liquor, a debauch. So, in *Othello:*

"— they have given me a *rouse* already."

It should seem from the following passage in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609, that the word *rouse* was of Danish extraction. "Teach me, thou soveraigne skinker, how to take the German's upsy freeze, the *Danish rousa*, the Switzer's stoop of rhenish. &c." STEEVENS.

[5] *Keeps wassel,*] See Macbeth, act 1. Again, in the *Hog hath lost his Pearl*, 1614:

"By Croesus name and by his castle,
"Where winter nights he keepeth *wassel*." STEEVENS.

[6] — *the swagg'ring* up-spring—] The blustering upstart.
JOHNSON.

It appears from the following passage in *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*, by Chapman, that the *up-spring* was a *German dance:*

"We Germans have no changes in our dances;
"An *almain* and an *up-spring*, that is all."

Spring was anciently the name of a tune, so in B. and Fletcher's *Prophetess:*

"— we will meet him,
"And strike him such new *springs*—"

The word is used by G. Douglas in his translation of Virgil, and, I think, by Chaucer. Again, in an old Scots proverb.—"Another would play a *spring* ere you tune your pipes." STEEVENS.

[7] *This heavy-headed revel, east and west,*] i. e. This revelling that observes no hours, but continues from morning to night, &c. WARBURTON.

I should

Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
[8] The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuse his origin)
By the o'er-growth of some [9] complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or [1] fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
[2] As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: [3] The dram of base
Doth

I should not have suspected this passage of ambiguity or obscurity, had I not found my opinion of it differing from that of the learned critic. I construe it thus, *This heavy-headed revel makes us traduced east and west, and taxed of other nations.* JOHNSON.

[8] *The pith and marrow of our attribute.*] The best and most valuable part of the praise that would be otherwise attributed to us. JOHNSON.

[9] —complexion,] *i. e.* humour; as sanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, &c. WARBURTON.

[1] —*fortune's* scar,] In the old quarto of 1637, it is
——— *fortune's* star:
But I think *scar* is proper. JOHNSON.

All the quartos read—*star.* STEEVENS.

[2] *As infinite as man may undergo,*] As large as can be accumulated upon man. JOHNSON.

[3] *The dram of ease*
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,
To his own scandal.] I do not remember a passage throughout all our poet's works, more intricate and depraved in the text, of less meaning to outward appearance, or more likely to baffle the attempts of criticism in its aid. It is certain, there is
neither

Doth all the noble substance of worth out [4],
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us [5]!—
Be

neither sense nor grammar as it now stands: yet with a slight alteration, I'll endeavour to cure those defects, and give a sentiment too, that shall make the poet's thought close nobly. The dram of *base* (as I have corrected the text) means the least alloy of baseness or vice. It is very frequent with our poet to use the *adjective* of *quality* instead of the substantive signifying the thing. Besides, I have observed, that elsewhere, speaking of *worth*, he delights to consider it as a quality that adds *weight* to a person, and connects the word with that idea. THEOBALD.

[4] *Doth all the noble substance of worth out,*] Various conjectures have been employed about this passage. The author of *The Revisal* would read,

"Doth all the noble substance *oft eat out*."

Or,

"Doth all the noble substance *soil with doubt*."

Mr. Holt reads,

"Doth all the noble substance *oft adopt*."

And Dr. Johnson thinks, that Theobald's reading may stand.

I would read,

Doth all the noble substance (i. e. the sum of good qualities) *oft do out*. Perhaps we should say, To its *own scandal*. *His* and *its* are perpetually confounded in the old copies.

As I understand the passage, there is little difficulty in it. This is one of the low colloquial phrases which at present are neither employed in writing, nor perhaps are reconcileable to the propriety of language. To *do a thing out*, is *to extinguish it*, or *to efface* or *obliterate any thing painted or written*.

In the first of these significations it is used by Drayton, in the 5th Canto of his *Barons' Wars*:

"Was ta'en in battle, and his eyes *out-done*." STEEVENS.

[5] *Angels and ministers of grace defend us!*] Hamlet's speech to the apparition of his father seems to me to consist of three parts. When first he sees the spectre, he fortifies himself with an invocation:

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

As the spectre approaches, he deliberates with himself, and determines, that whatever it be he will venture to address it.

 Be

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd [6],
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a [7] questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! but [8] tell,

Why

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, &c.

This he says while his father is advancing; he then, as he had determined, *speaks to him*, and *calls him—Hamlet, King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! answer me.* JOHNSON.

[6] *Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,* &c.] So in *Acolastus his After-wit*, 1600:

"Art thou a god, a man, or else a ghost?
"Com'st thou from heaven, where bliss and solace dwell?
"Or from the airie cold-engendring coast?
"Or from the darksome dungeon-hold of hell?"

The first known edition of this play is in 1604. STEEVENS.

[7] —*questionable shape,*] By *questionable* is meant provoking question. HANMER.

So in *Macbeth:*

Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? JOHNSON.

Questionable, I believe means only *propitious to conversation, easy and willing to be conversed with*. So in *As you like it*. "An *unquestionable* spirit, which you have not." *Unquestionable* in this last instance certainly signifies *unwilling to be talked to.* STEEVENS.

Questionable, I believe, only means *capable of being conversed with. To question*, certainly in our authour's time signified *to converse*. So, in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, 1593:

"For after supper long he *questioned*
With modest Lucrece—"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Out of our *question* wipe him." MALONE.

[8] ——— *tell,*
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cearments?] Hamlet here speaks with wonder, that he who was dead should rise again and walk. But this, according to the vulgar superstition here followed, was no wonder. Their only wonder was, that one, who had the *rites of sepulture* per-

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
Wherein

formed to him, should walk; the want of which was supposed to be the reason of walking ghosts. Hamlet's wonder then should have been placed here: and so Shakespeare placed it, as we shall see presently. For *hearsed* is used figuratively, to signify *reposited*, therefore the place *where* should be designed: but *death* being no *place*, but a *privation* only, *hearsed in death* is nonsense. We should read,

——— *tell*,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in earth,
Have burst their cearments?

It appears, for the two reasons given above, that *earth* is the true reading. It will further appear for these two other reasons. First, From the words, *canoniz'd bones*; by which is not meant (as one would imagine) a compliment for, *made holy* or *sainted*; but for *bones* to which the rites of sepulture have been performed; or which were buried according to the canon. For we are told he was murdered with all his sins fresh upon him, and therefore in no way to be sainted. But if this licentious use of the word *canoniz'd* be allowed, then *earth* must be the true reading, for inhuming bodies was one of the essential parts of sepulchral rites. Secondly, From the words, *Have burst their cearments*, which imply the preceding mention of *inhuming*, but no mention is made of it in the common reading. This enabled the Oxford editor to improve upon the emendation; so he reads,

Why thy bones hears'd in canonized earth.

I suppose for the sake of harmony, not of sense. For though the rites of sepulture *performed* canonizes the body *buried*; yet it does not canonize the earth in which it is laid, unless every funeral service be a new consecration. WARBURTON.

It were too long to examine this note period by period, though almost every period seems to me to contain something reprehensible. The critic, in his zeal for change, writes with so little consideration, as to say, that Hamlet cannot call his father *canonized*, because *we are told he was murdered with all his sins fresh upon him*. He was not then told it, and had so little the power of knowing it, that he was to be told it by an apparition. The long succession of reasons upon reasons proves nothing, but what every reader discovers, that the king had been buried, which is implied by so many adjuncts of burial, that the direct mention of *earth* is not necessary. Hamlet, amazed at an apparition, which, though in all ages credited, has in all ages been considered as the most wonderful and most dreadful operation of supernatural agency, enquires of the spectre, in the most emphatic terms, why he

 breaks

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd [9],
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,—
[1] That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and [2] we fools of nature
So horridly [3] to shake our disposition,

breaks the order of nature, by returning from the dead; this he asks in a very confused circumlocution, confounding in his fright the soul and body. Why, says he, have *thy bones*, which with due ceremonies have been intombed *in death*, in the common state of departed mortals, *burst* the folds in which they were embalmed? Why has the tomb, in which we saw thee quietly laid, opened his mouth, that mouth which, by its weight and stability, seemed closed for ever? The whole sentence is this: *Why dost thou appear, whom we know to be dead?*

Had the change of the word removed any obscurity, or added any beauty, it might have been worth a struggle; but either reading leaves the sense the same.

If there be any asperity in this controversial note, it must be imputed to the contagion of peevishness, or some resentment of the incivility shewn to the Oxford editor, who is represented as supposing the ground *canonized* by a funeral, when he only meant to say, that the *body* was deposited in *holy ground*, in ground consecrated according to the *canon*. JOHNSON.

9 — *quietly* in-urn'd.] The quartos read *interr'd*. STEEVENS.

1 *That thee, dead corse, again, in complete steel,*] It is probable that Shakespeare introduced his ghost in armour, that it might appear more solemn by such a discrimination from the other characters; though it was really the custom of the Danish kings to be buried in that manner. Vide *Olaus Wormius*, cap. 7.

"Struem regi nec vestibus, nec odoribus cumulant, *sua cuique* "*arma*, quorundam igni et equus adjicitur."

"——sed postquam magnanimus ille Danorum rex collem "sibi magnitudinis conspicuæ extruxisset (cui post obitum "*regio diademate* exornatum, *armis indutum*, inferendum esset "cadaver," &c. STEEVENS.

2 ——*we fools of nature*] The expression is fine, as intimating we were only kept (as formerly, fools in a great family) to make sport for nature, who lay hid only to mock and laugh at us, for our vain searches into her mysteries. WARBURTON.

3 — *to shake our* disposition] *Disposition*, for *frame*. WARBURTON.

With

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee [4];
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.
Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea?
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might [5] deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it:
[[6] The very place [7] puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.]
Ham. It waves me still:—

4 —*pin's fee*:] The value of a pin. JOHNSON.

5 —*deprive* your ſovereignty, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *deprave*; but ſeveral proofs are given in the notes to *King Lear* of Shakeſpeare's uſe of the word *deprive*, which is the true reading. STEEVENS.

I believe *deprive* in this place ſignifies ſimply to *take away*. JOHNSON.

6 *The very place*] The four following lines added from the firſt edition. POPE.

7 —*puts* toys *of deſperation*,] *Toys*, for *whims*. WARBURTON.

Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You ſhall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.——
Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen;——
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghoſt of him [8] that lets me:—
I ſay, away:—Go on,——I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghoſt, and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after:—To what iſſue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it [9].

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghoſt, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? ſpeak, I'll go no further.

Ghoſt. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.

Ham. Alas, poor ghoſt!

[8] ——that *lets* me:] To *let* among our old authors ſignifies to prevent, to hinder. STEEVENS.

[9] *Heaven will* direct it;] Perhaps it may be more appoſite to read "Heaven will *detect* it." FARMER.

Ghoſt.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, [1] confin'd to fast in fires,
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
[2] Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To

[1] —*confin'd* to *fast in fires*,] We should read,
—— too *fast in fires*.
i. e. very closely confined. The particle *too* is used frequently for the superlative *most*, or *very*. WARBURTON.

I am rather inclined to read, *confin'd to* lasting *fires*, to fires *unremitted* and *unconsumed*. The change is slight. JOHNSON.

Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast *in fires*.

Chaucer has a similar passage with regard to the punishments of hell. *Parson's Tale*, p. 193. Mr. Urry's edition: "And moreover the misese of hell, shall be in defaute of mete and drinke." SMITH.

Nash, in his *Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, has the same idea: "Whether it be a place of horror, stench, and darkness, where men *see meat, but can get none*, and are ever thirsty, &c." Before I had read the *Persones Tale* of Chaucer, I supposed that he meant rather to drop a stroke of satire on sacerdotal luxury, than to give a serious account of the place of future torment. Chaucer, however, is as grave as Shakespeare. So likewise at the conclusion of an ancient pamphlet called *The Wyll of the Devyll*, bl. l. no date:

"Thou shalt lye in frost and *fire*
"With sicknesse and *hunger*; &c." STEEVENS.

[2] *Are burnt and purg'd away.*—] Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into the "punytion of Saulis in purgatory:" and it is observable, that when the ghost informs Hamlet of his doom there,

"Till the foul crimes done in his days of nature
"Are *burnt and purg'd away*,—

the expression is very simliar to the bishop's: I will give you his version as concisely as I can; "It is a nedeful thyng to suffer

 "panis

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine[3]:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
If thou did'st ever thy dear father love,——

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder[4].

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

" panis and torment—Sum in the wyndis, sum under the watter,
" and in the fire uthir sum: thus the mony vices—
" Contrakkit in the corpis be *done away*
" *And purgit.*"——

Sixte Book of Eneados, fol. p. 191.
FARMER.

3 —*fretful porcupine*:] The quartos read *fearful* porcupine. Either may serve. This animal is at once irascible and timid. The same image occurs in the *Romant of the Rose*, where *Chaucer* is describing the personage of *danger*:

" Like sharpe urchons his *heere* was grow."

An *urchin* is a hedge-hog. STEEVENS.

4 *Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.*] As a proof that this play was written before 1597, of which the contrary has been asserted by Mr. Holt in Dr. Johnson's appendix, I must borrow, as usual, from Dr. Farmer. " Shakespeare is said to have been no " extraordinary actor; and that the top of his performance was " the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. Yet this *chef d'oeuvre* did not " please: I will give you an original stroke at it. Dr. Lodge " published in the year 1596 a pamphlet called *Wit's Miserie, or the* " *World's Madness*, discovering the incarnate devils of the age, " quarto. One of these devils is *Hate virtue, or sorrow for an-* " *other man's good successe*, who, says the doctor, is *a foule lubber*, and " looks as pale as the vizard of the *Ghost*, which cried so misera- " bly at the theatre, *Hamlet revenge*." STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
5 As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
6 And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
7 That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

5 *As meditation or the thoughts of love,*] This similitude is extremely beautiful. The word *meditation* is consecrated, by the *mystics*, to signify that stretch and flight of mind which aspires to the enjoyment of the supreme good. So that Hamlet, considering with what to compare the swiftness of his revenge, chooses two of the most rapid things in nature, the ardency of divine and human passion, in an *enthusiast* and a *lover*. WARBURTON.

The comment on the word *meditation* is so ingenious, that I hope it is just. JOHNSON.

6 *And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,* &c.] Shakespeare, apparently through ignorance, makes Roman Catholicks of these Pagan Danes; and here gives a description of purgatory; but yet mixes it with the Pagan fable of Lethe's wharf. Whether he did it to insinuate to the zealous Protestants of his time, that the Pagan and Popish purgatory stood both upon the same footing of credibility, or whether it was by the same kind of licentious inadvertence that Michael Angelo brought Charon's bark into his picture of the Last Judgment, is not easy to decide. WARBURTON.

7 That *rots* itself, &c.] The quarto reads—That *roots* itself. Mr. POPE follows it. OTWAY has the same thought:

"——like a coarse and useless dunghill weed
"Fix'd to one spot, and *rot* just as I grow."

The superiority of the reading of the folio is to me apparent: to be in a crescent state (i. e. to *root itself*) affords an idea of activity; to *rot* better suits with the dullness and inaction to which the Ghost refers. Nevertheless, the accusative case *(itself)* may seem to demand the verb *roots*. STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. O, my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?
Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heaven;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air——
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard [8],
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole,
[9] With juice of curſed hebenon in a vial,
And

[8] —*mine orchard,*] *Orchard* for *garden.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"The *orchard* walls are high, and hard to climb."
STEEVENS.

[9] *With juice of curſed* hebenon *in a vial,*] The word here uſed was more probably deſigned by a *metatheſis,* either of the poet or tranſcriber, for *henebon,* that is, *henbane;* of which the moſt common kind (*hyoſcyamus niger*) is certainly *narcotic,* and perhaps, if taken in a conſiderable quantity, might prove poiſonous. Galen calls it cold in the third degree; by which in this, as well as *opium,* he ſeems not to mean an actual coldneſs, but the power it has of benumbing the faculties. Dioſcorides aſcribes to it the property of producing madneſs (νοσώνυμος μανιώδης). Theſe qualities have been confirmed by ſeveral caſes related in modern obſervations. In Wepfer we have a good account of the various effects of this root upon moſt of the members of a *convent* in Germany, who eat of it for ſupper by miſtake, mixed with ſuccory;

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That, ſwift as quick-ſilver, it courſes through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood: ſo did it mine;
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, [1] at once diſpatch'd:
[2] Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
[3] Unhouſell'd [4] diſappointed, [5] unaneal'd;

No

cory;—heat in the throat, giddineſs, dimneſs of ſight, and delirium. *Cicut. Aquatic.* c. 18. GRAY.

So in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, p. 51.

"The pois'ning *henbane*, and the mandrake drad."

Again, in the Philoſopher's 4th Satire of Mars, by Robert Anton, 1616:

"The poiſon'd *Henbane* whoſe cold juice doth kill."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:

"—theſe are tears
"Such as diſtill from *Henbane* full of poiſon."

Again, in the *Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"*Henbane* and poppy, and that magical weed, &c."

In *Heywood's Jew of Malta*, 1633, the word is written in a different manner,

"——the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
"The juice of *Hebon*, and Cocytus' breath." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*at once* diſpatch'd:] *Diſpatch'd*, for *bereft*. WARBURTON.

[2] *Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin*, &c.] The very words of this part of the ſpeech are taken (as I have been informed by a gentleman of undoubted veracity) from an old *Legend of Saints*, where a man, who was accidentally drowned, is introduced as making the ſame complaint. STEEVENS.

[3] *Unhouſel'd*,] Without the ſacrament being taken. POPE.

[4] *Unanointed*,] Without extreme unction. POPE.

[5] *Unanel'd*;] No knell rung. POPE.

In other editions,

Unhouzzled, unanointed, unaneal'd:

The ghoſt, having recounted the proceſs of his murder, proceeds

to

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:

O,

to exaggerate the inhumanity and unnaturalness of the fact, from the circumstances in which he was surprized. But these, I find, have been stumbling blocks to our editors; and therefore I must amend and explain these three compound adjectives in their order. Instead of *unhouzzel'd*, we must restore, *unhousel'd*, i. e. *without the sacrament taken*; from the old Saxon word for the sacrament, *housel*. In the next place, *unanointed* is a sophistication of the text: the old copies concur in reading, *disappointed*. I correct,

Unhousel'd, unappointed,——

i. e. no confession of sins made, no reconciliation to heaven, no appointment of penance by the church. *Unaneal'd* I agree to be the poet's genuine word; but I must take the liberty to dispute Mr. Pope's explication of it, *viz.* no *knell* rung. The adjective formed from *knell*, must have been *unknell'd*, or *unknoll'd*. There is no rule in orthography for sinking the *k* in the deflection of any verb or compound formed from *knell*, and melting it into a vowel. What sense does *unaneal'd* then bear? Skinner, in his Lexicon of old and obsolete English terms, tells us, that *aneal'd* is *unctus*; from the Teutonic preposition *an*, and *ole*, i. e. *oil*: so that *unaneal'd* must consequently signify, *unanointed*, not having the *extreme unction*. The poet's reading and explication being ascertained, he very finely makes his *ghost* complain of these four dreadful hardships: that he had been dispatched out of life without receiving the *hoste*, or sacrament; without being *reconcil'd* to heaven and *absolv'd*; without the benefit of *extreme unction*; or without so much as a *confession* made of his sins. The having no *knell* rung, I think, is not a point of equal consequence to any of these; especially, if we consider, that the Romish church admits the efficacy of *praying* for the *dead*. THEOBALD.

This is a very difficult line. I think Theobald's objection to the sense of *unaneal'd*, for *notified by the bell*, must be owned to be very strong. I have not yet by my enquiry satisfied myself. Hanmer's explication of *unaneal'd* by *unprepar'd*, because to *anneal* metals, is to *prepare* them in manufacture, is too general and vague; there is no resemblance between any funeral ceremony and the practice of *annealing* metals.

Disappointed is the same as *unappointed*, and may be properly explained *unprepared*; a man well furnished with things necessary for any enterprize, was said to be well *appointed*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of the word *disappointed* may be countenanced by the advice which Isabella gives to her brother in *Measure for Measure*.

"Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed."

The

[6] O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;

Let

The hope of gaining a worthless alliteration is all that can tempt an editor to prefer *unappointed* or *unanointed* to *disappointed*. MILTON has the following lines, consisting of three words each, in which this childish practice is constantly observed.

Un*respited*, un*pitied*, un*repriev'd*. Par. Lost. B. 2.
———un*mov'd*,
Un*shaken*, un*seduc'd*, un*terrified*. B. 5.
Un*humbled*, un*repentant*, un*reform'd*. Par. Reg. B. 3.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. B. 2.

"*Un*courted, *un*respected, *un*obey'd."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. 2. C. 10.

"*Un*peopled, *un*manur'd, *un*prov'd, *un*prais'd."

In the *Textus Roffensis* we meet with two of these words—"The monks offering themselves to perform all priestly functions of *houseling* and *aveyling*." *Aveyling*, I believe, is misprinted for *aneyling*. STEEVENS.

See *Mort d' Arthur*, p. iii. c. 175. "So when he was *houseled* and *aneled*, and had all that a Christian man ought to have, &c." TYRWHITT.

The subsequent extract from a very scarce and curious copy of Fabian's Chronicle, printed by Pynson, 1516, seems to remove every possibility of doubt concerning the true signification of the words *unhousel'd* and *unanel'd*. The historian, speaking of Pope Innocent's having laid the whole kingdom of England under an interdict, has these words: "Of the maner of this interdiccion of this lande have I seen dyverse opynyons, as some ther be that saye that the lande was enterdyted thorowly and the churchis and housys of relygyon closyd, that no where was used masse, nor dyvyne servyce, by whiche reason none of the VII sacramentis all this terme shoulde be mynystred or occupyed, nor chyld *crystened*, nor man *confessed* nor *marryed*; but it was not so strayght. For there were dyverse placys in Englond, whiche were occupyed with dyvyne servyce all that season by lycence purchased than or before, also chyldren were crystenyd throughe all the lande and men *houselyd* and *anelyd*." Fol. 14. Septima Pars Johannis.

The Anglo-Saxon noun-substantives *husel* (the eucharist) and *ele* (oil) are plainly the roots of these last-quoted compound adjectives

[6] *O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!*] It was ingeniously hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this line seems to belong to Hamlet, in whose mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation; and who, according to the practice of the stage, may be supposed to interrupt so long a speech. JOHNSON.

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
[7] A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But, howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contriv
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to he a n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire [8]:

adjectives—For the meaning of the affix *an* to the laſt, I quote Spelman's Gloſſ. in Loco. "Quin et dictionibus (an) adjungitur, ſiquidem vel *majoris notationis* gratia, vel ad *ſingulare aliquid*, vel *unicum* demonſtrandum." Hence *anelyd* ſhould ſeem to ſignify *oiled* or *anointed* by way of eminence, *i. e.* having received extreme unction. For the confirmation of the ſenſe given here there is the ſtrongeſt internal evidence in the paſſage. The hiſtorian is ſpeaking of the VII ſacraments, and he expreſsly names five of them, viz. baptiſm, marriage, auricular confeſſion, the euchariſt, and extreme unction.

The antiquary is deſired to conſult the edition of Fabian, printed by Pynſon, 1516, becauſe there are others, and I remember to have ſeen one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with a continuation to the end of Queen Mary, London, 1559, in which the language is much modernized.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne. J. B.

This note is taken from the *St. James's Chronicle.* STEEVENS.

[7] *A couch for* luxury——] i. e. for *lewdneſs.* So, in *K. Lear:*

To't luxury *pell-mell* for, &c.

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy,* 1607, where the old duke, who is remarkable for his incontinence, is repeatedly called

—— a parch'd and juiceleſs *luxur.* STEEVENS.

[8] —*uneffectual fire.*] i. e. ſhining without heat. WARBURTON.

To *pale* is a verb uſed by Lady *Elizabeth Carew,* in her *Tragedy of Mariam,* 1613:

"—Death can *pale* as well
"A cheek of roſes as a cheek leſs bright."

Again, in Urry's Chaucer, p. 368: "The ſterre *paleth* her white cheres by the flambes of the ſonne, &c."

Uneffectual fire, I believe, rather means, fire that is no longer ſeen when the light of morning approaches. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre,* 1609:

"——like a *glow worm,*——
"The which hath fire in darkneſs, none in light."

STEEVENS.

Adieu,

Adieu, adieu, adieu! [9] remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. [1] Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down [2],

[9] *Adieu, adieu, adieu!* &c.] The folio reads:

Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet:* remember me. STEEVENS.

[1] —this *distracted globe.*] i. e. in this head confused with thought. STEEVENS.

[2] *My* tables,—*meet it is I set it down,*] This is a ridicule of the practice of the time. Hall says, in his character of the *Hypocrite*, "He will ever sit where he may be seene best, and in the midst of "the sermon pulles out his *tables* in haste, as if he feared to loose "that note, &c." FARMER.

So, in the induction to Webster's *Malecontent*, 1604: "I tell you I am one that hath seen this play often, and can give them intelligence for their action: I have most of the jests of it here in my *table-book.*" Again, in *Love's Sacrifice*, 1633:

"You are one loves courtship:
"He had some change of words; 'twere no lost labour
"To stuff your *table-books.*"

Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

"Balurdo draws out his *writing-tables* and writes."
"*Retort* and *obtuse*, good words, very good words."

Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

"Let your *tables* befriend your memory; write &c."

STEEVENS.

That

That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I am ſure, it may be ſo in Denmark: [*Writing.*]
So, uncle, there you are. [3] Now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have ſworn it.

Hor. My lord, my lord,—— [*Within.*]
Mar. Lord Hamlet,—— [*Within.*]
Hor. Heaven ſecure him! [*Within.*]
Ham. So be it!
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord! [*Within.*]
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! [4] come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How ſay you then; would heart of man once think it?——
But you'll be ſecret,—
Both. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

3 —*now to my word*;] Hamlet alludes to the *watch-word* given every day in military ſervice, which at this time he ſays is, *Adieu, Adieu, remember me.* So, in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607:
"Now to my *watch-word*."—— STEEVENS.

4 —*come, bird, come.*] This is the call which falconers uſe to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them. HANMER.

This expreſſion is uſed in *Marſton's Dutch Courteſan*, and by many others among the old dramatic writers.

It appears from all theſe paſſages, that it was the falconer's call, as *Hanmer* has obſerved. STEEVENS.

Hor. [5] There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you;—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes 'faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, [6] by saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Both. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear it.
Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

[5] *There needs no ghost,* &c.] This piece of humour is repeated by our author in *Timon,* &c. Act 5. Sc. 2. STEEVENS.

[6] —*by St.* Patrick,—] How the poet comes to make Hamlet swear by St. Patrick, I know not. However, at this time all the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland; to which place it had retired, and there flourished under the auspices of this Saint. But it was, I suppose, only said at random; for he makes Hamlet a student of Wittenberg. WARBURTON.

Dean Swift's "Verses on the sudden drying-up of St. Patrick's Well, 1726," contain many learned allusions to the early cultivation of literature in Ireland. NICHOLS.

Ham. Upon my ſword.

Mar. We have ſworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny [7]?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellaridge,—
Conſent to ſwear.

Hor. Propoſe the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
[8] Swear by my ſword.

Ghoſt.

[7] —*true-penny.*] This word, as well as ſome of Hamlet's former exclamations, we find in the *Malecontent*, 1604:
"Illo, ho, ho, ho; art there old *True-penny?*" STEEVENS.

[8] *Swear by my ſword.*] Here the poet has preſerved the manners of the ancient Danes, with whom it was *religion* to ſwear upon their ſwords. See *Bartholinus*, *De cauſis contempt. mort. apud Dan.* WARBURTON.

I was once inclinable to this opinion, which is likewiſe well defended by Mr. Upton; but Mr. Garrick produced me a paſſage, I think, in *Brantôme*, from which it appeared, that it was common to ſwear upon the ſword, that is, upon the croſs which the old ſwords always had upon the hilt. JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare, it is more than probable, knew nothing of the ancient Danes, or their manners. Every extract from Dr. Farmer's pamphlet muſt prove as inſtructive to the reader as the following:
"In the *Paſſus Primus* of *Pierce Plowman*,
"David in his daies dubbed knightes,
"And did them *ſwere on her ſword* to ſerve truth ever."
"And in *Hieronymo*, the common butt of our author, and the "wits of the time, ſays Lorenzo to Pedringano:— —
"Swear on this *croſs*, that what thou ſay'ſt is true,
"But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjuſt,
"This very *ſword*, whereon thou took'ſt thine oath,
"Shall be a worker of thy tragedy."

To the authorities produced by Dr. Farmer, the following may be added from *Holinſhed*, p. 664: "Warwick kiſſed the croſs of "K. Edward's ſword, as it were a vow to his promiſe."

Again, p. 1038. it is ſaid, "that Warwick drew out his ſword, "which other of the honourable and worſhipful that were then "preſent likewiſe did, whom he commanded, that each one ſhould "kiſs other's ſword, according to an ancient cuſtom amongſt men "of

Ghoſt. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll ſhift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword:
Swear by my ſword,
Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard.

Ghoſt. [*beneath*] Swear by his ſword.

Ham. Well ſaid, old mole! can'ſt work i'the earth ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange!

Ham. 9 And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy.
But come;—
Here, as before, never, ſo help you mercy!
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear myſelf,—
As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on,—
That you, at ſuch times ſeeing me, never ſhall,

" of war in time of great danger; and herewith they made a " ſolemn vow," &c. Again, in Green's *Tu quoque:*

" By the *croſs* of theſe hiltes."

Again, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

" He has ſworn to me on the *croſs* of his pure Toledo."

Again, in the Second Part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

" —— by the *croſs* of my good blade,
" An excellent mother to bring up a maid."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*: " By the *croſs* of this ſword and dagger, captain, you ſhall take it."

In the ſoliloquy of *Roland* addreſſed to his ſword, the *croſs* on it is not forgotten: " —capulo eburneo candidiſſime, *cruce* aurea ſplendidiſſime, &c."

Turpini Hiſt. de Geſtis Carol. Mag. cap. 22.
STEEVENS.

9 *And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.*] i. e. receive it to yourſelf; take it under your own roof; as much as to ſay, *Keep it ſecret.* Alluding to the laws of hoſpitality. WARBURTON.

(With arms encumber'd thus; or this head-shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;—
Or such ambiguous giving out) denote [1]
That you know aught of me: [2] This do ye swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
Swear.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spight!
That ever I was born to set it right!—
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

[1] —*denote.*] The old copies concur in reading *to note.* The alteration, which seems necessary, is Theobald's. STEEVENS.

If we read "*Nor* by pronouncing," the passage as it stands in the folio, though embarrassed, is still intelligible, provided the punctuation be changed.

That you, at such time seeing me, never shall
With arms encumber'd thus, or thus, head shake;
Nor by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *well, we know*, or, *we could and if we would*,
Or, *if we list to speake*; or, *there be and if they might*,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me; this not to do
(So grace and mercy at your most need help you!)
Swear. MALONE.

[2] —*this do you swear, &c.*] The folio reads, *this not to do.* STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

An apartment in Polonius' house.

Enter Polonius, and Rsynaldo [3].

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make enquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers [4] are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer;
Then your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him,—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. *And, in part, him;—but,* you may say,—*not well:*
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
dishonour him; take heed of that;
, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
gaming, my lord.

quartos read, *Enter old Polonius with his man or two.*
STEEVENS.

Danskers] *Danske* (in Warner's Albions England) is the ancient name of Denmark. STEEVENS.

Pol

Pol. Ay, or [5] drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing:—You may go ſo far.
Rey. My lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.
You muſt not put [6] another ſcandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind;
[7] A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed blood,
[8] Of general aſſault.
Rey. But, my good lord,——
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, ſir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant [9]:
You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i' the working,
Mark you, Your party in converſe, him you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes [1],
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be aſſur'd,
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;

[5] —*drinking,* [*fencing,*] *ſwearing,*] *Fencing,* an interpolation. WARBURTON.

How *fencing* can be an interpolation, I know not. I find it in all the old copies. STEEVENS

I ſuppoſe, by *fencing* is meant a too diligent frequentation of the fencing-ſchool, a reſort of violent and lawleſs young men. JOHNSON.

[6] —*another*—] Thus the old editions. Theobald reads, *an utter.* JOHNSON.

[7] *A* ſavageneſs—] *Savageneſs,* for *wildneſs.* WARBURTON.

[8] *Of general aſſault.*] i. e. ſuch as youth in general is liable to. WARBURTON.

[9] *And, I believe, it is a fetch* of warrant:] So the folio. The quarto reads, — a fetch of *wit.* STEEVENS.

[1] —*prenominate* crimes.] i. e. crimes already named. STEEVENS.

Good

² *Good ſir*, or ſo; or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—
According to the phraſe, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, ſir, does he this,—He does—What was I
About to ſay? I was about to ſay
Something: Where did I leave?

Rey. At, cloſes in the conſequence.

Pol. At, cloſes in the conſequence,—*Ay, marry*;
He cloſes with you thus:— *I know the gentleman*;
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with ſuch, or ſuch; and, as you ſay,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouſe;

² *Good ſir, or* ſo, *or friend*, &c.] We ſhould read,
——*or* ſire, *i. e.* father. WARBURTON.

I know not that *ſire* was ever a general word of compliment, as diſtinct from *ſir*; nor do I conceive why any alteration ſhould be made. It is a common mode of colloquial language to uſe, *or ſo*, as a ſlight intimation of more of the ſame, or a like kind, that might be mentioned. We might read, but we need not,

Good, ſir, forſooth, *or friend, or gentleman.*

Forſooth, a term of which I do not well know the original meaning, was uſed to men as well as to women. JOHNSON.

Good ſir, or ſo, &c. Dr. Johnſon would read—Good ſir, *forſooth*, &c.

Forſooth, which has been ſometimes ſuppoſed to be a form of addreſs, and, ſince its proper meaning has been forgot, may perhaps have been ſometimes ſo applied by vulgar ignorant people, originally had no ſuch ſignification. It was a more inforcing of an aſſeveration. *Sooth* is *truth*, and *inſooth* or *forſooth* ſignify originally and properly only *in truth* and *for truth*. In Shakeſpeare's time the proper ſenſe was not left out of uſe; and therefore I think he could hardly have inſerted *forſooth* in the text, as a form of addreſs. PERCY.

I believe we ſhould read,

Good ſir, or *ſo forth*, friend or gentleman;

So, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, a collection of ancient ſatires, no date:

"Then tells him, brother, friend, or *ſo forth*, heare ye."

In the *Winter's Tale*, the ſame expreſſion occurs. Act I.

"Sicilia is a *ſo forth*."

Jay, Polonius uſes it again a little further on in this very ſpeech. STEEVENS.

We might read *Good ſir*, or *ſir*, &c. TYRWHITT.

There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(*Videlicet*, a brothel) *or so forth.*—See you now;
Your bait of falshood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi'you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination [3] in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel.—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; [4] his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd,

[3] —*in yourself.*] Hanmer reads, *e'en* yourself, and is followed by Dr. Warburton; but perhaps *in* yourself means, *in your own person*, not by spies. JOHNSON.

[4] —*his stockings* foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved *to his angle,*] I have restored the reading of the elder *quartos*—*his stockings* loose.—The change, I suspect, was first from the players, who saw a contradiction in his stockings being *loose*, and yet *shackled* down at ancle. But they, in their ignorance, blundered away our author's word, because they did not understand it:
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred,
i. e. turned down. So, the oldest copies; and, so his stockings were

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—

were properly loose, as they were *ungarter'd* and *rowl'd down* to the ancle. THEOBALD.

Theobald is unfaithful in his account of this *elder quarto.* I have all the quartos and the folios before me, and they concur in reading:

—— *his stockings* foul'd.

I believe *gyved* to be nothing more than a false print. *Down-gyved* means hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters round the ancles. *Gyre* always signifies a circle formed by a top, or any other body when put into motion.

It is so used by Drayton in the Black Prince's letter to Alice countess of Salisbury:

"In little circlets first it doth arise,
"Then somewhat larger seemeth in mine eyes;
"And in this *gyring* compass as it goes,
"So more and more my love in greatness grows."

Again, in the Second Part of Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"— this bright and flaming brand
"Which I so often *gyre* about mine ears."

Again, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607:

"First I beheld him hovering in the air,
"And then down stooping with a hundred *gires*, &c."

Again, in Barten Holyday's Poem, called the *Woes of Esay*:

"His chariot-wheels wrapt in the whirlwind's *gyre*,
"His horses hoof'd with flint, and shod with fire."

STEEVENS.

He

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o'doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes [5] itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed, and judgment,
[6] I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,

[5] —*foredoes* itself.] To *foredo* is to destroy. So, in *Othello:*
"That either makes me, or *foredoes* me quite." STEEVENS.

[6] *I had not* quoted *him:*—] The old quarto reads *coted.* It appears Shakespeare wrote *noted. Quoted* is nonsense. WARBURTON.

To *quote* is, I believe, to *reckon*, to take an account of, to take the *quotient* or result of a computation. JOHNSON.

Since I proposed a former explanation, I met with a passage in the *Isle of Gulls*, a comedy, by *John Day*, 1633, which proves Dr. Johnson's sense of the word to be not far from the true one:
—"'twill be a scene of mirth
"For me to *quote* his passions, and his smiles."

To *quote* on this occasion undoubtedly means to *observe.* Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf:*
"This honest man the prophecy that noted,
"And things therein most curiously had *quoted*;
"Found all these signs, &c."

Again, in *The Woman Hater*, by B. and Fletcher, the Intelligencer says—"I'll *quote* him to a tittle." i. e. I will observe him. Again, in *Certaine Satyres*, 1598:
"But must our moderne crittick's envious eye,
"Seeme thus to *quote* some grosse deformity?" STEEVENS.

And

And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems, [7] it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
[8] This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The palace.

Enter King, Queen, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, and attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke

[7] —— *it is as proper to our age*
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.—] This is not the remark of a weak man. The vice of age is too much suspicion. Men long accustomed to the wiles of life *cast* commonly *beyond themselves*, let their cunning go further than reason can attend it. This is always the fault of a little mind, made artful by long commerce with the world. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—*By heaven* it is as proper &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *This must be known; which, being kept close, might move*
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.] i. e. This must be made known to the king, for (being kept secret) the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet. The poet's ill and obscure expression seems to have been caused by his affectation of concluding the scene with a couplet.

Hanmer reads,
More grief to hide hate, than *to utter love.* JOHNSON.

Our

Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him;
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour [9],—
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
[1] Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
[2] To shew us so much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
[3] For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, [4] in the full bent,

[9] — and *humour.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read, *haviour.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Whether aught,* &c.] This line is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] *To shew us so much* gentry—] *Gentry,* for *complaisance.* WARBURTON.

[3] *For the supply,* &c.] That the hope which your arrival has raised may be completed by the desired effect. JOHNSON.

[4] — *in the full* bent,] *Bent,* for *endeavour, application.* WARBURTON.

To

To lay our ſervice freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Roſencrantz, and gentle Guildenſtern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenſtern, and gentle Roſencrantz:
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon.—Go, ſome of you,
And bring theſe gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our preſence, and our practices,
Pleaſant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt Roſ. and Guil.*

Queen. Ay, amen!

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The embaſſadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Aſſure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think (or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the [4] trail of policy ſo ſure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cauſe of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, ſpeak of that; that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give firſt admittance to the embaſſadors;
My news ſhall be [5] the fruit to that great feaſt.

King. Thyſelf do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit Polonius.*
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

[4] *—the trail of policy—*] The *trail* is the *courſe of an animal purſued by the ſcent.* JOHNSON.

[5] *—the fruit—*] The *deſert* after the meat. JOHNSON.

Re-enter

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him.——Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Moſt fair return of greetings, and deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your highneſs: Whereat griev'd,—
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence,
Was falſely borne in hand [6],—ſends out arreſts
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the aſſay of arms againſt your majeſty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
[7] Gives him threeſcore thouſand crowns in annual fee [8];
And his commiſſion, to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before, againſt the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further ſhewn,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
Through your dominions for this enterprize;

[6] —*borne in hand,*—] *i. e.* deceived, impoſed on. So, in *Macbeth*, Act 3:
"How you were *borne in hand*, how croſt, &c."
See a note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

[7] *Gives him* three *thouſand crowns in annual fee*;] This reading firſt obtained in the edition put out by the players. But all the old quartos (from 1605, downwards) read as I have reformed the text. THEOBALD.

[8] —*annual fee.*] *Fee* in this place ſignifies *reward, recompence.* So, in *All's well that ends well:*
"—Not helping, death's my *fee*;
"But if I help, what do you promiſe me?"
The word is commonly uſed in Scotland for *wages*, as we ſay *lawyer's fee, phyſician's fee.* STEEVENS.

On ſuch regards of ſafety, and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more conſider'd time, we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your reſt; [9] at night we'll feaſt together:
Moſt welcome home! [*Exeunt Volt. and Cor.*

Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
[1] My liege, and madam, [2] to expoſtulate
What

[9] *—at night we'll feaſt—*] The king's intemperance is never ſuffered to be forgotten. JOHNSON.

[1] *My liege, and madam, to expoſtulate*] The ſtrokes of humour in this ſpeech are admirable. Polonius's character is that of a weak, pedant, miniſter of ſtate. His declamation is a fine ſatire on the impertinent oratory then in vogue, which placed reaſon in the formality of method, and wit in the gingle and play of words. With what art is he made to pride himſelf in his *wit:*

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: A fooliſh figure,
But farewel it——

And how exquiſitely does the poet ridicule the *reaſoning in faſhion,* where he makes Polonius remark on Hamlet's madneſs:

Though this be madneſs, *yet there's* method *in't:*

As if method, which the wits of that age thought the moſt eſſential quality of a good diſcourſe, would make amends for the madneſs. It was *madneſs* indeed, yet Polonius could comfort himſelf with this reflection, that at leaſt it was *method.* It is certain Shakeſpeare excels in nothing more than in the preſervation of his characters; *To this life and variety of character* (ſays our great poet in his admirable preface to Shakeſpeare) *we muſt add the wonderful preſervation.* We have ſaid what is the character of Polonius; and it is allowed on all hands to be drawn with wonderful life and ſpirit, yet the *unity* of it has been thought by ſome to be groſsly violated in the excellent *precepts* and *inſtructions* which Shakeſpeare makes his ſtateſman give to his ſon and ſervant in the middle of the *firſt,* and beginning of the *ſecond act.* But I will venture to ſay, theſe critics have not entered into the poet's art and addreſs in this particular. He had a mind to ornament his ſcenes with thoſe fine leſſons

[2] *—to* expoſtulate] To *expoſtulate,* for *to enquire* or *diſcuſs.* WARBURTON.

What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,

And

lessons of social life; but his Polonius was too weak to be author of them, though he was pedant enough to have met with them in his reading, and fop enough to get them by heart, and retail them for his own. And this the poet has finely shewn us was the case, where, in the middle of Polonius's instructions to his servant, he makes him, though without having received any interruption, forget his lesson, and say,

And then, sir, does he this;
He does——What was I about to say?
I was about to say something——where did I leave?

The servant replies,

At, closes in the consequence. This sets Polonius right, and he goes on,

At, closes in the consequence.
——Ay marry,
He closes thus:——I know the gentleman, &c.

which shews they were words got by heart which he was repeating. Otherwise *closes in the consequence*, which conveys no particular idea of the subject he was upon, could never have made him recollect where he broke off. This is an extraordinary instance of the poet's art, and attention to the preservation of character. WARBURTON.

This account of the character of Polonius, though it sufficiently reconciles the seeming inconsistency of so much wisdom with so much folly, does not perhaps correspond exactly to the ideas of our author. The commentator makes the character of Polonius, a character only of manners, discriminated by properties superficial, accidental, and acquired. The poet intended a nobler delineation of a mixed character of manners and of nature. Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident of his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly represented as designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest is natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw

from

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.—
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewel it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus perpend.
I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.

[3] *To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia—*

That's

from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phænomena of the character of Polonius. JOHNSON.

[3] *To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most* beautified *Ophelia*—] I have ventured at an emendation here, against the authority of all the copies; but, I hope, upon examination, it will appear probable and reasonable. The word *beautified* may carry two distinct ideas, either as applied to a woman made-up of artificial beauties, or to one rich in native charms. As Shakespeare has therefore chose to use it in the latter acceptation, to express natural comeliness; I cannot imagine, that here he would make Polonius except to the phrase, and call it a *vile one*. But a stronger objection still, in my mind, lies against it. As *celestial* and *soul's idol* are the introductory characteristics of Ophelia, what a dreadful *anticlimax* is it to descend to such an epithet as *beautified*? On the other

That's an ill phrafe, a vile phrafe; *beautify'd*
Is a vile phrafe; but you fhall hear:—
Thefe in her excellent white bofom, [4] *thefe*, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, ftay a while; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the ftars are fire; [Reading.
Doubt, that the fun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at thefe numbers; I have not

hand, *beautified*, as I have conjectured, raifes the image: but Polonius might very well, as a Roman Catholic, call it a *vile* phrafe, *i. e.* favouring of profanation; fince the epithet is peculiarly made an adjunct to the Virgin Mary's honour, and therefore ought not to be employed in the praife of a mere mortal. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton has followed Theobald; but I am in doubt whether *beautified*, though, as Polonius calls it, a *vile phrafe*, be not the proper word. *Beautified* feems to be a *vile phrafe*, for the ambiguity of its meaning. JOHNSON.

The moft *beautified* Ophelia.] Heyward, in his *Hiftory of Edward VI*, fays, "*Katherine Parre*, queen dowager to king Henry VIII, was a woman *beautified* with many excellent virtues." FARMER.

So, in *The Hog hath loft his Pearl*, 1614:

"A maid of rich endowments, *beautified*
"With all the virtues nature could beftow."

Again, Nafh dedicates his *Chrift's Tears over Jerufalem*, 15—. "to the moft *beautified* lady the lady Elizabeth Carey."

Again, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "— although thy perfon is fo bravely *beautified* with the dowries of nature."

Ill and *vile* as the phrafe may be, our author has ufed it again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

— feeing you are *beautified*
With good fhape, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Thefe to her excellent white bofom,*] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

Thy letters ——
Which, being writ to me, fhall be deliver'd
Even in *the milk-white bofom of thy love.*

See a note on this paffage. STEEVENS.

art

art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, [5] *believe it. Adieu.*

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shewn me:
And, [6] more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.
King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
[7] If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
[8] Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight?
What might you think? no, I went round to work,

[5] *— O most best—*] So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: "— that same *most best* redresser or reformer, is God." STEEVENS.

[6] *— more above,—*] is, *moreover, besides.* JOHNSON.

[7] *If I had play'd the desk or table-book;*
Or giv'n my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think?—] *i. e.* If either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours [*play'd the desk or table-book*], or had connived at it, only observed them in secret, without acquainting my daughter with my discovery [*given my heart a mute and dumb working*]; or lastly, had been negligent in observing the intrigue, and overlooked it [*looked upon this love with idle sight*]; what would you have thought of me? WARBURTON.

[8] Or given my heart *a working,—*] The folio reads *a winking.* STEEVENS.

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
[9] *Lord Hamlet is a prince:——out of thy sphere;*
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her [1],
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done [2], she took the fruits of my advice:
And he, repulsed, ([3] a short tale to make)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that)

[9] *Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy* sphere,] All princes were alike *out of her sphere.* I give it thus:

Lord Hamlet is a prince:—out of thy sphere.

Two of the quartos, and the first folio, read *star.* STEEVENS.

[1] — precepts *gave her.*] Thus the folio. The two elder quartos read, *prescripts.* STEEVENS.

[2] *Which done* she took *the fruits of my advice;*
And he, repulsed—] The *fruits* of advice are the effects of advice. But how could she be said to take them? The reading is corrupt. Shakespeare wrote,

Which done, see too the fruits of my advice;
For, *he repulsed*—— WARBURTON.

She took the *fruits* of advice when she obeyed advice, the advice was then made *fruitful.* JOHNSON.

[3] — *a short tale to make,*
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast, &c.] The ridicule of this character is here admirably sustained. He would not only be thought to have discovered this intrigue by his own sagacity, but to have remarked all the stages of Hamlet's disorder, from his sadness to his raving, as regularly as his physician could have done; when all the while the madness was only feigned. The humour of this is exquisite from a man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to small politicians, that he could find

Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre. WARBURTON.

That

That I have positively said, '*Tis so*,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
Pointing to his head and shoulder.
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together [4],
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt King, and Queen.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a'-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well;
You are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

[4] —*four* hours together,] Perhaps it would be better were we to read indefinitely,
——*for* hours together. TYRWHITT.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.
Pol. Honeſt, my lord?
Ham. Ay, ſir; to be honeſt, as this world goes,
Is to be one man pick'd out of ten thouſand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord.
Ham. [5] For if the ſun breeds maggots in a dead dog,
Being a god, kiſſing carrion,—Have you a daughter?
Pol.

[5] *For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog,*
Being a good *kiſſing carrion* —
Have you a daughter?] The editors ſeeing Hamlet counterfeit madneſs, thought they might ſafely put any nonſenſe into his mouth. But this ſtrange paſſage, when ſet right, will be ſeen to contain as great and ſublime a reflection as any the poet puts into his hero's mouth throughout the whole play. We ſhall firſt give the true reading, which is this;

For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a god, *kiſſing carrion* ——

As to the ſenſe we may obſerve, that the illative particle [for] ſhews the ſpeaker to be reaſoning from ſomething he had ſaid before; what that was we learn in theſe words, *to be honeſt, as this world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thouſand.* Having ſaid this, the chain of ideas led him to reflect upon the argument which libertines bring againſt Providence from the circumſtance of abounding *evil.* In the next ſpeech therefore he endeavours to anſwer that objection, and vindicate Providence, even on a ſuppoſition of the fact, that almoſt all men were wicked. His argument in the two lines in queſtion is to this purpoſe, *But why need we wonder at this abounding of evil? For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog, which though a god, yet ſhedding its heat and influence upon carrion*——Here he ſtops ſhort, leſt talking too conſequentially the hearer ſhould ſuſpect his madneſs to be feigned; and ſo turns him off from the ſubject, by enquiring of his daughter. But the inference which he intended to make, was a very noble one, and to this purpoſe. If this (ſays he) be the caſe, that the effect follows the thing operated upon [*carrion*] and not the thing operating [a *god,*] why need we wonder, that the ſupreme cauſe of all things diffuſing its bleſſings on mankind, who is, as it were, a dead carrion, dead in original ſin, man, inſtead of a proper return of duty, ſhould breed only corruption and vices? This is the argument at length; and is as noble a one in behalf of Providence as could come from the ſchools of divinity. But this wonderful man had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors *ſay,* but with what they *think.* The ſentiment too is altogether in character,

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the ſun: conception is a bleſſing [6]; but not as your daughter may conceive: friend, look to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? [*Aſide.*] ſtill harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid, I was a fiſhmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly, in my youth I ſuffer'd much extremity for love; very near this.—I'll ſpeak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. [7] Slanders, ſir: for the ſatirical rogue ſays here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are

character, for Hamlet is perpetually moralizing, and his circumſtances make this reflection very natural. The ſame *thought*, ſomething diverſified, as on a different occaſion, he uſes again in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, which will ſerve to confirm theſe obſervations:

The tempter or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I
That lying by the violet in the ſun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt by virtuous ſeaſon.——

And the ſame kind of *expreſſion* is in *Cymbeline*,

Common-kiſſing Titan. WARBURTON.

This is a noble emendation, which almoſt ſets the critic on a level with the author. JOHNSON.

[6] — *conception is a bleſſing*; &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos read thus:

—— *conception* is a bleſſing;
But *as* your daughter may *conceive*, friend, look to't.

The meaning ſeems to be, *conception* (i. e. underſtanding) is a bleſſing; but as your daughter may *conceive* (i. e. be pregnant), *friend look to't*, i. e. have a care of that. The ſame quibble occurs in the firſt ſcene of *K. Lear:*

" *Kent.* I cannot *conceive* you, ſir.
" *Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother *could.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Slanders, ſir: for the ſatirical ſlave ſays here, that old men,* &c.] By the *ſatirical ſlave* he means Juvenal in his tenth ſatire:

are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. [*Aside.*

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant [b] sometimes his replies are! a happiness that

Da spatium vitæ, multos da Jupiter annos:
Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc et pallidus optas.
Sed quam continuis et quantis longa senectus
Plena malis! deformem, et tetrum ante omnia vultum,
Dissimilemque sui, &c.

Nothing could be finer imagined for Hamlet, in his circumstances, than the bringing him in reading a description of the evils of long life. WARBURTON.

Had Shakespeare read *Juvenal* in the original, he had met with "*De temone Britanno, Excidet Arviragus*"—
and

—"Uxorem, *Posthume*, ducis?"

We should not then have had continually in *Cymbeline*, *Arvirăgus* and *Posthŭmus*. Should it be said that the *quantity* in the *former* word might be forgotten, it is clear from the mistake in the *latter*, that Shakespeare could not possibly have read any one of the Roman poets.

There was a translation of the 10th satire of *Juvenal* by Sir John Beaumont, the elder brother of the famous Francis: but I cannot tell whether it was printed in Shakespeare's time. In that age of quotation, every classic might be picked up by *piece-meal*.

I forgot to mention in its proper place, that another description of *Old Age* in *As you like it*, has been called a parody on a passage in a French poem of Garnier. It is trifling to say any thing about this, after the observation I made in *Macbeth:* but one may remark once for all, that Shakespeare wrote for the *people*; and could not have been so absurd to bring forward any allusion, which had not been familiarized by some accident or other. FARMER.

[b] How *pregnant* &c.] *Pregnant* is ready, dexterous, apt. STEEVENS.

often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive [9] the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek lord Hamlet; there he is. [*Exit.*

Ros. God save you, sir!

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soals of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. [Let me [1] question more in particular:

[9] *And suddenly* &c.] This, and the greatest part of the two following lines, are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[1] [*Let me* &c.] All within the crotchets, is wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

What

What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely [2] the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. [3] Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

[2] — *the shadow of a dream.*] Shakespeare has accidentally inverted an expression of Pindar, that the state of humanity is σκιᾶς ὄναρ, the *dream* of a *shadow*. JOHNSON.

So Davies,

"Man's life is but a dreame, nay, less than so,
"*A shadow of a dreame.*" FARMER.

So, in the tragedy of *Darius* 1603, by Lord Sterline:

"Whose best was but the *shadow of a dream.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *Then are our beggars, bodies;*—] Shakespeare seems here to design a ridicule of these declamations against wealth and greatness, that seem to make happiness consist in poverty. JOHNSON.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended.] But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinour?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am; I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To Guilden.*

Ham. [4] Nay, then I have an eye of you;—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. [5] I have of late, (but, wherefore,

[4] *Nay, then I have an eye of you;—*] An *eye of you* means, I have a glimpse of your meaning. STEEVENS.

[5] *I have of late,* &c.] This is an admirable description of a rooted melancholy sprung from thickness of blood; and artfully

wherefore, I know not) loſt all my mirth, foregone all cuſtom of exerciſes: and, indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, [6] this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me,—nor woman neither; though, by your ſmiling, you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I ſaid *Man delights not me?*

Roſ. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment [7] the players ſhall receive from you: we coted them on the way [8]; and hither are they coming, to offer you ſervice.

Ham.

fully imagined to hide the true cauſe of his diſorder from the penetration of theſe two friends, who were ſet over him as ſpies. WARBURTON.

[6] —*this brave over-hanging* firmament,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads, —this brave o'er-hanging, this &c. STEEVENS.

[7] —*lenten* entertainment] i. e. ſparing, like the entertainments given in *Lent*. So, in the *Duke's Miſtreſs*, by Shirly, 1631:

"—to maintain you with biſket,
"Poor John, and half a livery, to read moral virtue
"And *lenten* lectures." STEEVENS.

[8] *We* coted *them on the way*,—] To *cote* is *to overtake*. I meet with this word in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, a comedy, 1606:

"—marry we preſently *coted* and outſtript them."

I have

Ham. He that plays the king, ſhall be welcome; his majeſty ſhall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight ſhall uſe his foil, and target: the lover ſhall not ſigh gratis; the humorous man [9] ſhall end his part in peace: the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh, whoſe lungs are tickled o' the ſere; and [1] the lady

I have obſerved the ſame verb to be uſed in ſeveral more of the old plays. So, in the Second Part of Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

" —— quick obſervation ſcud
" To *cote* the plot."——

Again, in our author's *K. Henry* VI. P. III:

" Whoſe haughty ſpirit, winged with deſire,
" Will *cote* my crown."

Again, in the 23d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

" Which dog firſt turns the hare, which firſt the other *coats.*"

i. e. outſtrips the other in the courſe.

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, book 6. chap. 30:

" Was of the gods and goddeſſes for want oneſs out-*coted.*"

Again, in Drant's tranſlation of Horace's ſatires, 1567:

" For he that thinks to *coat* all men, and all to overgoe."

Chapman has more than once uſed the word in his verſion of the 23d Iliad.

In the laws of courſing, ſays Mr. Tollet, " a *cote* is when a greyhound goes endways by the ſide of his fellow, and gives the hare a turn." This quotation ſeems to point out the etymology of the verb to be from the French *coté*, the ſide. STEEVENS.

[9] —*ſhall end his part in peace:*] After theſe words the folio adds, *the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled o' th' ſere.* WARBURTON.

This paſſage I have omitted, for the ſame reaſon, I ſuppoſe, as the other editors: I do not underſtand it. JOHNSON.

The clown ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled o' th' ſere, i. e. thoſe who are aſthmatical, and to whom laughter is moſt uneaſy. This is the caſe (as I am told) with thoſe whoſe lungs are tickled by the *ſere* or *ſerum*: but about this paſſage I am neither very confident, nor very ſolicitous.

The word *ſeare* occurs as unintelligibly in an ancient *Dialogue betweene the Comen Secretary and Jelowſy, touchynge the unſtablenes of harlottes*, bl. l. no date:

" And wyll byde whyſperynge in the eare,
" Thynke ye her tayle is not lyght *of the ſeare.*"

The *ſere* is likewiſe a part about a hawk. STEEVENS.

[1] —*the lady ſhall*, &c.] *The lady ſhall have no obſtruction, unleſs from the lameneſs of the verſe.* JOHNSON.

shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. [1] I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

[2] [*Ham.* How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

[1] *I think, their inhibition*—] I fancy this is transposed: Hamlet enquires not about an *inhibition*, but an *innovation*; the answer therefore probably was, *I think, their* innovation, *that is*, their new practice of strolling, *comes by means of the late* inhibition.
JOHNSON.

The drift of Hamlet's question appears to be this.—How chances it they travel?—i. e. *How happens it that they are become strollers?*—Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.—i. e. *to have remained in a settled theatre, was the more honourable as well as the more lucrative situation.* To this, Rosencrantz replies—Their *inhibition* comes by means of the late *innovation.*—i. e. *their permission to act any longer at an established house is taken away, in consequence of the* NEW CUSTOM *of introducing personal abuse into their comedies.* Several companies of actors in the time of our author were silenced on account of this licentious practice. See a dialogue between *Comedy* and *Envy* at the conclusion of Mucedorus, 1598, as well as the Preludium to *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630, from whence the following passage is taken: "*Shews* having been long intermitted and forbidden by authority, *for their abuses*, could not be raised but by conjuring." *Shew* enters, whipped by two furies, and the prologue says to her:

"— with tears wash off that guilty sin,
"Purge out those ill-digested dregs of wit,
"That use their ink to blot a spotless name:
"Let's have no one *particular man* traduc'd—
"—— spare the *persons* &c."

Alteration therefore in the order of the words seems to be quite unnecessary. STEEVENS.

[2] The lines enclosed in crotchets are in the folio of 1623, but not in the quarto of 1637, nor, I suppose, in any of the quartos.
JOHNSON.

Ros.

Rof. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children, [3] little eyafes, that [4] cry out on the top of queftion, and

[3] —*an Aiery of children,* &c.] Relating to the play-houfes then contending, the *Bankfide*, the *Fortune*, &c. played by the children of his majefty's chapel. POPE.

It relates to the young finging men of St. Paul's, concerning whofe performances and fuccefs in attracting the beft company, I find the following paffage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, or *Pafquil and Katherine*, 1601:

"I faw the *children of Powles* laft night;
"And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,
"The apes, in time, will do it handfomely.
—"I like the audience that frequenteth there
"With *much applaufe:* a man fhall not be choak'd
"With the ftench of garlick, nor be pafted
"To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer.
—"'Tis a good *gentle audience,* &c."

It is faid in Richard Flecknoe's *Short Difcourfe of the Englifh Stage*, 1674, that "both the children of the chappel and St. Paul's, acted playes, the one in White-Friers, the other behinde the Convocation-houfe in Paul's; till people growing more precife, and playes more licentious, the theatre of Paul's was quite fupprest, and that of the children of the chappel converted to the ufe of the children of the revels." STEEVENS.

Little Yafes, *that cry out on the top of queftion,*——] The poet here fteps out of his fubject to give a lafh at home, and fneer at the prevailing fafhion of following plays performed by the children of the chapel, and abandoning the eftablifhed theatres. But why are they called *little* Yafes? As he firft calls 'em an *Aiery* of children (now, an *Aiery* or *Eyery* is a hawk's or eagle's neft); there is not the leaft queftion but we ought to reftore——*little* Eyafes; i. e. young neftlings, creatures juft out of the egg. THEOBALD.

So, in the *Booke of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "And fo bycaufe the beft knowledge is by the *eye*, they be called *eyeffed*. Ye may alfo knowe an *eyeffe* by the palenefs of the feres of her legges, or the fere over the beake." STEEVENS.

[4] — *cry out on the top of queftion,*—] The meaning feems to be, they afk a common queftion in the higheft notes of the voice.

JOHNSON.

I believe *queftion*, in this place, as in many others, fignifies *converfation, dialogue*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:* "—— *Think* "you *queftion* with a Jew." The meaning of the paffage may therefore be—*Children that perpetually recite in the higheft notes of voice that can be uttered.* STEEVENS.

are

are moſt tyrannically clapp'd for't: theſe are now the faſhion; and ſo berattle the common ſtages, (ſo they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of gooſe quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? how are they [4] eſcoted? [5] Will they purſue the quality no longer than they can ſing? will they not ſay afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is moſt like [6], if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion [7]?

Roſ. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them on to controverſy [8]: There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is it poſſible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my lord; [9] Hercules and his load too.]

[4] — *eſcoted?*] Paid. From the French *eſcot*, a ſhot or reckoning. JOHNSON.

[5] *Will they purſue the* quality *no longer than they can ſing?*] Will they follow the *profeſſion* of players no longer than they keep the voices of boys? So afterwards he ſays to the player, *Come, give us a taſte of your* quality; *come, a paſſionate ſpeech.* JOHNSON.

[6] — *moſt like,*—] The old copy reads, — *like moſt.* STEEVENS.

[7] — *their writers do them wrong*, &c.] I ſhould have been very much ſurprized if I had *not* found Ben Jonſon among the writers here alluded to. STEEVENS.

[8] — *to* tarre *them on to controverſy.*] To provoke any animal to rage, is *to tarre him.* The word is ſaid to come from the Greek ταράσσω. JOHNSON.

[9] — Hercules *and his load too.*] *i. e.* they not only carry away the world, but the world-bearer too: alluding to the ſtory of Hercules's relieving Atlas. This is humorous. WARBURTON.

The alluſion may be to the *Globe* playhouſe, on the Bankſide, the ſign of which was *Hercules carrying the Globe.* STEEVENS.

Ham. [1] It is not very ſtrange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and thoſe, that would make mouths at him while my father liv'd, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little [2]. There is ſomething [3] in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out.

[*Flouriſh of trumpets.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elſinour. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony: [4] let me comply with you in this garb; leſt my extent to the players, which, I tell you, muſt ſhew fairly outward, ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly [5], I know a hawk from a hand-ſaw [6].

Enter

[1] *It is not very ſtrange: for mine uncle—*] I do not wonder that the new players have ſo ſuddenly riſen to reputation, my uncle ſupplies another example of the facility with which honour is conferred upon new claimants. JOHNSON.

[2] *—in little.*] *i. e.* in miniature. So, in the *Noble Soldier*, 1634:
"The perfection of all Spaniards, Mars *in little.*"
Again, in Drayton's *Shepherd's Sirena:*
"Paradiſe *in little* done."
Again, in Maſſinger's *New way to pay old debts:*
"His father's picture *in little.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *There is ſomething—*] The old editions read,—*'ſblood*, there is, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *—let me comply—*] Hanmer reads, *Let me compliment with you.* JOHNSON.

[5] *When the wind is* ſoutherly, *&c.*] So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:
"But I perceive now, either the *winde is at the ſouth*,
"Or elſe your tunge cleaveth to the rooffe of your mouth."
STEEVENS.

[6] *— I know a hawk from a hand-ſaw.*] This was a common proverbial ſpeech. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to, *I know a hawk from an hernſhaw*, as if the other had been a corruption of the players;

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: That great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swadling-clouts.

Rof. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it.—You say right, sir: on monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.—When Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. [7] Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. [8] *Then came each actor on his ass*,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, [[9] tragical-historical, tragical-comical,

players; whereas the poet found the proverb thus corrupted in the mouths of the people: so that this critic's alteration only serves to shew us the original of the expression. WARBURTON.

Similarity of sound is the source of many literary corruptions. In Holborn we have still the sign of the *Bull and Gate*, which exhibits but an odd combination of images. It was originally (as I learn from the title page of an old play) the *Bullogne* Gate, *i. e.* one of the gates of *Bullogne*; designed perhaps as a compliment to Henry VIII. who took that place in 1544.

The *Bullogne-mouth*, now the *Bull and Mouth*, had probably the same origin, i. e. the *mouth of the harbour of Bullogne*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Buz, buz!*—] Mere idle talk, the *buz* of the vulgar. JOHNSON.

Buz, buz! are, I believe, only interjections employed to interrupt Polonius. B. Jonson uses them often for the same purpose, as well as Middleton in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608. STEEVENS.

[8] *Then came*, &c.] This seems to be a line of a ballad. JOHNSON.

[9] —*tragical* &c.] The words within the crotchets I have recovered from the folio, and see no reason why they were hitherto omitted.

cal, historical-pastoral,] scene undividable, or poem unlimited: [1] Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light: [2] For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O *Jephtha, judge of Israel*,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,—*One fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephtha?

Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. [3] Why, as *By lot, God wot*,—and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*,—[4] The first

omitted. There are many plays of the age, if not of Shakespeare, that answer to these descriptions. STEEVENS.

[1] *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*] The tragedies of Seneca were translated into English by Tho. Newton, and published in 1581. One comedy of Plautus, *viz.* the *Menæchmi*, was likewise translated and published in 1595. STEEVENS.

[2] *For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.*] All the modern editions have, *the law of wit, and the liberty*; but both my old copies have, *the law of writ*, I believe rightly. *Writ*, for *writing, composition*. *Wit* was not, in our author's time, taken either for *imagination*, or *acuteness*, or *both together*, but for *understanding*, for the faculty by which we *apprehend* and *judge*. Those who wrote of the human mind, distinguished its primary powers into *wit* and *will*. Ascham distinguishes *boys* of tardy and of active faculties into *quick wits* and *slow wits*. JOHNSON.

[3] Why, *as by lot, God wot*—&c.] The old song from which these quotations are taken, I communicated to Dr. Percy, who has honoured it with a place in the second and third editions of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. In the books belonging to the Stationers' Company, there is a late entry of this Ballad among others. "*Jeffa Judge of Israel,*" p. 93. vol. iii. Dec. 14, 1624. STEEVENS.

[4] *the pious chanson*—] It is *pons chansons* in the first folio edition. The old ballads sung on bridges, and from thence called *Pons chansons*. Hamlet is here repeating ends of old songs. POPE.

first row of the pious chanson will shew you more; for look, where [5] my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, [6] by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God,

It is *pons chansons* in the quarto too. I know not whence the *rubric* has been brought, yet it has not the appearance of an arbitrary addition. The titles of old ballads were never printed red; but perhaps *rubric* may stand for *marginal explanation*. JOHNSON.

There are five large vols. of ballads in Mr. Pepys's collection in Magdalen college library, Cambridge, some as ancient as Henry VII's reign, and not one red letter upon any one of the titles. GRAY.

The first row of the RUBRIC *will*, &c.] The words, *of the rubric* were first inserted by Mr. Rowe, in his edition in 1709. The old quartos in 1604, 1605, and 1611, read *pious chanson*, which gives the sense wanted, and I have accordingly inserted it in the text. The *pious chansons* were a kind of *Christmas carols*, containing some scriptural history thrown into loose rhimes, and sung about the streets by the common people when they went at that season to solicit alms. Hamlet is here repeating some scraps from a song of this kind, and when Polonius enquires what follows them, he refers him to the *first row (i. e.* division) of one of these, to obtain the information he wanted. STEEVENS.

5 *——my abridgment*—]He calls the players afterwards, *the brief chronicles of the time*; but I think he now means only *those who will shorten my talk*. JOHNSON.

An *abridgement* is used for a dramatic piece in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

"Say what *abridgment* have you for this evening?"

but it does not commodiously apply to this passage. STEEVENS.

6 *—by the altitude of a chioppine.*] A *chioppine* is a high shoe worn by the Italians, as in Tho. Heywood's *Challenge of Beauty*, Act 5. Song.

The

God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, [7] be not crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't [8] like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight:

The Italian in her high *chopeene*,
Scotch lass and lovely froe too;
The Spanish Donna, French Madame,
He doth not feare to go to.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels:*

"I do wish myself one of my mistress's *Cioppini.*" Another demands, why would he be one of his mistress's *Cioppini?* a third answers, "because he would make her *higher.*"

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631: "I'm only taking instructions to make her a lower *Chopeene*; she finds fault that she's lifted too high."

Again, in Chapman's *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1631:

"—— and thou shalt
"Have *Chopines* at commandement to any height
"Of life thou canst wish." STEEVENS.

7 —*be not crack'd within the ring.*] That is, *crack'd too much for use.* This is said to a young player who acted the parts of women. JOHNSON.

I find the same phrase in *The Captain*, by B. and Fletcher:

"Come to be married to my lady's woman,
"After she's *crack'd in the ring.*"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady:*

"Light gold, and *crack'd within the ring.*"

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"— not a penny the worse
"For a little use, *whole within the ring.*

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "You will not let my oaths be *crack'd in the ring*, will you? STEEVENS.

8 —*like* friendly *falconers*—] Hanmer, who has much illustrated the allusions to falconry, reads, *like* French *falconers*. JOHNSON.

French falconers is not a correction by Hanmer, but the reading of the first folio.

The amusement of falconry was much cultivated in France. In *All's well that ends well*, Shakespear has introduced an *astringer* or falconer at the French court. Mr. Tollet, who has mentioned the same circumstance, likewise adds that it is said in *Sir Tho. Browne's Tracts*, p. 116. that "the *French* seem to have been the first and noblest falconers in the western part of Europe;" and, that the *French* king sent over his falconers to shew that sport to King James the first." See Weldon's *Court of King James.* STEEVENS.

Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play*. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas [9] caviare to the general: but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, [1] cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, [2] set down with as

[9] *Caviare to the general*:] *Caviare* is the spawn of sturgeon pickled, and is imported hither from Russia. Sir J. HAWKINS.

The *Caviare* is not the spawn of the *sturgeon*, but of the *sterlett*, a fish of the sturgeon kind, which seldom grows above thirty inches long. It is found in many of the rivers of Russia, but the Volga produces the best and in the greatest plenty.

See Bell's *Journey from Petersburgh to Ispahan*.

B. Jonson has ridiculed the introduction of these foreign delicacies in his *Cinthia's Revels*.—"He doth learn to eat Anchovies, Macaroni, Bovoli, Fagioli, and *Caviare*," &c.

Again, in the *Muses Looking Glass*, by Randolph, 1638:

"— the pleasure that I take in spending it,
"To feed on *Caviare* and eat anchovies."

Again, in the *White Devil*, 1612:

"—— one citizen
"Is lord of two fair manors that call'd you master,
"Only for *Caviare*."

Again, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:

"— a man can scarce eat good meat,
"Anchovies, *Caviare*, but he's satired."

Mr. Malone observes that lord Clarendon uses *the general* for *the people*, in the same manner. And so by undervaluing many particulars (which they truly esteemed) as rather to be consented to than that *the general* should suffer." B. 5. p. 530. STEEVENS.

[1] —*cried in the top of mine*—] *i. e.* whose judgment I had the highest opinion of. WARBURTON.

I think it means only that *were higher than mine*. JOHNSON.

Whose judgment, in such matters, was in much higher vogue than mine. REVISAL.

Perhaps it means only—whose judgment was more clamorously delivered than mine. We still say of a bawling actor, that he speaks *on the top of his voice*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*set down with as much* modesty—] *Modesty*, for *simplicity*. WARBURTON.

much

much modefty as cunning. I remember, one faid, there were no fallets[3] in the lines, to make the matter favoury; nor no matter in the phrafe, [4] that might indite the author of affection: [5] but call'd it, an honeft method; [as [6] wholefome as fweet, and by very much more handfome than fine.] One fpeech in it I chiefly lov'd: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it efpecially, where he fpeaks of Priam's flaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me fee, let me fee;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beaft,—

'tis not fo; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whofe fable arms,
Black as his purpofe, did the night refemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horfe,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion fmear'd

[3] — *there were no* fallets, &c.] Such is the reading of the old copies. I know not why the later editors continued to adopt the alteration of Mr. Pope, and read, no *falt*, &c.

Mr. *Pope's* alteration may indeed be in fome degree fupported by the following paffage in *Decker's Satiromaftix:* "—a prepar'd troop of gallants, who fhall diftafte every *unfalted* line in their fly-blown comedies." Though the other phrafe was ufed as late as in the year 1665, in a *Banquet of Jefts*, &c. "—for junkets, joci; and for curious *fallets*, fales." STEEVENS.

[4] — *that might* indite *the author*—] *Indite*, for *convict*. WARBURTON.

— *indite* the author of *affection:*] *i. e.* convict the author of being a fantaftical *affected* writer. Maria calls Malvolio an *affectioned* afs, *i. e.* an *affected* afs; and in *Love's Labour's Loft*, *Nathaniel* tells the Pedant, that his reafons "*have been witty without* affection."

Again, in the tranflation of *Caftiglione's Courtier*, by Hobby, 1556: "Among the chiefe conditions and qualityes in a waiting gentlewoman," is "to flee *affection* or curiofity." STEEVENS.

[5] — *but call'd it, an honeft method,*—] Hamlet is telling how much his judgment differed from that of others. *One faid, there was no falt in the lines*, &c. *but called it an honeft method.* The author probably gave it, *But I called it an honeft method*, &c. JOHNSON.

— *an honeft method,*—] *Honeft*, for *chafte*. WARBURTON.

[6] — *wholefome* &c.] This paffage was recovered from the quartos by Dr. Johnfon. STEEVENS.

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules [7]*; horridly trick'd*
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks:——So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play. Anon he finds him,*
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his swor
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon, the dreadful thunder

7 *Now is he total* gules;] *Gules* is a term in the barbarous jargon peculiar to heraldry, and signifies *red*. Shakespeare has it again in *Timon:*

"With man's blood paint the ground; *gules, gules.*"

Heywood, in his Second Part of the *Iron Age*, has made a verb from it:

"—old Hecuba's reverend locks
"Be *gul'd* in slaughter."— STEEVENS.

Doth

Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.——
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on; come to Hecuba.

1 *Play. But who, a woe! had seen* [8] *the mobled queen,—*

Ham. The mobled queen?

[8] —*the* mobled *queen*—] *Mobled* or *mabled* signifies *veiled.* So Sandys, speaking of the Turkish women, says, *their heads and faces are* mabled *in fine linen, that no more is to be seen of them than their eyes.* Travels. WARBURTON.

Mobled signifies *huddled, grossly covered.* JOHNSON.

The folio reads—the *inobled* queen; and in all probability it is the true reading. This pompous but unmeaning epithet might be introduced merely to make her Phrygian majesty appear more ridiculous in the following lines, where she is represented as wearing a clout on her head; or, *innobled* queen may however signify the queen *unnobled*, i. e. divested of her former dignities. Mr. Upton would read *mob-led* queen: *Magna comitante caterva.*

I am informed that *mab-led*, in Warwickshire (where it is pronounced mob-led) signifies *led astray by a will o' the wisp*, an *ignis fatuus.* STEEVENS.

"The *mobbled* queen."

I meet with this word in *Shirley's Gentleman of Venice,*

"The moon does *mobble* up herself." FARMER.

In the latter end of the reign of King Charles II. the rabble that attended the Earl of Shaftsbury's partizans was first called *mobile vulgus*, and afterwards, by contraction, the *mob*; and ever since, the word *mob* has become proper English. Consequently Mr. Upton's supposition must fall to the ground. TOLLET.

Pol.

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 *Play.* *Run bare-foot up and down, threat'ning the flames*
[9] *With biſſon rheum; a clout upon that head,*
Where late the diadem ſtood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw Pyrrhus make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſband's limbs;
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch [1] *the burning eyes of heaven,*
And paſſion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whe'r he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon.—Good my lord, will you ſee the players well beſtow'd? Do you hear, let them be well uſed; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Odd's bodikins, man, much better: Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? Uſe them after your own honour and dignity: The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

[9] *With* biſſon *rheum;*—] *Biſſon* or *beeſen*, i. e. blind. A word ſtill in uſe in ſome parts of the north of England.

So in *Coriolanus:* "What harm can your *biſſon* conſpectuities glean out of this character?" STEEVENS.

[1] —*made milch*—] Drayton in the 13th Song of his *Polyolbion* gives this epithet to dew. "Exhaling the *milch* dew, &c."

STEEVENS.

Pol.

Pol. Come, sirs. [*Exit Polonius.*

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord,

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.—My good friends, [*to Ros. and Guild.*] I'll leave you 'till night: you are welcome to Elsinour.

Ros. Good, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is is not monstrous, that this player here [2],
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, [3] all his visage warm'd;
Tears

[2] *Is it not monstrous, that this player here,*] It should seem from the complicated nature of such parts as Hamlet, Lear, &c. that the time of Shakespeare had produced many excellent performers. He would scarce have taken the pains to form characters which he had no prospect of seeing represented with force and propriety on the stage. STEEVENS.

[3] —*all his visage* warm'd;] This might do, did not the old quarto lead us to a more exact and pertinent reading, which is,

——— *visage* wan'd;

i. e. turn'd *pale* or *wan*. For so the visage appears when the mind is thus affectioned, and not *warm'd* or flush'd. WARBURTON.

The working of the soul, and the effort to shed tears, will give a colour to the actor's face, instead of taking it away. The visage is always *warm'd* and flush'd by any unusual exertion in a passionate speech; but no performer was ever yet found, I believe, whose feelings were of such exquisite sensibility as to produce paleness in any situation in which the drama could place him. But if players were indeed possessed of that power, there is no such

4 Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
5 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and 6 the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave 7 the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,

such circumstance in the speech uttered before Hamlet, as could introduce the *wanness* for which Dr. Warburton contends. STEEVENS.

4 "Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's *aspect*."] The word *aspect* (as Dr. Farmer very properly observes) was in Shakespeare's time accented on the second syllable. The folio exhibits the passage as I have printed it. STEEVENS.

5 *What's Hecuba to him*, &c.] The expression of Hamlet, *What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba*, is plainly an allusion to a passage in *Plutarch's Life of Pelopidas*, so exquisitely beautiful, and so pertinent, that I wonder it has never yet been taken notice of.

"And another time, being in a theatre where the tragedy of "*Troades of Euripides* was played, he [Alexander Pheræus] went "out of the theatre, and sent word to the players notwithstanding, that they should go on with their play, as if he had been "still among them; saying, that he came not away for any "misliking he had of them or of the play, but because he was "ashamed his people should see him weep, to see the miseries of "*Hecuba* and Andromache played, and that they never saw him "pity the death of any one man, of so many of his citizens as "he had caused to be slain." Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

This observation had been already made by Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

6 —*the cue for passion*.] The *hint*, the *direction*. JOHNSON.

7 —*the general ear*—] The ears of all mankind. So before, *Caviare to the* general, that is, to the *multitude*. JOHNSON.

Like

[8] Like John-a-dreams, [9] unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
[1] A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lye i'the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!

[8] Like *John-a-dreams*,—] Perhaps this name is corrupted. *John-a-droynes* seems to have been some well known character, as I have met with more than one allusion to him. So, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, by Nashe, 1596: "The description of that poor *John-a-droynes* his man, whom he had hired, &c." *John a Droynes* is likewise a foolish character in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, who is seized by informers, has not much to say in his defence, and is cheated out of his money. STEEVENS.

[9] —— unpregnant *of my cause*,] *Unpregnant*, for *having no due sense of*. WARBURTON.

Rather, *not quickened with a new desire of vengeance; not teeming with revenge*. JOHNSON.

[1] *A damn'd* defeat *was made*.—] *Defeat*, for *destruction*. WARBURTON.

Rather, *dispossession*. JOHNSON.

The word *defeat* is very licentiously used by the old writers. Shakespeare in another play employs it yet more quaintly.—"*Defeat* my favour with an usurped beard;" and Middleton, in his comedy called *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, says—"I have heard of your *defeat* made upon a mercer."

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"That he might meantime *make* a sure *defeat*
"On our aged father's life."

Again, in the *Wits*, by Sir W. *D'Avenant*, 1637: "—Not all the skill I have can pronounce him free of *the defeat upon* my gold and jewels."

Again, in the Isle of Gulls, 1633: "My late shipwreck has made a *defeat* both of my friends and treasure." STEEVENS.

Remorseless,

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, [2] kindless villain!
[3] Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion [4]!
Fie upon't! foh!
[5] About, my brains! Hum! I have heard,
[6] That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll [7] tent him to the quick; [8] if he do blench,
I know

[2] *—kindless—*] *Unnatural.* JOHNSON.

[3] *Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave,*] The folio reads,
"O vengeance!
"Who? what an ass am I? Sure this is most brave."
STEEVENS.

[4] A *scullion!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read, a *stallion.*
STEEVENS.

[5] *About, my brain!*] *Wits, to your work. Brain,* go *about* the present business. JOHNSON.

This expression occurs in the Second Part of the *Iron Age,* by *Heywood,* 632:
"*My brain about* again! for thou hast found
"New projects now to work on." STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *I've heard,*
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,] A number of these stories are collected together by Tho. Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication.* STEEVENS.

[7] *—tent him—*] Search his wounds. JOHNSON.

[8] *—if he but* blench,] If he *shrink,* or start.
The word is used by B. and Fletcher in the *Wild Goose Chace:*
"Your sister, sir? Do you *blench* at that?"—
Again, in *The Night-walker:*
"*Blench* at no danger, though it be the gallows."

Again,

I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
[9] More relative than this; The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you by no drift of conference [1]
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
Queen. Did he receive you well?

Again in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. vi. fol. 128:
"Without *blenchinge* of mine eie." STEEVENS.

[9] *More* relative *than this;*—] *Relative*, for *convictive*. WARBURTON.

Convictive is only the consequential sense. *Relative* is, *nearly related, closely connected.* JOHNSON.

[1] —*conference*] The folio reads, *circumstance*. STEEVENS.

Rof. Moft like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his difpofition.
Rof. [2] Niggard of queftion; but, of our demands,
Moft free in his reply.
Queen. Did you affay him
To any paftime?
Rof. Madam, it fo fell out, that certain players
We [3] o'er-raught on the way: of thefe we told him;
And there did feem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are here about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moft true:
And he befeech'd me to entreat your majefties,
To hear and fee the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him fo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpofe on to thefe delights.
Rof. We fhall, my lord. [*Exeunt Rof. and Guil.*
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have clofely fent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here

[2] Niggard *of queftion*; *but, of our demands,*
Moft free *in his reply.*] This is given as the defcription of the converfation of a man whom the fpeaker *found not forward to be founded*; and who *kept aloof* when they would *bring him to confeffion:* but fuch a defcription can never pafs but at crofs-purpofes. Shakefpeare certainly wrote it juft the other way:

Moft free *of queftion*; *but, of our demands,*
Niggard *in his reply.*

That this is the true reading, we need but turn back to the preceding fcene, for Hamlet's conduct, to be fatisfied. WARBURTON.

[3] —o'er-raught *on the way:*—] *Over-raught* is *over-reached*, that is, *over-took*. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenfer's *Faery Queen*, b. 6. c. 3:
"Having by chance a clofe advantage view'd,
"He *over-raught* him, &c." STEEVENS.

[4] Affront Ophelia.
Her father, and myfelf (lawful efpials [5])
Will fo beftow ourfelves, that, feeing, unfeen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he fuffers for.

Queen. I fhall obey you:——
And, for my part, Ophelia, I do wifh,
That your good beauties be the happy caufe
Of Hamlet's wildnefs; fo fhall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wifh it may. [*Exit Queen.*

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, fo pleafe you,
We will beftow ourfelves:——Read on this book; [*To Oph.*
That fhow of fuch an exercife may colour
Your lonelinefs.—[6] We are oft to blame in this,—
[7] 'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's vifage,
And pious action, we do fugar o'er
The devil himfelf.

King. O, 'tis too true! how fmart
A lafh that fpeech doth give my confcience! [*Afide.*

[4] Affront *Ophelia.*] To *affront*, is only *to meet directly*. JOHNSON. *Affrontare. Ital.* So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:
"*Affronting* that port where proud Charles fhould enter."
Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:
"In fufferance *affronts* the winter's rage." STEEVENS.

[5] — *efpials*] i. e. fpies. So in one of our author's hiftorical plays: —as he march'd along
By your *efpials* were difcovered
Two mightier troops.
The words—*lawful efpials*, are wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[6] *Your* lonelinefs.] Thus the folio. The firft and fecond quartos read *lowlinefs*. STEEVENS.

[7] *'Tis too much prov'd,*—] It is found by too frequent experience. JOHNSON.

The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with plast'ring art,
Is not [8] more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King, and Polonius.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. [9] To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer

The

[8] —*more ugly to the thing that* helps *it,*] That is, *compared with* the thing that helps it. JOHNSON.

[9] *To be, or not to be?*—] Of this celebrated soliloquy, which bursting from a man distracted with contrariety of desires, and overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own purposes, is connected rather in the speaker's mind, than on his tongue, I shall endeavour to discover the train, and to shew how one sentiment produces another.

Hamlet, knowing himself injured in the most enormous and atrocious degree, and seeing no means of redress, but such as must expose him to the extremity of hazard, meditates on his situation in this manner: *Before I can form any rational scheme of action under this pressure of distress*, it is necessary to decide, whether, *after our present state, we are* to be, or not to be. That is the question, which, as it shall be answered, will determine, *whether 'tis nobler*, and more suitable to the dignity of reason, *to suffer the outrages of fortune* patiently, or to take arms against *them*, and by opposing end them, *though perhaps* with the loss of life. If *to die*, were *to sleep, no more, and by a sleep to end* the miseries of our nature, such a sleep were *devoutly to be wished*; but if *to sleep* in death, be *to dream*, to retain our powers of sensibility, we must *pause* to consider, *in that sleep of death what dreams may come.* This consideration *makes calamity* so long endured; *for who would bear* the vexations of life, which might be ended *by a bare bodkin*, but that he is afraid of something in unknown futurity? This fear it is that gives efficacy to conscience, which, by turning the mind upon *this regard*, chills the ardour of *resolution*, checks the vigour of *enterprize*, and makes the *current* of desire stagnate in inactivity.

We may suppose that he would have applied these general observations to his own case, but that he discovered Ophelia.
JOHNSON.

I cannot but think that Dr. *Johnson's* explication of this passage, though excellent on the whole, is wrong in the outset.—He explains

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune [1];
[2] Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—[3] To die;—to sleep;—
No more?—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation

plains the words—*To be, or not to be*—"Whether after our present state, we are to be, or not;" whereas the obvious sense of them—*To live, or to put an end to my life*, seems clearly to be pointed out by the following words, which are manifestly a paraphrase on the foregoing—*Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer*, &c. *or to take arms*—The train of *Hamlet's* reasoning, which Dr. *Johnson* has so well explained, is sufficiently clear, which ever way the words are understood. MALONE.

[1] —arrows *of outrageous* fortune;] "Homines nos ut esse meminerimus, eâ lege natos, ut omnibus *telis fortunæ* proposita sit vita nostra." Cic. Epist. Fam. v. 16. STEEVENS.

[2] *Or to take arms against* a sea *of troubles*,] Without question Shakespeare wrote,

—*against* assail *of troubles*,

i. e. assault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Pope proposed *siege*. I know not why there should be so much solicitude about this metaphor. Shakespeare breaks his metaphors often, and in this desultory speech there was less need of preserving them. JOHNSON.

The change which Mr. Pope would recommend, may be justified from a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, scene the last:

You—to remove that *siege of grief* from her— STEEVENS.

Again, from another in *Timon:*

"—Not even nature
"To whom all sores *lay siege*."

The same metaphor is used by Marston, in the Second Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"Whom fretful galls of chance, stern fortune's *siege*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"She will not stay the *siege* of loving terms."

Again, in our author's 65th *Sonnet:*

"Or how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
"Against the wrackful *siege* of batt'ring days—" MALONE.

[3] —*To die,—to sleep,*—] This passage is ridiculed in the *Scornful Lady* of B. and Fletcher, as follows:

"—be deceas'd, that is, asleep, for so the word is taken.
"*To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep*; a very figure, sir." &c. &c.

STEEVENS.

Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die;—to ſleep;—
To ſleep! perchance, to dream;—Ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this [4] mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe: There's the reſpect,
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear [5] the whips and ſcorns of time,
The

[4] *— mortal* coil,] *i. e.* turmoil, buſtle. WARBURTON.

[5] *— the whips and ſcorns* of time,] The evils here complained of are not the product of time or duration ſimply, but of a corrupted age or manners. We may be ſure, then, that Shakeſpeare wrote:

— the whips and ſcorns of th' time.

And the deſcription of the evils of a corrupt age, which follows, confirms this emendation. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether the corruption of this paſſage is not more than the editor has ſuſpected. *Whips* and *ſcorns* have no great connexion with one other, or with *time: whips* and *ſcorns* are evils of very different magnitude, and though at all *times ſcorn* may be endured, yet the *times* that put men ordinarily in danger of *whips* are very rare. Falſtaff has ſaid, that the *courtiers would* whip *him with their fine wits*; but I know not that *whip* can be uſed for a *ſcoff* or *inſult*, unleſs its meaning be fixed by the whole expreſſion.

I am afraid leſt I ſhould venture too far in correcting this paſſage. If *whips* be retained, we may read,

For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of tyrants.

But I think that *quip*, a *ſneer*, a *ſarcaſm*, a *contemptuous* jeſt, is the proper word, as ſuiting very exactly with *ſcorn*. What then muſt be done with *time?* it ſuits no better with the new reading than with the old, and *tyrant* is an image too bulky and ſerious. I read, but not confidently:

For who would bear the quips *and ſcorns of* title.

It may be remarked, that Hamlet, in his enumeration of miſeries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior ſtations only are expoſed. JOHNSON.

I think we might venture to read the *whips and ſcorns o'th'* times, i. e. of times ſatirical as the age of Shakeſpeare, which probably furniſhed him with the idea.

In the reigns of Elizabeth and James (particularly in the former) there was more illiberal private abuſe and peeviſh ſatire publiſhed, than in any others I ever knew of, except the preſent one. I have many of theſe publications, which were almoſt all pointed at individuals.

Daniel,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, [6] the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself [7] might his quietus make

With

Daniel, in his *Musophilus*, 1599, has the same complaint:

" Do you not see these pamphlets, *libels*, rhimes,
" These strange confused tumults of the mind,
" Are grown to be the sickness *of these times*,
" The great disease inflicted on mankind?"

Whips and *scorns* are surely as inseparable companions, as public punishment and infamy.

Quips, the word which Dr. Johnson would introduce, is derived, by all etymologists, from *whips*.

Hamlet is introduced as reasoning on a question of general concernment. He therefore takes in all such evils as could befall mankind in general, without considering himself at present as a prince, or wishing to avail himself of the few exemptions which high place might once have claimed.

In part of K. James Ist's *Entertainment passing to his Coronation*, by Ben Jonson and Decker, is the following line, and note on that line;

" *And first account of years, of months*, OF TIME."

" By *time* we understand *the present*." This explanation affords the sense for which I have contended, and without alteration.

STEEVENS.

[6] — *of* despis'd *love*,] The folio reads—Of *disprized* love.

STEEVENS.

[7] —— might his *Quietus* make
With a bare *bodkin?*—] The first expression probably alluded to the writ of discharge, which was formerly granted to those barons and knights who personally attended the king on any foreign expedition. This discharge was called a *Quietus*.

It is at this time the term for the acquittance which every sheriff receives on settling his accounts at the exchequer.

The word is used for the discharge of an account, by Webster, in his *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

" You had the trick in audit time to be sick
" Till I had sign'd your *Quietus*."

Again,

" And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt
" (Being now my steward) here upon your lips
" I sign your *Quietus*."

A *bodkin* was, I believe, the ancient term for a *small dagger*. Gascoigne, speaking of *Julius Cæsar*, says,

 " At

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
[8] To groan and ſweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of ſomething after death,—
The undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns[9]— puzzles the will;

" At laſt with *bodkins*, dub'd and douſt to death
" All all his glory vaniſh'd with his breath."

In the margin of *Stowe's Chronicle*, edit. 1614, it is ſaid, that Cæſar was ſlain with *bodkins*; and in *The Muſes' Looking-glaſs*, by Randolph, 1638:

" *Apho.* A rapier's but a *bodkin.*
" *Deil.* And a *bodkin*
" Is a moſt dang'rous weapon; ſince I read
" Of Julius Cæſar's death, I durſt not venture
" Into a taylor's ſhop for fear of *bodkins*."

Again, in *The Cuſtom of the Country*, by B. and Fletcher:

" —— Out with your *bodkin*,
" Your pocket-dagger, your ſtilletto."—

Again, in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591: "— there will be a deſperate fray between two, made at all weapons, from the brown bill to the *bodkin*."

Again in *Chaucer*, as he is quoted at the end of a pamphlet called the *Serpent of Diviſion*, &c. *whereunto is annexed the Tragedy of Gorboduc*, &c. 1591:

" With *bodkins* was Cæſar Julius
" Murdered at Rome, of Brutus Craſſus." STEEVENS.

[8] *To groan and ſweat*—] All the old copies have, *to* grunt *and ſweat*. It is undoubtedly the true reading, but can ſcarcely be borne by modern ears. JOHNSON.

This word occurs in the *Death of Zoroas*, a fragment in blank verſe, printed at the end of *Lord Surry's Poems*:

" —— none the charge could give;
" Here *grunts*; here grones; echwhere ſtrong youth is ſpent."

And *Stanyhurſt* in his tranſlation of Virgil, 1582, for ſupremum *congemuit* gives us: "— for ſighing it *grunts*." STEEVENS.

[9] *That* undiſcover'd *country*, *from whoſe bourn*
No traveller *returns*—] This has been cavilled at by Lord Orrery and others, but without reaſon. The idea of a *traveller* in Shakeſpeare's time, was of a perſon who gave an account of his adventures. Every voyage was a *Diſcovery*. John Taylor has " *A Diſcovery* by ſea from London to Saliſbury." FARMER.

Again, Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1603:

" —— wreſtled with death,
" From whoſe ſtern cave none tracks a backward path."

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricoſum
Illuc unde negant redire quenquam. *Catullus.* STEEVENS.

And

And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſickly'd o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith [1] and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry [2],
And loſe the name of action.——Soft you, now!
[*Seeing Ophelia.*
The fair Ophelia?—[3] Nymph, in thy oriſons
Be all my ſins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

[1] —great *pith*] Thus the folio. The quartos read, of great *pitch*. STEEVENS.

[2] —turn *awry*,] Thus the quartos. The folio—turn *away*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*Nymph, in thy oriſons*, &c.] This is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the ſight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect, that he is to perſonate madneſs, but makes her an addreſs grave and ſolemn, ſuch as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

Oph. What means your lordſhip?

Ham. [4] That, if you be honeſt, and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into its likeneſs: this was ſome time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believ'd me: for virtue cannot ſo inoculate [5] our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it: I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelf indifferent honeſt; but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences [6] at my beck, than I have thoughts to put

[4] *That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.*] This is the reading of all the modern editions, and is copied from the quarto. The folio reads, your honeſty *ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.* The true reading ſeems to be this, *If you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit* your honeſty *to no diſcourſe with your beauty.* This is the ſenſe evidently required by the proceſs of the converſation. JOHNSON.

[5] —*inoculate*] This is the reading of the firſt folio. The firſt quarto reads *euocutat*; the ſecond, *euacuat*; and the third, *evacuate.* STEEVENS.

[6] —*at my beck,*—] That is, *always ready to come about me.*

With more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, *imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in.*] What is the meaning of *thoughts to put them in?* A word is dropt out. We ſhould read,

——*thoughts to put them in* name.

This was the progreſs. The offences are firſt conceived and named, then projected to be put in act, then executed.

WARBURTON.

To put a thing into thought, is *to think on it.* JOHNSON.

them

them in, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in: What ſhould ſuch fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Oph. O, help him, you ſweet heavens!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewel: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewel.

Oph. Heavenly powers, reſtore him!

Ham. [7] I have heard of your paintings too well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourſelves another: you jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and [8] make

[7] *I have heard of your* paintings *too, well enough,* &c.] This is according to the quarto; the folio, for *painting*, has *prattlings*, and for *face*, has *pace*, which agrees with what follows, *you jig, you amble*. Probably the author wrote both. I think the common reading beſt. JOHNSON.

I would continue to read, *paintings*, becauſe theſe deſtructive aids of beauty ſeem, in the time of Shakeſpeare, to have been general objects of ſatire. So, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

"No ſooner got the teens,
"But her own natural beauty ſhe diſdains;
"With oyls and broths moſt venomous and baſe
"She plaiſters over her well-favour'd face;
"And thoſe ſweet veins by nature rightly plac'd
"Wherewith ſhe ſeems that white ſkin to have lac'd,
"She ſoon doth alter; and with fading blue,
"Blanching her boſom, ſhe makes others new."

STEEVENS.

[8] - *make your wantonneſs your ignorance.*] You miſtake by *wanton* affectation, and pretend to miſtake by *ignorance*. JOHNSON.

your wantonneſs your ignorance: Go to; I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages: thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live; the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit Hamlet.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
[9] The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword;
The expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and [1] the mould of form,
The obſerv'd of all obſervers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies moſt deject [2] and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſic vows,
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled, out of tune [3] and harſh;
That unmatch'd form and feature [4] of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtaſy [5]: O, woe is me!

To

9 *The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword;*] The poet certainly meant to have placed his words thus:

The courtier's, ſcholar's, ſoldier's, eye, tongue, ſword;

otherwiſe the excellence of *tongue* is appropriated to the *ſoldier*, and the *ſcholar* wears the *ſword*. WARNER.

This regulation is needleſs. So, in *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*:

"Princes are the *glaſs*, the *ſchool*, the *book*,
"Where ſubjects eyes do *learn*, do *read*, do *look*."

And in *Quintilian*: "Multum agit ſexus, ætas, conditio; ut in *fœminis*, *ſenibus*, *pupillis*, *liberos*, *parentes*, *conjuges*, alligantibus."
FARMER.

1 —*the mould of form*,] The model by whom all endeavoured to form themſelves. JOHNSON.

2 —moſt *deject*] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"—What knight is that
"So paſſionately *deject*?" STEEVENS.

3 —out of *tune*] Thus the folio. The quarto—out of *time*.
STEEVENS.

4 —and *feature*] Thus the folio. The quartos read *ſtature*.
STEEVENS.

5 —with *ecſtaſy*.] The word *ecſtaſy* was anciently uſed to ſignify ſome degree of alienation of mind.

So G. Douglas, tranſlating—*ſtetit acri fixa dolore*;

"In *ecſtaſy* ſhe ſtood, and mad almaiſt."

So,

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger; Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To shew his grief; let her be round with him [6];
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

So, in *Macbeth:*
" ——— on the torture of the mind to lie
" In restless *ecstasy.*" STEEVENS.

[6] —*be* round *with him;*] To be *round* with a person, is to reprimand him with freedom. So, in *A Mad World my Masters,* by Middleton, 1640: " She's *round* with her i'faith." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Hall.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the players.

Ham. Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier ſpoke my lines. Nor do not ſaw the air too much with your hand, thus; but uſe all gently: for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it ſmoothneſs. O, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious perriwig-pated [7] fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of [8] the groundlings;

[7] —*perriwig*-pated] This is a ridicule on the quantity of falſe hair worn in Shakeſpeare's time, for wigs were not in common uſe till the reign of Charles II. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Julia* ſays—"I'll get me ſuch a colour'd *perriwig*."

Goff, who wrote ſeveral plays in the reign of James I. and was no mean ſcholar, has the following lines in his tragedy of the *Courageous Turk*, 1632: "—How now, you heavens,
"Grow you ſo proud you muſt needs put on curl'd locks,
"And clothe yourſelves in *perriwigs* of fire?"

Players, however, ſeem to have worn them moſt generally. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "—as none wear hoods but monks and ladies; and feathers but fore-horſes, &c;—none *perriwigs* but *players* and pictures. STEEVENS.

[8] —*the groundlings*;—] The meaner people then ſeem to have ſat below, as they now ſit in the upper gallery, who, not well underſtanding poetical language, were ſometimes gratified by a mimical and mute repreſentation of the drama, previous to the dialogue. JOHNSON.

Before each act of the tragedy of *Jocaſta*, tranſlated from *Euripides*, by Geo. Gaſcoigne and Fra. Kinwelmerſh, the order of theſe dumb ſhews is very minutely deſcribed. This play was preſented at Gray's Inn by them in 1566. The mute exhibitions included in it are chiefly emblematical, nor do they diſplay a

lings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but [9] inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I

picture of one single scene which is afterwards performed on the stage. In some other pieces I have observed, that they serve to introduce such circumstances as the limits of a play would not admit to be represented.

Thus in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

" —*Let me now*
" *Intreat your worthy patience to contain*
" *Much in imagination; and, what words*
" *Cannot have time to utter, let your eyes,*
" *Out of this* DUMB SHOW, *tell your memories.*"

In short, dumb shews sometimes supplied deficiencies, and, at others, filled up the space of time which was necessary to pass while business was supposed to be transacted in foreign parts. With this method of preserving one of the unities, our ancestors appear to have been satisfied. Ben Jonson mentions the *groundlings* with equal contempt. " The understanding gentlemen of the *ground* " here."

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, 1609:—" a rude barbarous crew that have no brains, and yet *grounded* judgments; they will hiss any thing that mounts above their *grounded* capacities."

Again, in *Lady Alimony*, 1659: " Be your stage-curtains artificially drawn, and so covertly shrowded that the squint-ey'd *groundling* may not peep in?" In our early play-houses the pit had neither floor nor benches. Hence the term of *groundlings* for those who frequented it.

The *groundling*, in its primitive signification, means a fish which always keeps at the bottom of the water. STEEVENS.

9 —*inexplicable dumb shews,*] I believe the meaning is, *shews, without words to explain them.* JOHNSON.

Rather, I believe, shews which are too confusedly conducted to explain themselves.

I meet with one of these in Heywood's play of the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632, where the *Presenter* says,

" I must entreat your patience to forbear
" While we do feast your eye and starve your ear.
" For in *dumb shews*, which were they writ at large
" Would ask a long and tedious circumstance,
" Their infant fortunes I will soon express:" &c.

Then follow the *dumb shews*, which well deserve the character Hamlet has already given of this species of entertainment, as may be seen from the following passage: " Enter Tancred, with Bella Franca richly attired, she *somewhat affecting him*, though she *makes no shew of it.*" Surely this may be called an *inexplicable dumb shew.*" STEEVENS.

would

would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing [1] Termagant; it out-herods Herod [2]: Pray you, avoid it.

1 Play.

[1] —*Termagant*;—] *Termagant* was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. PERCY.

Termagant is mentioned by Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*, and by Chaucer in *The Tale of Sir Topas*; and by B. and Fletcher in *King or no King*, as follows:

" This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier
" like *Termagant*."

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" — swears, God bless us,
" Like a very *Termagant*."

Again, in *The Picture*, by Massinger:

" — a hundred thousand Turks
" Assail'd him, every one a *Termagaunt*." STEEVENS.

[2] —*out-herods Herod*:] The character of *Herod* in the ancient mysteries was always a violent one:

See the *Coventriæ Ludus* among the Cotton MSS. Vespasian D. VIII.

" Now I regne lyk a kyng arayd ful rych,
" Rollyd in ryngs and robys of array,
" Dukys with dentys I dryve into the dych;
" My dedys be ful dowty demyd be day."

Again, in the *Chester Whitsun Plays*, MS. Harl. 1013:

" I kynge of kynges non soe keene,
" I sovraigne sir as well is seene,
" I tyrant that maye bouth take and teene
" Castell tower and towne.

" I welde this worlde withouten were,
" I beate all those unbuxome beene;
" I drive the devills alby dene
" Deepe in hell a downe.

" For I am kinge of all mankinde,
" I byd, I beate, I lose, I bynde,
" I master the moone, take this in mynde
" That I am most of mighte.

" I ame the greatest above degree
" That is, that was, or ever shall be;
" The sonne it dare not shine on me,
" And I byd him goe downe.

" No raine to fall shall now be free,
" Nor no lorde have that liberty
" That dare abyde and I byd fleey,
" But I shall crake his crowne."

See the *Vintner's Play*, p. 67.

Chaucer

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: For any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very [3] age and body of the time his form and [4] pressure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players [5], that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—[6] not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent

Chaucer describing a parish clerk, in his *Miller's Tale*, says,

"He playith *Herode* on a skaffold high."

The parish clerks and other subordinate ecclesiasticks appear to have been our first actors, and to have represented their characters on distinct pulpits or *scaffolds*. Thus, in one of the stage-directions to the 27th pageant in the Coventry collection already mentioned; "What tyme that processyon is entered into y^t^ place, and the Herowdys takyn his *schaffalde*, and Annas and Cayphas their *schaffaldys*, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] —age *and* body *of the* time,—] The *age* of the *time* can hardly pass. May we not read, the *face* and *body*, or did the author write, the *page*? The *page* suits well with *form* and *pressure*, but ill with *body*. JOHNSON.

To exhibit the *form and pressure* of the *age* of the *time*, is, to represent the manners of the time suitable to the period that is treated of, according as it may be ancient, or modern. STEEVENS.

[4] —*pressure*—] Resemblance, as in a *print*. JOHNSON.

[5] —*O, there be players*] I would read thus: "There be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak profanely) that neither having the accent nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor *Musulman*, have so strutted and bellowed, that I thought some of nature's journeymen had made *the men*, and not made them well, &c." FARMER.

[6] —*(not to speak it profanely)*—] *Profanely* seems to relate, not to the praise which he has mentioned, but to the censure which he

accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them [7]: For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

he is about to utter. Any gross or indelicate language was called *profane.* JOHNSON.

[7] —*speak no more than is set down for them.*] So, in *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

"—you, sir, are incorrigible, and
"Take licence to yourself to add unto
"Your parts, your own free fancy, &c."
—"That is a way, my lord, has been allow'd
"On elder stages, to move mirth and laughter."
—"Yes, in the days of *Tarlton*, and of *Kempe*,
"Before the stage was purg'd from barbarism, &c."

Stowe informs us (p. 697, edit. 1615), that among the twelve players who were sworn the queen's servants in 1583, "were two rare men, viz. Thomas Wilson, for a quicke delicate refined *extemporall witte*; and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous plentifull, pleasant *extemporall witt*, &c."

Again, in *Tarlton's Newes from Purgatory*: "—I absented myself from all plaies, as wanting that merrye Roscius of plaiers that famosed all comedies so with his pleasant and *extemporall invention.*" STEEVENS.

Pol.

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—[*Exit Polonius.*
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and cloath thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook [8] the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since [9] my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish [1], her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those,
[2] Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,

[8] —*the pregnant hinges of the knee,*] I believe the sense of *pregnant* in this place is, *quick, ready, prompt.* JOHNSON.

[9] —*my* dear *soul*—] Perhaps, my *clear* soul. JOHNSON.

Dear soul is an expression equivalent to the φίλα γύναια, φίλον ἦτορ, of Homer. STEEVENS.

[1] *And could of men distinguish, her election*
Hath seal'd thee for herself:] Thus the folio. The quarto thus:

And could of men distinguish her election,
Sh' hath seal'd thee, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *Whose blood and judgment*—] According to the doctrine of the four humours, *desire* and *confidence* were seated in the blood, and *judgment* in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character. JOHNSON.

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To found what ftop fhe pleafe: Give me that man
That is not paffion's flave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One fcene of it comes near the circumftance
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou fee'ft that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy foul
Obferve my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itfelf unkennel in one fpeech,
It is a damned ghoft that we have feen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As [5] Vulcan's ftithy: Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In cenfure of his feeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he fteal aught, the whilft this play is playing,
And fcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I muft be idle:
Get you a place.

Danifh march. A flourifh.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rofencrantz, Guildenftern, and others.

King. How fares our coufin Hamlet?

[5] —*Vulcan's* ftithy.—] *Stithy* is a fmith's *anvil.* JOHNSON.
So, in *Troilus and Creffida*:
Now by the *forge* that *ftithied* Mars's helm.
So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:—"determined to ftrike on the *ftith* while the iron was hot."
Again, in Chaucer's celebrated defcription of the *Temple of Mars*, late edit. ver. 2028:
"—the fmith
"That forgeth fharpe fwerdes on his *ftith*." STEEVENS.

Ham.

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: You cannot feed capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, Hamlet; theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, [4] nor mine now.—My lord, you play'd once i' the univerſity, you ſay? *To Polonius.*

Pol. That did I, my lord: and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæſar: I was kill'd i' the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him [5], to kill ſo capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Roſ. Ay, my lord; [6] they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the king.*

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet* [7].

[4] *— nor mine now.*] A man's words, ſays the proverb, are his own no longer than he keeps them unſpoken. JOHNSON.

[5] *—It was a* brute part *of him,—*] Sir John Harrington, in his *Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596, has the ſame quibble: "O brave-minded *Brutus!* but this I muſt truly ſay, they were two *brutiſh parts* both of him and you; one to kill his ſons for treaſon, the other to kill his father in treaſon." STEEVENS.

[6] *— they ſtay upon your patience.*] May it not be read more intelligibly, *They ſtay upon your* pleaſure. In *Macbeth* it is:

"Noble Macbeth, we ſtay upon your *leiſure.*" JOHNSON.

[7] *—at Ophelia's feet.*] To lie at the feet of a miſtreſs during any dramatic repreſentation, ſeems to have been a common act of gallantry. So, in the *Queen of Corinth*, by B. and Fletcher:

"Uſhers her to her coach, *lies at her feet*
"*At ſolemn maſques*, applauding what ſhe laughs at."

Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Greene Knight's farewell to Fancie*:

"To *lie along in ladies lappes*, &c."

This faſhion which Shakeſpeare probably deſigned to ridicule by appropriating it to Hamlet during his diſſembled madneſs, is likewiſe expoſed by Decker, in his *Guls Hornbook*, 1609. See an extract from it among the prefaces. STEEVENS.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap [8]?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. [9] Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker [1]. What ſhould a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within theſe two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? [2] Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of ſables. O heavens! die

[8] *I mean*, &c.] This ſpeech and *Ophelia's* reply to it, are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[9] *Do you think I meant country* matters?] I think we muſt read, *Do you think I meant country* manners? Do you imagine that I meant to ſit in your lap, with ſuch rough gallantry as clowns uſe to their laſſes? JOHNSON.

[1] —*your only* jig-maker.] There may have been ſome humour in this paſſage, the force of which is now diminiſhed:

" —— many gentlemen
" Are not, as in the days of underſtanding,
" Now ſatisfied without a *jig*, which ſince
" They cannot, with their honour, call for after
" The play, they look to be ſerv'd up in the middle."

Changes, or *Love in a Maze*, by *Shirley*, 1632.

In the *Hog has loſt his Pearl*, 1614, one of the players comes to ſolicit a gentleman to *write* a *jig* for him. A *jig* was not in Shakeſpeare's time a dance, but a ludicrous dialogue in metre, and of the loweſt kind, like *Hamlet's* converſation with *Ophelia*. Many of theſe jiggs are entered in the books of the Stationers' Company:—" Philips his *Jigg* of the ſlyppers, 1595. Kempe's *Jigg* of the Kitchen-ſtuff-woman, 1595." STEEVENS.

[2] —*Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of ſables.*—]The conceit of theſe words is not taken. They are an ironical

die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he muſt build churches then: or elſe ſhall he ſuffer [3] not thinking on,

ironical apology for his mother's cheerful looks: two months was long enough in conſcience to make any dead huſband forgotten. But the editors, in their nonſenſical blunder, have made Hamlet ſay juſt the contrary. That the devil and he would both go into mourning, though his mother did not. The true reading is this, *Nay, then let the devil wear black, 'fore I'll have a ſuit of ſable. 'Fore*, i. e. before. As much as to ſay, Let the devil wear black for me, I'll have none. The *Oxford Editor* deſpiſes an emendation ſo eaſy, and reads it thus, *Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of* ermine. And you could expect no leſs, when ſuch a critic had the dreſſing of him. But the blunder was a pleaſant one. The ſenſeleſs editors had wrote *ſables*, the fur ſo called, for *ſable*, black. And the critic only changed this fur for that; by a like figure, the common people ſay, *You rejoice the cockles of my heart*, for *the muſcles of my heart*; an unlucky miſtake of one ſhell-fiſh for another. WARBURTON.

I know not why our editors ſhould, with ſuch implacable anger, perſecute their predeceſſors. Οἱ νεκροὶ μὴ δάκνουσιν, the dead, it is true, can make no reſiſtance, they may be attacked with great ſecurity; but ſince they can neither feel nor mend, the ſafety of mauling them ſeems greater than the pleaſure; nor perhaps would it much miſbeſeem us to remember, amidſt our triumphs over the *nonſenſical* and the *ſenſeleſs*, that we likewiſe are men; that *debemur morti*, and, as Swift obſerved to Burnet, ſhall ſoon be among the dead ourſelves.

I cannot find how the common reading is nonſenſe, nor why Hamlet, when he laid aſide his dreſs of mourning, in a country where it was *bitter cold*, and the air was *nipping and eager*, ſhould not have a *ſuit of ſables*. I ſuppoſe it is well enough known, that the fur of ſables is not black. JOHNSON.

A *ſuit of ſables* was the richeſt dreſs that could be worn in Denmark. STEEVENS.

Here again is an equivoque. In *Maſſinger's Old Law*, we have

——" A cunning grief,
" That's only faced with *ſables* for a ſhow,
" But gawdy-hearted."— FARMER.

[3] —*ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe*;—] Amongſt the country may-games there was an hobby-horſe, which, when the puritanical humour of thoſe times oppoſed and diſcredited theſe games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an inſtance

 of

on, with the hobby horse; whose epitaph, is *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb shew follows.

Enter a king and queen 4, *very lovingly; the queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes shew of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The queen returns; finds the king dead, and makes*

of the ridiculous zeal of the sectaries: from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. WARBURTON.

— *O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*] In *Love's Labour's Lost*, this line is also introduced. In a small black letter book, intitled, *Playes Confuted*, by Stephen Gosson, I find the *hobby-horse* enumerated in the list of dances. "For the devil (says this author) "beeside the beautie of the houses, and the stages, sendeth in "gearish apparell, maskes, vauting, tumbling, dauncing of gigges, "galiardes, morisces, *hobbi-horses*," &c. and in Green's *Tu quoque*, 1599 the same expression occurs:

"The other *hobby-horse*, I perceive, is not forgotten."

In TEXNOΓAMIA, or *The Marriage of the Arts*, 1618, is the following stage-direction.

"Enter a *hobby-horse*, dancing the morrice," &c.

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Women Pleased:*

Soto: "Shall the *hobby-horse* be forgot then,
"The hopeful *hobby-horse*, shall he lie founder'd?"

The scene, in which this passage is, will very amply confirm all that Dr. Warburton has said concerning the *hobby-horse*.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Entertainment for the Queen and Prince at Althorpe:*

"But see, *the hobby-horse* is forgot.
"Fool, it must be your lot,
"To supply his want with faces,
"And some other buffoon graces."

See figure 5 in the plate at the end of the First Part of *King Henry* IV, with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

4 *Enter*, &c.] In our former edition several notes on this passage were assembled; but being all founded on a mistaken reading, they are now omitted. STEEVENS.

passionate

passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling a while, but in the end, accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. [5] Marry, this is miching malicho; it means mischief.

Oph.

[5] *Marry, this is miching* malicho; *it means mischief*] The *Oxford Editor*, imagining that the speaker had here englished his own cant phrase of *miching malicho*, tells us (by his glossary) that it signifies *mischief lying hid*, and that *malicho* is the Spanish *malhcco*; whereas it signifies, *Lying in wait for the poisoner*. Which, the speaker tells us, was the very purpose of this representation. It should therefore be read *malhechor* Spanish, the *poisoner*. So *mich* signified, originally, to keep hid and out of sight; and, as such men generally did it for the purposes of *lying in wait*, it then signified to rob. And in this sense Shakespeare uses the noun, a *micher*, when speaking of prince Henry amongst a gang of robbers. *Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a* micher? *Shall the son of* England *prove a* thief? And in this sense it is used by Chaucer, in his translation of *Le Roman de la Rose*, where he turns the word *lierre* (which is *larron, voleur*) by *micher*. WARBURTON.

I think Hanmer's exposition most likely to be right. Dr. Warburton, to justify his interpretation, must write, *miching* for *malechor*, and even then it will be harsh. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is right in his explanation of the word *miching*. So, in the *Raging Turk*, 1631:

"—— wilt thou, envious dotard,
"Strangle my greatness in a *miching* hole?"

Again, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

"— wherefore thus vainely in land Lybye *mitche* you?"

The quarto reads—*munching* mallico. STEEVENS.

Miching, secret, covered, lying hid. In this sense Chapman, our author's cotemporary, uses the world in *The Widow's Tears*, *Dods. Old Pl.* vol. iv. p. 291. Lysander, to try his wife's fidelity, elopes from her: his friends report that he is dead, and make a mock funeral for him: his wife, to shew excessive sorrow for the loss of her husband, shuts herself up in his monument; to which he comes in disguise, and obtains her love, notwithstanding he had assured her in the mean time, that he was the man who murdered her husband. On which he exclaims,

—Out

Oph. Belike, this ſhow imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this ſhew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhew that you'll ſhew him: Be not you aſham'd to ſhew [6], he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poſy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

——— Out upon the monſter!
Go tell the governour, let me be brought
To die for that moſt famous villany;
Not for this *miching* baſe tranſgreſſion
Of truant negligence.——

And again, p. 301.

—— My truant
Was *micht*, ſir, into a blind corner of the tomb.

In this very ſenſe it occurs in the *Philaſter* of Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. i. p. 142. "A raſcal *miching* in a meadow." That is, as the ingenious editors (who have happily ſubſtituted *mitching* for *milking)* remark, "A lean deer, creeping, ſolitary, and with-" drawn from the herd." WARTON.

6 — *Be not you aſham'd to ſhew*, &c.] The converſation of Hamlet with Ophelia, which cannot fail to diſguſt every modern reader, is probably ſuch as was peculiar to the young and faſhionable of the age of Shakeſpeare, which was, by no means, an age of delicacy. The poet is, however, blameable; for extravagance of thought, not indecency of expreſſion, is the characteriſtic of madneſs, at leaſt of ſuch madneſs as ſhould be repreſented on the ſcene. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a King, and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart [7] gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrowed [8] ſheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in moſt ſacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the ſun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you. Yet, though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my lord, it nothing muſt:
For women fear too much, [9] even as they love.
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither ought, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
[1] And as my love is ſiz'd, my fear is ſo.

[7] *— cart*] A chariot was anciently ſo called. Thus Chaucer in the *Knight's Tale*, late edit. ver. 2024:

The *carter* overridden with his *cart.* STEEVENS.

[8] *—ſheen*] Splendor, luſtre. JOHNSON.

[9] *— even as they love.*] Here ſeems to be a line loſt, which ſhould have rhymed to *love.* JOHNSON.

This line is omitted in the folios. Perhaps a triplet was deſigned, and then inſtead of love, we ſhould read, *luſt.* The folio gives the next line thus:

"*For* women's fear and love *holds* quantity." STEEVENS.

[1] *And as my love is* fix'd, *my fear is ſo.*] Mr. Pope ſays, I read *ſiz'd*; and, indeed, I do ſo; becauſe, I obſerve, the quarto of 1605 reads, *ciz'd*; that of 1611, *cizſt*; the folio in 1632, *ſiz*; and that in 1623, *ſiz'd*; and becauſe, beſides, the whole tenor of the context demands this reading: for the lady evidently is talking here of the quantity and proportion of her love and fear; not of their continuance, duration, or ſtability. Cleopatra expreſſes herſelf much in the ſame manner, with regard to her grief for the loſs of Antony:

——— *our* ſize *of ſorrow,*
Proportion'd *to our* cauſe, *muſt be as* great
As that *which makes it.* THEOBALD.

Where

Where love is great[2], the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers[3] their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou——
P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.
Ham. That's wormwood.
P. Queen. [4] The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak;
But, what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves[5] what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

[2] *Where love, &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[3] — operant *powers*] *Operant* is active. Shakespeare gives it in *Timon* as an epithet to *poison*. Heywood has likewise used it in his *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, 1637:

" — may my *operant* parts
" Each one forget their office!"

The word is now obsolete. STEEVENS.

[4] *The instances,—*] The *motives*. JOHNSON.

[5] —*what to ourselves is debt:*] The performance of a resolution, in which only the *resolver* is interested, is a debt only to himself, which he may therefore remit at pleasure. JOHNSON.

[6] The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!
Sport, and repose, lock from me, day, and night!
To desperation [7] turn my trust and hope!
[8] An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!

Each

[6] *The violence of either grief or joy,*
Their own enactures *with themselves destroy:*] What grief or joy *enact* or determine in their violence, is revoked in their abatement. *Enactures* is the word in the quarto; all the modern editions have *enactors*. JOHNSON.

[7] *To desperation*, &c.] This and the following line are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[8] *An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!*] May my whole liberty and enjoyment be to live on hermit's fare in a prison. *Anchor* is for *anchoret*. JOHNSON.

This abbreviation of the word *anchoret* is very ancient. I find it in the Romance of *Robert the Devil*, printed by *Wynkyn de Worde*: "We have robbed and killed nonnes, holy *aunkers*, preestes, clerkes, &c." Again, "the foxe will be an *aunker* for he begynneth to preche."

Again,

Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,—— [*To Oph.*

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance betwixt us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap[9]. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, [1] Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the gall'd jade wince[2], our withers are unwrung.—

Again, in The *Vision of Pierce Plowman*:
"As *ankers* and hermits that hold hem in her selles."
This and the foregoing line are not in the folio. I believe we should read—anchor's *chair*. So, in the second Satire of Hall's fourth book edit. 1602, p. 18:
"*Sit* seven yeares pining in an *anchore's cheyre*
"To win some parched shreds of minevere." STEEVENS.

[9] *The mouse-trap.*] He calls it the *mouse-trap*, because it is —— the thing
In which he'll *catch* the conscience of the king.
STEEVENS.

[1] *Baptista* is, I think, in Italian, the name always of a man.

[2] *Let the gall'd jade wince*, &c.] This is a proverbial saying. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:
"I know the *gall'd horse* will soonest *wince*." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

[3] *Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. [4] Still better, and worse.

Ham. [5] So you mistake your husbands.

Begin, murderer.——Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come—The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

[3] Ham. *I could interpret*, &c.] This refers to the interpreter, who formerly sat on the stage at all *motions* or *puppet-shews*, and interpreted to the audience.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Oh excellent *motion!* oh exceeding *puppet!*
"Now will he *interpret* for her."

Again, in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1621: "—— It was I that penn'd the moral of man's wit, the dialogue of Dives, and for seven years' space was absolute *interpreter of the puppets.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Still better, and worse.*] i. e. better in regard to the wit of your *double entendre*, but worse in respect of the grossness of your meaning. STEEVENS.

[5] *So you* mistake *your husbands.*] Read, *So you* must take *your husbands*; that is, *for better, for worse.* JOHNSON.

Theobald proposed the same reading in his *Shakespeare Restored*, however he lost it afterwards. STEEVENS.

"So you *mistake* your husbands."

I believe this to be right: the word is sometimes used in this ludicrous manner. "Your true trick, rascal (says Ursula in *Bartholomew Fair)* must be to be ever busie, and *mistake* away the bottles and cans, before they be half drunk off." FARMER.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Augurs:* "—To *mistake* six torches from the chandry, and give them one."

Again, in the *Elder Brother* of Fletcher:

"I fear he will persuade me to *mistake* him." STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is—you do amiss for yourselves to take husbands for the worse. You should take them only for the better. TOLLET.

Luc.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and
time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic, and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into his ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire [6]!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights [7]!

[*Exeunt All but Hamlet, and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me [8]) with two Provencial

[6] *What! frighted with false fire!*] This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[7] *Lights, lights, lights!*] The quartos give this speech to *Polonius*. STEEVENS.

[8] — turn Turk *with me*] This expression has occurred already in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and I have met with it in several old comedies. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599: "This it is to *turn Turk*, from an absolute and most compleat gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover." It means, I believe, no more than to change condition fantastically. Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"— 'tis damnation,
"If you *turn Turk* again."

Perhaps the phrase had its rise from some popular story like that of *Ward* and *Dansiker*, the two famous pirates; an account of whose

Provencial roses [9] on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in [1] a cry of players, sir?

Hor.

whose overthrow was published by A. Barker 1609; and, in 1612, a play was written on the same subject called *A Christian turn'd Turk*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Provincial roses*] Why *provincial* roses? Undoubtedly we should read *Provencial*, or (with the French ç) *Provençal*. He means roses of *Provence*, a beautiful species of rose, and formerly much cultivated. WARTON.

—— *with two* provincial *roses on my* rayed *shoes*,] When shoe-strings were worn, they were covered, where they met in the middle, by a ribband, gathered into the form of a rose. So, in an old song:

" Gil-de-Roy was a bonny boy,
" Had *roses* tull his *shoon*."

Rayed shoes, are shoes *braided* in lines. JOHNSON.

These *roses* are often mentioned by our ancient dramatic writers. So, in the *Devil's Law-case*, 1623:

" With over-blown *roses* to hide your gouty ancles."

Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611: " —— many handsome legs in silk stockings have villainous splay feet, for all their great *roses*."

The reading of the quartos is *raz'd shoes*; that of the folio *rac'd shoes*. Probably the poet wrote *raised shoes*, i. e. shoes with *high heels*; such as by adding to the stature, are supposed to increase the dignity of the player. In Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses* 1595, there is a chapter on the *corked shoes* in England, " which (he says) beare them up two inches or more from the ground, &c. some of red, blacke, &c. *razed*, carved, cut, and stitched, &c."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. 9. ch. 47:

" Then wore they shoes of ease, now of an inch-broad, *corked high*."

Stowe's Chronicle, anno 1353, mentions women's hoods *reyed* or striped. *Raie* is the French word for a stripe. Johnson's *Collection of Ecclesiastical Laws* informs us, under the years 1222 and 1353, that

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[1] —*a* cry *of players*,] Allusion to a pack of hounds. WARBURTON.

A *pack* of hounds was once called a *cry* of hounds. So, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— and well have halloo'd
" To a deep *cry* of hounds."

Again, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

" —— a *cry* more tunable
" Was never halloo'd to or cheer'd with horn."

Milton, likewise, has — " A *cry* of hell-hounds—" STEEVENS.

Hor. Half a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou doſt know, [2] O Damon dear,
This realm diſmantled was
Of Jove himſelf; and now reigns here
[3] A very, very—peacock.

Hor.

that in diſobedience of the canon, the clergy's ſhoes were *chequered* with red and green, exceeding long, and variouſly pinked.

The reading of the quartos may likewiſe be ſupported. *Bulwer*, in his *Artificial Changeling*, ſpeaks of gallants who pink and *raze* their ſatten damaſk, and Duretto ſkins. To *raze* and to *race*, alike ſignify *to ſtreak*. See Minſhew's Dict. The word is uſed in the ſame ſignification in Markham's *Country Farm*. p. 585. "—baking all (i. e. wafer cakes) together between two irons, having within them many *raced* and checkered draughts after the manner of ſmall ſquares." It ſhould be remembered that *ray'd* is the conjecture of Mr. *Pope*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*O* Damon *dear*,] Hamlet calls Horatio by this name, in alluſion to the celebrated friendſhip between *Damon* and *Pythias*. A play on this ſubject was written by Rich. Edwards, and publiſhed in 1582. STEEVENS.

[3] *A very, very——peacock.*] This alludes to a fable of the birds chooſing a king, inſtead of the eagle, a peacock. POPE.

The old copies have it *paiock*, *paicocke*, and *pajocke*. I ſubſtitute *paddock*, as neareſt to the traces of the corrupted reading. I have, as Mr. Pope ſays, been willing to ſubſtitute any thing in the place of his *peacock*. He thinks a fable alluded to, of the birds chooſing a king; inſtead of the *eagle*, a *peacock*. I ſuppoſe, he muſt mean the fable of Barlandus, in which it is ſaid, the birds, being weary of their ſtate of anarchy, moved for the ſetting up of a king; and the *peacock* was elected on account of his gay feathers. But, with ſubmiſſion, in this paſſage of our Shakeſpeare, there is not the leaſt mention made of the *eagle* in antitheſis to the *peacock*; and it muſt be by a very uncommon figure, that Jove himſelf ſtands in the place of his *bird*. I think, Hamlet is ſetting his father's and uncle's characters in contraſt to each other: and means to ſay, that by his father's death the ſtate was ſtripp'd of a godlike monarch, and that now in his ſtead reign'd the moſt deſpicable poiſonous animal that could be; a mere *paddock*, or *toad*. *PAD*, *bufo*, *rubeta major*; a toad. This word, I take to be of Hamlet's own ſubſtituting. The verſes, repeated, ſeem to be from ſome old ballad; in which, rhyme being neceſſary, I doubt not but the laſt verſe ran thus:

A very, very——aſs. THEOBALD.

A peacock

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.—
For if the king like not the comedy,
4 Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy 5.—

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvelous distemper'd.

Ham. 6 With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him

A peacock seems proverbial for a fool. Thus *Gascoigne* in his *Weeds:*

"A theefe, a cowarde, and a *peacocke* foole." FARMER.

I believe *paddock* to be the true reading. In the last scene of this act, Hamlet, speaking of the king, uses the same expression:

"Would from a *paddock*, from a bat, a gib,
"Such dear concernments hide?" MALONE.

4 *Why, then, belike*—] Hamlet was going on to draw the consequence, when the courtiers entered. JOHNSON.

5 —*he likes it not*, perdy.] *Perdy* is a corruption of *par Dieu*, and is not uncommon in the old plays. So, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

"In that, you Palmer, as deputie,
"May clerly discharge him *pardie*." STEEVENS.

6 *With drink, sir?*] Hamlet takes particular care that his uncle's love of drink shall not be forgotten. JOHNSON.

to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:——pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer; my wit's diseas'd: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any [7] further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still [8], by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

[7] —*further trade*—] Further business; further dealing. JOHNSON.

[8] —*by these pickers*, &c.] By these hands. JOHNSON.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himſelf for your ſucceſſion in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, ſir, but *While the graſs grows*,—the proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders [9].

O, the recorders:—let me ſee one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. [1] O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

[9] —*Recorders.*] i. e. a kind of flute. In *The Antipodes*, a comedy, by Brome, 1638, is "A ſolemn leſſon upon the *recorders*."

Again, in *Sidney's Arcadia*: "—the other ſhepherds pulling out *recorders*, which poſſeſs'd the place of pipes, &c"

Again, in the old enterlude of the *Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567:

"If that you can play upon the *recorder*,
"I have as faire a one as any is in this border:
"Truely you have not ſeene a more goodlie pipe."

To *record*, anciently ſignified to ſing or modulate. STEEVENS.

[1] *O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.*] i. e. if my duty to the *king* makes me preſs you a little, my love to *you* makes me ſtill more importunate. If that makes me *bold*, this makes me even *unmannerly*. WARBURTON.

I believe we ſhould read—*my love is* not *unmannerly*. My conception of this paſſage is, that, in conſequence of Hamlet's moving to take the recorder, Guildenſtern alſo ſhifts his ground, in order to place himſelf *beneath* the prince in his new poſition. This Hamlet ludicrouſly calls "*going about to recover the wind*, &c." and Guildenſtern may anſwer properly enough, I think, and like a courtier; "*if my duty* to the king makes me *too bold* in preſſing you upon a diſagreeable ſubject, *my love* to you will make me *not unmannerly*, in ſhewing you all poſſible marks of reſpect and attention." TYRWHITT.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these [2] ventages with your fingers and thumb [3], give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and

[2] —*ventages*—] The holes of a flute. JOHNSON.

[3] —*and thumb*,—] The first quarto reads—with your fingers and the *umber*. This may probably be the ancient name for that piece of moveable brass at the end of a flute, which is either raised or depressed by the finger. The word *umber* is used by Stowe the chronicler, who, describing a single combat between two knights—says, "he brast up his *umber* three times." Here, the *umber* means the visor of the helmet. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queene*, b. 3. c. 1. st. 42:

"But the brave maid would not disarmed be,
"But only vented up her *umbriere*,
"And so did let her goodly visage to appere."

Again, b. 4. c. 4.

"And therewith smote him on his *umbriere*."

Again, in the second book of Lidgate on the Trojan War, 1513:

"Thorough the *umber* into Troylus' face." STEEVENS.

If a *recorder* had a brass key like the *German Flute*, we are to follow the reading of the quarto, for then the thumb is not concerned in the government of the ventages or stops. If a *recorder* was like a *tabourer's pipe*, which has no brass key, but has a stop for the thumb, we are to read—Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb. In *Cotgrave's Dictionary*, *ombre*, *ombraire*, *ombriere*, and *ombrelle*, are all from the Latin *umbra*, and signify a shadow, an umbrella, or any thing that shades or hides the face from the sun; and hence they may have been applied to any thing that hides or covers another; as for example, they may have been applied to the brass key that covers the hole in the German flute. So Spenser used *umbriere* for the visor of the helmet, as Rous's history of the Kings of England uses *umbrella* in the same sense. TOLLET.

there

there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. [*Enter Polonius.*]——God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weazel [4].

Pol. It is back'd like a weazel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.— [5] They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt Ros. Guil. Hor.* &c.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;

[4] *Methinks,* &c.] This passage has been printed in modern editions thus:

Methinks it is like *an ouzle,* &c. *Pol.* It is *black* like an *ouzle.*

The first folio reads, *it is like a* weazel.

Pol. It is *back'd* like *a weasel*—: and what occasion for alteration there was, I cannot discover. The *weasel* is remarkable for the length of its *back*; but though I believe a *black weasel* is not easy to be found, yet it is as likely that the cloud should resemble a *weasel* in shape, as an *ouzle* (*i. e.* black-bird) in colour.

Mr. Toller observes, that we might read—"it is *beck'd* like a weasel," *i. e.* weasel-snouted. So, in Holinshed's *Description of England,* p. 172: "if he be *wesell-becked.*" Quarles uses this term of reproach in his *Virgin Widow:* "Go you *weazel-snouted,* addle-pated, &c." Mr. Tollet adds, that Milton in his *Lycidas,* calls a promontory *beaked,* i. e. prominent like the *beak* of a bird. STEEVENS.

[5] *They fool me to the top of my bent*—] They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure to do it no longer. JOHNSON.

When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
[6] And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her [7], but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent [8],

To

6 *And do such* bitter *business as the day*
Would quake to look on.——] The expression is almost burlesque. The old quarto reads,

And do such business as the bitter *day*
Would quake to look on.——

This is a little corrupt indeed, but much nearer Shakespeare's words, who wrote,

——— better *day*,

which gives the sentiment great force and dignity. At this very time (says he) hell breathes out contagion to the world, whereby *night* becomes polluted and execrable; the horror therefore of this season fits me for a deed, which the *pure* and *sacred day* would quake to look on. This is said with great classical propriety. According to ancient superstition, *night* was prophane and execrable; and *day*, pure and holy. WARBURTON.

And do such *bitter business*—] The expression *bitter business* is still in use, and though at present a vulgar phrase, might not have been such in the age of Shakespeare. The *bitter* day is the day rendered hateful or *bitter* by the commission of some act of mischief.

Watts, in his *Logic*, says: "*Bitter* is an equivocal word; there is *bitter* wormwood, there are *bitter* words, there are *bitter* enemies, and a *bitter* cold morning." It is, in short, any thing unpleasing or hurtful. STEEVENS.

7 *I will speak* daggers *to her*,] A similar expression occurs in the *Return from Parnassus*: "They are pestilent fellows, they speak nothing but *bodkins*." It has been already observed, that a *bodkin* anciently signified *a short dagger*. STEEVENS.

8 — be *shent*,] To *shend*, is to reprove harshly, to treat with injurious language. So, in *The Coxcomb* of B. and Fletcher:

"—We shall be *shent* soundly."

Again,

[9] To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

SCENE III.

A room in the palace.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
[1] Out of his lunes.
Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros.

Again, in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599:
"And sing his praise who *shendeth* David's fame."
Again, in ΤΕΧΝΟΓΑΜΙΑ, 1618: "I had rather undertake my performed journey about the world, than thou shouldst be *shent* for me."
Again, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1633:
"I shall be *shent* for letting you in."
Again, in *Lyly's Endymion*, 1591:
"I could stay all day with him, if I feared not to be *shent*."
STEEVENS.

[9] *To give them seals*—] i. e. put them in execution.
WARBURTON.

[1] *Out of his* lunacies.] The old quartos read,
Out of his brows.
This was from the ignorance of the first editors; as is this unnecessary Alexandrine, which we owe to the players. The poet, I am persuaded, wrote,
——*as doth hourly grow*
Out of his lunes.
i. e his *madness*, *frenzy*. THEOBALD.
Lunacies is the reading of the folio.
I take *brows* to be, properly read, *frows*, which, I think, is a provincial word for *perverse humours*; which being, I suppose, not understood,

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more,
[2] That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: It is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.
King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will haste us. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,

understood, was changed to *lunacies*. But of this I am not confident. JOHNSON.

I would receive Theobald's emendation, because Shakespeare uses the word *lunes* in the same sense in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *The Winter's Tale*. From the redundancy of the measure nothing can be inferred.

Since this part of my note was written, I have met with an instance in support of Dr. Johnson's conjecture:

"— were you but as favourable as you are frowish—"
Tully's Love, by Greene, 1616.

Perhaps, however, Shakespeare designed a metaphor from horned cattle, whose powers of being dangerous, encrease with the *growth of their brows*. STEEVENS.

[2] *That spirit, upon whose weal—*] So the quarto. The folio gives,
That spirit, upon whose *spirit*— STEEVENS.

'Tis

'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,
3 Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
The speech, 4 of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit.*
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
5 Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be fore-stalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—

3 *Since nature makes them partial,* &c.]
" ——— Matres omnes filiis
" In peccato adjutrices, auxilii in paterna injuria
" Solent esse."——— *Ter. Heaut.* Act. 5. Sc. 2.
STEEVENS.

4 — *of vantage.*] By some opportunity of secret observation.
JOHNSON.

5 *Though inclination be as sharp as* will;] Dr. Warburton would read,

Though inclination be as sharp as *th' ill.*

The old reading is—as sharp *as will.* STEEVENS.

I have followed the easier emendation of Theobald received by Hanmer: i. e. as *'twill.* JOHNSON.

Will is *command, direction.* Thus, *Ecclus.* xliii. 16. "—and at his *will* the south wind bloweth." The king says, his mind is in too great confusion to pray, even though his *inclination* were as strong as the *command* which requires that duty. STEEVENS.

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
[6] May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
[7] Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
[8] O limed soul; that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [*The King kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying[9];

[6] *May one be pardon'd, and retain the* offence?] He that does not amend what can be amended, *retains* his *offence*. The king kept the crown from the right heir. JOHNSON.

[7] *Yet what can it, when one* cannot *repent?*] *What can* repentance *do for a man that cannot be* penitent, for a man who has only part of penitence, distress of conscience, without the other part, resolution of amendment? JOHNSON.

[8] *O, limed* soul;—] This alludes to *bird-lime*. Shakespeare uses the same word again, *Henry* VI. P. ii.
"Madam, myself have *lim'd* a bush for her." STEEVENS.

[9] —pat, *now he is praying*;] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*but* now, &c. STEEVENS.

And

And now I'll do't;—And so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd [1]:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
[2] I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary [3], not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
[4] Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:

[1] —*That would be scann'd:*] i. e. that should be considered, estimated. STEEVENS.

[2] *I, his sole son, do this same villain send*] The folio reads *foule* son, a reading apparently corrupted from the quarto. The meaning is plain. *I, his only son,* who am bound to punish his murderer. JOHNSON.

[3] —hire *and* salary,] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*base* and *silly*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid* hent;] In the common editions,

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid time.] This is a sophisticated reading, warranted by none of the copies of any authority. Mr. Pope says, I read conjecturally:

——— *a more horrid* bent.

I do so; and why? the two oldest quartos, as well as the two elder folios, read:

——— *a more horrid* hent.

But as there is no such English substantive, it seems very natural to conclude, that with the change of a single letter, our author's genuine word was, *bent*; i. e. *drift, scope, inclination, purpose,* &c. THEOBALD.

This reading is followed by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but *hent* is probably the right word. To *hent* is used by Shakespeare for, to *seize,* to *catch,* to *lay hold on. Hent* is, therefore, *hold,* or *seizure. Lay hold on* him, sword, at a more horrid time. JOHNSON.

When

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage [5];
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven [6];
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
[7] As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit*.

[5] *When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;*
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed,] So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

Didst thou not kill him drunk?
Thou shouldst, or in th' embraces of his lust. STEEVENS.

[6] —*that his heels may kick at heaven*;] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"Whose *heels* tript up, *kick'd gainst the firmament*." STEEVENS.

[7] *As hell, whereto it goes.*—] This speech, in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered. JOHNSON.

The same fiend-like disposition is shewn by *Lodowick*, in Webster's *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"—— to have poison'd
"The handle of his racket. O, that, that!—
"That while he had been bandying at tennis,
"He might have sworn himself to hell, and struck
"*His soul* into the hazard!"

Again, in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616:

"I then should strike his body with his *soul*,
"And sink them both together."

Again, in the third of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Plays in one*:

"No, take him dead drunk now *without repentance*." STEEVENS.

The same horrid thought has been adopted by Lewis Machin, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"Nay, but be patient, smooth your brow a little,
"And you shall take them as they clip each other,
"Even in the height of sin; then damn them both,
"And let them sink before they ask God pardon,
"That *your revenge may stretch unto their souls*." MALONE.

The

The King rises.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Queen's closet.

Enter Queen, and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ſtraight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood between
Much heat and him. [8] I'll ſilence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, mother, mother!——

Queen. I'll warrant you; fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*Polonius hides himſelf.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

[8] ——*I'll* ſilence me e'en *here:*
Pray you, be round with him.] Sir T. Hanmer, who is followed by Dr. Warburton, reads,
——*I'll* ſconce *me here.*
Retire to a place of *ſecurity.* They forget that the contrivance of Polonius to overhear the conference, was no more told to the queen than to Hamlet.—*I'll ſilence me even here,* is, *I'll uſe no more words.*
JOHNSON.

Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo:
You are the queen, your huſband's brother's wife;
And—'would it were not ſo!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.

Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not budge;
You go not, 'till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat[9]?
Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*Hamlet ſtrikes at Polonius through the arras.*

Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am ſlain.

Queen. O me, what haſt thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed;—almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king[1]?

[9] *How now, a rat?*—] This (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved) is an expreſſion borrowed from *The Hiſtorye of Hamblett*, a tranſlation from the French of Belleforeſt. STEEVENS.

[1] *As kill a king?*] This interrogation may be conſidered as ſome hint, that the queen had no hand in the murder of Hamlet's father. STEEVENS.

5 *Ham.*

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.——
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewel!
[*To Polonius.*
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; [2] takes off the rose
From

[2] — *takes off the rose*] Alluding to the custom of wearing roses on the side of the face. See a note on a passage in *King John*, Act I. WARBURTON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is mistaken; for it must be allowed that there is a material difference between an ornament worn on the *forehead*, and one exhibited on *the side of the face*. Some have understood these words to be only a metaphorical enlargement of the sentiment contained in the preceding line:

— blurs the grace and *blush* of modesty:

but as the *forehead* is no proper situation for a *blush* to be displayed in, we may have recourse to another explanation.

It was once the custom for those who were betrothed, to wear some flower as an external and conspicuous mark of their mutual engagement. So, in *Spenser's Shepherds' Calendar for April:*

"Bring *coronations* and *sops in wine*
Worn of paramours."

Lyte, in his Herbal, 1578, enumerates *sops in wine* among the smaller kind of single gilliflowers or pinks.

Figure 4, in the *Morrice-dance* (a plate of which is annexed to the First Part of *K. Henry* IV.) has a flower fixed on his *forehead*, and seems to be meant for the *paramour* of the female character. The flower might be designed for a *rose*, as the colour of it is red in the painted glass, though its form is expressed with as little adherence to nature as that of the marygold in the hand of the lady. It may, however, conduct us to affix a new meaning to the lines in question. This flower, as I have since discovered, is exactly shaped like the *sops in wine*, now called the *Deptford Pink.*

Sets

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed,
As [3] from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: [4] Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,

Sets a *blister* there, has the same meaning as in *Measure for Measure:*

Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath *blister'd* her report.

See a note on this passage, Act 2. Sc. 4. STEEVENS.

[3] —*from the body of* contraction—] *Contraction* for *marriage contract.* WARBURTON.

[4] — *Heaven's face doth glow;*
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.] If any sense can be found here, it is this. The sun glows [and does it not always?] and the very solid mass of earth has a tristful visage, and is thought-sick. All this is sad stuff. The old quarto reads much nearer to the poet's sense:

Heaven's face *does glow,*
O'er *this solidity and compound mass,*
With heated *visage, as against the doom,*
Is thought-sick at the act.

From whence it appears, that Shakespeare wrote:

Heaven's face doth glow,
O'er *this solidity and compound mass,*
With tristful visage; and, *as 'gainst the doom,*
Is thought-sick at the act

This makes a fine sense, and to this effect. The sun looks upon our globe, the scene of this murder, with an angry and mournful countenance, half hid in eclipse, as at the day of doom. WARBURTON.

The word *heated*, though it agrees well enough with *glow*, is, I think, not so striking as *tristful*, which was, I suppose, chosen at the revisal. I believe the whole passage now stands as the author gave it. Dr. Warburton's reading restores two improprieties, which Shakespeare, by his alteration, had removed. In the first, and in the new reading, *Heaven's* face *glows with tristful* visage; and, *Heaven's face is* thought-sick. To the common reading there is no just objection. JOHNSON.

That

5 That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. 6 Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls 7; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station 8 like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,

5 *That roars so loud,* &c.] The meaning is, *What is* this act, of which the *discovery,* or *mention,* cannot be made, but with this violence of clamour? JOHNSON.

—— *and thunders in the* index?] Mr. Edwards observes, that the *indexes* of many old books were at that time inserted at the beginning, instead of the end, as is now the custom. This observation I have often seen confirmed.

So, in *Othello,* Act 2. Sc. 7.——— an *index* and obscure *prologue* to the history of lust and foul thoughts. STEEVENS.

6 *Look on this picture, and on this;*] It is evident from the following words,

A station, like the herald Mercury, &c.

that these pictures, which are introduced as miniatures on the stage, were meant for whole lengths, being part of the furniture of the queen's closet.

——— *like Maia's son he stood,*
And shook his plumes.——— Milton, B. V. STEEVENS.

7 *Hyperion's curls;*—] It is observable that *Hyperion* is used by Spenser with the same error in *quantity.* FARMER.

I have never met with an earlier edition of Marston's *Insatiate Countess* than that in 1603. In this the following lines occur, which bear a close resemblance to Hamlet's description of his father:

"A donative he hath of every god;
"*Apollo* gave him *locks, Jove* his high *front.*" STEEVENS.

8 *A station*—] *Station* in this instance does not mean *the spot where any one is placed,* but *the act of standing.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act 3. Sc. 3:

Her motion and her *station* are as one.

On turning to Theobald's first edition, I find that he had made the same remark, and supported it by the same instance. The observation is necessary, for otherwise the compliment designed to the attitude of the king, would be bestowed on the place where Mercury is represented as standing. STEEVENS.

Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.——Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear [9],
Blasting his wholsome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten [1] on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood [2] is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
Would step from this to this? [3] Sense, sure, you have,
Else,

[9] — *like a* mildew'd ear,
Blasting *his wholesome brother*.] This alludes to *Pharaoh's Dream* in the 41st chapter of *Genesis*. STEEVENS.

[1] — *batten*—] i. e. to grow fat. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

" —— and for milk
" I *batten'd* was with blood."

Again, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" — make her round and plump,
" And *batten* more than you are aware."

Bat is an ancient word for *increase*. Hence the adjective *batful*, so often used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. STEEVENS.

[2] *The* hey-day *in the blood*] This expression occurs in Ford's *'Tis Pity she's a Whore*, 1633:

" ——— must
" The *hey-day* of your luxury be fed
" Up to a surfeit?" STEEVENS.

[3] *Sense, sure, you have*,—] In former editions,

—— *Sense, sure, you have*,
Else, could you not have motion:—] But from what philosophy our editors learnt this, I cannot tell. Since *motion* depends so little upon *sense*, that the greatest part of *motion* in the universe, is amongst bodies devoid of *sense*. We should read,

Else, could you not have notion,

i. e. intellect, reason, &c. This alludes to the famous peripatetic principle of, *Nil fit in* intellectu, *quod non fuerit in* sensu. And how fond our author was of applying, and alluding to, the principles of this philosophy, we have given several instances. The principle in particular has been since taken for the foundation of one of the noblest works that these latter ages have produced. WARBURTON.

Else, could you not have motion: But, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind [4]?
Eyes without feeling [5], feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope [6].
O shame! where is thy blush? [7] Rebellious hell,

If

The whole passage is wanting in the folio; and whichsoever of the readings be the true one, the poet was not indebted to this boasted philosophy for his choice. STEEVENS.

Motion is frequently used, by Shakespeare and others, for impulse of nature,—*libidinous inclination*. Taking it in this sense, the passage is sufficiently intelligible without any alteration. So, in *Othello*: "— we have reason to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts."

Again, in *Cymbeline*;

"— for there's no *motion*
"That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
"It is the woman's part."

Again, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: "These *continent* relations will reduce thy stragling *motions* to a more settled and retired harbour." MALONE.

[4] — *at hoodman-blind?*] This is, I suppose, the same as *blindman's-buff*. So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:

"And ever since hath shot at *hoodman-blind*."

Again, in the *Two Maids of Moorclacke*, 1609:

"— was I bewitched,
"That thus at *hoodman-blind* I dallied?"

Again, in the *Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638:

"Why should I play at *hood-man-blind*?" STEEVENS.

[5] *Eyes without* &c.] This and the three following lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[6] *Could not so* mope.] i. e. could not exhibit such marks of stupidity. The same word is used in the *Tempest*, Sc. ult.—

And were brought *moping* hither." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *Rebellious hell,*
If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones, &c.] Alluding to what he had told her before, that her enormous conduct shewed a kind of possession.

 — What

If thou canst mutiny [8] in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And [9] reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and [1] grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct [2].

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an [3] incestuous bed;

Stew'd

— *What* devil *was't,*
That thus hath, &c.—

And again afterwards:

For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And master even the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency—

But the *Oxford Editor*, not apprehending the meaning, alters it to

— *rebellious* heat,
If thou canst, &c.

And so makes nonsense of it. For must not *rebellious lust* mutiny wherever it is quartered? That it should get there might seem strange, but that it should do its kind when it was there seems to be natural enough. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading right, but cannot admit that Hanmer's emendation produces nonsense. May not what is said of *heat*, be said of *hell*, that it will mutiny wherever it is quartered? Though the emendation be elegant, it is not necessary. JOHNSON.

[8] — *mutiny*]. The old copies read *mutine*. Shakespeare calls *mutineers*—*mutines*, in a subsequent scene. STEEVENS.

[9] — *reason* panders *will.*] So the folio, I think rightly; but the reading of the quarto is defensible:

— *reason* pardons *will.* JOHNSON.

[1] —*grained*—] Dyed in grain. JOHNSON.

[2] *As will not leave their tinct.*] The quartos read:

"As will *leave there* their tinct." STEEVENS.

[3] — incestuous *bed*;] The folio has *enseamed*, that is, *greasy* bed. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher use the word *inseamed* in the same sense, in the third of their *Four Plays in one:*

"His leachery *inseam'd* upon him."

In

Stew'd in corruption; honying, and making love
Over the nasty stye;——

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a [4] vice of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
[5] That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. [6] A king of shreds and patches:——
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, [7] laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

In the *Book of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date, we are told that "*Ensayme* of a hauke is *the grece*."

In most places it means the grease or oil with which clothiers besmear their wool to make it draw out in spinning.

Incestuous is the reading of the quarto, 1611. STEEVENS.

[4] —*vice of kings!*] a low mimick of kings. The vice is the fool of a farce; from whom the modern *punch* is descended. JOHNSON.

[5] *That from a shelf*, &c.] This is said not unmeaningly, but to shew, that the usurper came not to the crown by any glorious villainy that carried danger with it, but by the low cowardly theft of a common pilferer. WARBURTON.

[6] *A king of shreds and patches:*] This is said, pursuing the idea of the *vice of kings*. The *vice* was dressed as a fool, in a coat of party-coloured patches. JOHNSON.

[7] —*laps'd in time and passion,*—] That, having suffered *time* to *slip*, and *passion* to *cool*, *lets go*, &c. JOHNSON.

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, [8] like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him!——Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
[9] My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look,

[8] *—like life in* excrements.] The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation; yet those very hairs, as if they had life, start up, &c. Pope.

[9] *My father, in his habit as he liv'd!*] If the poet means by this expression, that his father appeared in his own *familiar habit*, he has either forgot that he had originally introduced him in *armour*, or must have meant to vary his dress at this his last appearance.
The

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy [1]!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And [2] do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For, in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, [3] curb, and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

The difficulty might perhaps be a little obviated by pointing the line thus:

My father—in his habit—as he liv'd. STEEVENS.

[1] *Ecstasy!*] *Ecstasy* in this place, and many others, means a temporary alienation of mind, a fit. So, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel, by *John Hinde*, 1606: "—that bursting out of an *ecstasy* wherein she had long stood, like one beholding Medusa's head, lamenting, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] —*do not spread the compost*, &c.] Do not, by any new indulgence, heighten your former offences. JOHNSON.

[3] —*curb*—] That is, *bend* and *truckle*. Fr. *courber*. So, in *Pierce Plowman:*

"Then I *courbid* on my knees, &c." STEEVENS.

Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
[4] That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next, more easy [5]:
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And either master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*
I do repent; But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
[6] To punish him with me, and me with this,—
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—

[4] *That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,*
Of habit's devil, *is angel yet in this*;] This passage is left out in the two elder folios: it is certainly corrupt, and the players did the discreet part to stifle what they did not understand. *Habit's devil* certainly arose from some conceited tamperer with the text, who thought it was necessary, in contrast to *angel.* The emendation of the text I owe to the sagacity of Dr. Thirlby:

That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits evil, *is angel*, &c. THEOBALD.

I think Thirlby's conjecture wrong, though the succeeding editors have followed it; *angel* and *devil* are evidently opposed. JOHNSON.

[5] —*the next, more easy*;] This passage, as far as *potency*, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[6] *To punish him with me*, &c.] This is Hanmer's reading; the other editions have it,

To punish me with this, and this with me. JOHNSON.

One

One word more, good lady [7].

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king [8] tempt you again to bed
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse [9];
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses [1],
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
[2] That I essentially am not in madness,

But

[7] *One word more,* &c.] This passage I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[8] *Let the* fond *king*—] The old quarto reads,

Let the bloat *king* ———

i. e. bloated, which is better, as more expressive of the speaker's contempt. WARBURTON.

[9] — his *mouse*;] *Mouse* was once a term of endearment. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. 2. chap. 10:

"God bless thee *mouse*, the bridegroom said, &c."

Again, in the *Menæchmi*, 1595: "Shall I tell thee, sweet *mouse*? I never look upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife." STEEVENS.

[1] — *reechy* kisses,] *Reechy* is smoky. The author meant to convey a coarse idea, and was not very scrupulous in his choice of an epithet. The same, however, is applied with greater propriety to the neck of a cook-maid in *Coriolanus*. Again, in *Hans Beer Pot's Invisible Comedy*, 1618:

"— bade him go
"And wash his face, he look'd so *reechily*,
"Like bacon hanging on the chimney's roof."

STEEVENS.

[2] *That I essentially am not in madness,*
But mad in craft.—] The reader will be pleased to see Dr. Farmer's extract from the old quarto *Historie of Hamblet*, of which he had a fragment only in his possession.—"It was not without "cause, and juste occasion, that my gestures, countenances, and "words, seeme to proceed from a madman, and that I desire to "haue all men esteeme mee wholy depriued of sence and rea- "sonable understanding, bycause I am well assured, that he that "hath made no conscience to kill his owne brother (accustomed "to murthers, and allured with desire of gouernement without "controll in his treasons) will not spare to saue himselfe with the "like crueltie, in the blood, and flesh of the loyns of his brother, "by him massacred: and therefore it is better for me to fayne "madnesse, then to use my right sences as nature hath bestowed

"them

But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib [2],
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despight of sense, and secrecy,
[3] Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions [4], in the basket creep,

"them upon me. The bright shining clearnes thereof I am "forced to hide vnder this shadow of dissimulation, as the sun "doth hir beams vnder some great cloud, when the wether in "summer time ouercasteth: the face of a madman serueth to couer "my gallant countenance, and the gestures of a fool are fit for "me, to the end that, guiding myself wisely therin, I may pre-"serue my life for the Danes and the memory of my late de-"ceased father, for that the desire of reuenging his death is so "ingrauen in my heart, that if I dye not shortly, I hope to take "such and so great vengeance, that these countryes shall for euer "speake thereof. Neuerthelesse I must stay the time, meanes, "and occasion, lest by making ouer great hast, I be now the "cause of mine owne sodaine ruine and ouerthrow, and by that "meanes end, before I beginne to effect my hearts desire: hee "that hath to doe with a wicked, disloyall, cruell, and discour-"teous man, must vse craft, and politike inuentions, such as a "fine witte can best imagine, not to discouer his interprise: for "seeing that by force I cannot effect my desire, reason alloweth "me by dissimulation, subtiltie, and secret practises to proceed "therein." STEEVENS.

[2] — a gib,] So, in Drayton's Epistle from *Elinor Cobham* to *Duke Humphrey*:

"And call me beldam, *gib*, witch, night-mare, trot."

Gib was a common name for a cat. So, in Chaucer's *Rom. of the Rose*, ver. 6204:

"— *gibbe* our cat,
"That waiteth mice and rats to killen." STEEVENS.

[3] *Unpeg the basket on the house's top,*
Let the birds fly;—] Sir John Suckling, in one of his letters, may possibly allude to the same story. "It is the story of the "*jackanapes* and the partridges; thou starest after a beauty till it "is lost to thee, and then let'st out another, and starest after that "till it is gone too." WARNER.

[4] To *try conclusions*,] i. e. experiments. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"She has pursu'd *conclusions* infinite
"Of easy ways to die." STEEVENS.

And

And break your neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. [5] There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will [6] adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist [7] with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!—
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts [8] into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

[5] *There's letters seal'd.* &c.] The nine following verses are added out of the old edition. POPE.

[6] — *adders fang'd,*] That is, adders with their *fangs*, or *poisonous teeth*, undrawn. It has been the practice of mountebanks to boast the efficacy of their antidotes by playing with vipers, but they first disabled their fangs. JOHNSON.

[7] *Hoist* &c.] *Hoist* for *hoised*; as *past* for *passed*. STEEVENS.

[8] — *the* guts—] The word *guts* was not anciently so offensive to delicacy as it is at present; but was used by *Lyly* (who made the *first* attempt to polish our language) in his serious Compositions. So, in his *Mydas*, 1592: "Could not the treasure of Phrygia, nor the tributes of Greece, nor mountains in the East, whose *guts* are gold, satisfy thy mind?" In short, *guts* was used where we now use *entrails*. *Stanyhurst* often has it in his translation of Virgil, 1582:

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit *exta*.
"She weens her fortune by *guts* hoate smoakye to conster."
STEEVENS.

Come,

[9] Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—
Good night, mother.
[*Exit the Queen, and Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

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[1] ACT IV. SCENE I.

A royal apartment.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves;
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while [2].—
[*To Ros. and Guil. who go out.*
Ah, my good lord [3], what have I seen to night?

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,

[9] *Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:*] Shakespeare has been unfortunate in his management of the story of this play, the most striking circumstances of which arise so early in its formation, as not to leave him room for a conclusion suitable to the importance of its beginning. After this last interview with the *Ghost*, the character of Hamlet has lost all its consequence. STEEVENS.

[1] *Act* IV.] This play is printed in the old editions without any separation of the acts. The division is modern and arbitrary; and is here not very happy, for the pause is made at a time when there is more continuity of action than in almost any other of the scenes. JOHNSON.

[2] *Bestow this place on us a little while.*] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[3] — *my good lord,*] The quartos read—*mine own* lord. STEEVENS.

Behind

Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us; whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and [4] out of haunt,
This mad young man: but, ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madneſs, [5] like ſome ore,
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews itſelf pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence: and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our majeſty and ſkill,
Both countenance and excuſe.—Ho! Guildenſtern!

[4] — *out of* haunt,] I would rather read, *out of* harm. JOHNSON.
Out of haunt, means *out of company*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" Dido and her Sichæus ſhall want troops,
" And all the *haunt* be ours."
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, book 5. chap. 26:
" And from the ſmith of heaven's wife allure the amorous *haunt*."
The place where men aſſemble, is often poetically called the *haunt of men*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" We talk here in the public *haunt* of men." STEEVENS.

[5] — *like ſome ore*] Shakeſpeare ſeems to think *ore* to be *or*, that is, gold. Baſe metals have *ore* no leſs than precious.
JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: for haply, slander,
6 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,

6 *Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,*
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports its poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!] Mr. Pope takes notice, that I replace some verses that were imperfect (and, though of a *modern* date, seem to be genuine), by inserting two words. But to see what an accurate and faithful collator he is, I produced these verses in my *Shakespeare Restored*, from a quarto edition of *Hamlet*, printed in 1637, and happened to say, that they had not the authority of any earlier date in print, that I knew of, than that quarto. Upon the strength of this Mr. Pope comes and calls the lines *modern*, though they are in the quartos of 1605 and 1611, which I had not then seen, but both of which Mr. Pope pretends to have collated. The verses carry the very stamp of Shakespeare upon them. The coin, indeed, has been clipt from our first receiving it; but it is not so diminished, but that with a small assistance we may hope to make it pass current. I am far from affirming, that, by inserting the words, *For haply, slander*, I have given the poet's very words; but the supplement is such as the sentiment naturally seems to demand. The poet has the same thought, concerning the diffusive powers of *slander*, in another of his plays:
"——— No, 'tis *slander*;
"Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
"Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
"Rides on the posting winds, and doth bely
"All corners of the world." *Cymbeline.* THEOBALD.

And hit the woundlefs air.—O, come away!
My foul is full of difcord, and difmay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another room.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. ——Safely ftow'd, But foft [7],—

Rof. &c. within. Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noife? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter Rofencrantz, and Guildenftern.

Rof. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duft, whereto 'tis kin.

Rof. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Rof. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counfel, and not mine own. Befides, to be demanded of a fpunge!—what replication fhould be made by the fon of a king?

Rof. Take you me for a fpunge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, fir; that foaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But fuch officers do the king beft fervice in the end: He keeps them, [8] like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; firft mouth'd, to

[7] — *But foft,*] I have added thefe two words from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[8] — *like an* ape,—] The quarto has *apple*, which is generally followed. The folio has *ape*, which Hanmer has received, and illuftrated with the following note.

"It is the way of monkeys in eating, to throw that part of "their food, which they take up firft, into a pouch they are pro- "vided

to be last swallow'd: When he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, spunge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. [9] The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. [1] Of nothing: bring me to him. [2] Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

" vided with on the side of their jaw, and then they keep it, till " they have done with the rest." JOHNSON.

Surely this should be " like an *ape* an *apple*." FARMER.

[9] *The body is with the king,*—] This answer I do not comprehend. Perhaps it should be, *The body is* not *with the king,* for *the king is not with the body.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps it may mean this. The body is in the king's house (*i. e.* the present king's) yet the king (*i. e.* he who should have been king) is not with the body. Intimating that the usurper is here, the true king in a better place. Or it may mean—*the guilt of the murder lies with the king*, but the king is *not where the body lies*. The affected obscurity of Hamlet must excuse so many attempts to procure something like a meaning. STEEVENS.

[1] *Of nothing.*—] Should it not be read, *Or* nothing? When the courtiers remark, that Hamlet has contemptuously called the *king a thing*, Hamlet defends himself by observing, that the king must be a *thing*, or *nothing*. JOHNSON.

The text is right. So, in the Spanish tragedy:

" In troth, my lord, it is a *thing of nothing*."

And, in one of *Harvey's* letters, " a silly bug-beare, a sorry puffe of winde, *a thing of nothing*." FARMER.

So,

[2] *Hide fox,*—] There is a play among children called, *Hide fox, and all after.* HANMER.

The same sport is alluded to in *Decker's Satiromastix:* "—our unhandsome-faced poet does play at bo-peep with your grace, and cries—*All hid, as boys do.*"

This passage is not in the quarto. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Another room.

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose?
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Enter Rosencrantz.

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:
"At what dost thou laugh?
"At *a thing of nothing*, at thee."
Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:
"And believe a little thing would please her,
"A very little thing, *a thing of nothing*."
Again, in the Interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:
"But a matter of a straw, and *a thing of nought*."
Again, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*:
"A toy, *a thing of nothing*."
Again, in Chapman's translation of the 9th Book of the Odyssey:
"When now, a weakling came, a dwarfy thing,
"*A thing of nothing*." STEEVENS.

Enter Hamlet, and Guildenſtern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures elſe, to fat us; and we fat ourſelves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable ſervice; two diſhes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas[3]!

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to ſhew you how a king may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; ſend thither to ſee: if your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i' the other place yourſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobby.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay 'till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done,—muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs[4]: Therefore, prepare thyſelf;
The bark is ready, and[5] the wind at help,

[3] *Alas, alas!*] This ſpeech, and the following, are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[4] *With fiery quickneſs:*] Theſe words are not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[5] — *the wind at help,*] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be read,
The bark is ready, and the wind at helm. JOHNSON.

The

The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother:—Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and, so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
And, England! if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly [6] set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
[7] By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: 'Till I know 'tis done,

[6] ——— *set* by
Our sov'reign process,—] So Hanmer. The others have only *set*. JOHNSON.

——— set
Our sovereign process,—] I adhere to the reading of the quarto and folio. *To set*, is an expression taken from the gaming-table. STEEVENS.

[7] *By letters* conjuring—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, "By letters *congruing*." STEEVENS.

[7] Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, with an army.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Daniſh king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves [8] the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majeſty would aught with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exit Fortinbras, &c.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſencrantz, Guildenſtern, &c.

Ham. Good ſir [9], whoſe powers are theſe?

Capt. They are of Norway, ſir.

Ham. How purpos'd, ſir, I pray you?

Capt. Againſt ſome part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, ſir?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it againſt the main of Poland, ſir,

[7] *Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.*] This being the termination of a ſcene, ſhould, according to our author's cuſtom, be rhymed. Perhaps he wrote,

Howe'er my hopes, *my joys* are not begun.

If *haps* be retained, the meaning will be, *'till I know 'tis done, I ſhall be miſerable*, whatever befall me. JOHNSON.

The folio reads, in confirmation of Dr. Johnſon's remark,—

Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er *begun.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Craves*] Thus the quartos. The folio—*claims*— STEEVENS.

[9] *Good ſir*, &c.] The remaining part of this ſcene is omitted in the folios. STEEVENS.

Or

Or for ſome frontier?

Capt. Truly to ſpeak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.

Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats,
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw:
This is the impoſthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, ſir.

Capt. God be wi'ye, ſir. [*Exit Captain.*

Roſ. Will't pleaſe you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you ſtraight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt Roſ. and the reſt.*

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his [1] chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to ſleep, and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with ſuch [2] large diſcourſe,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To fuſt in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know

[1] —*chief good and market*—] If his higheſt good, and *that for which he ſells his time*, be to ſleep and feed. JOHNSON.

[2] —*large diſcourſe*,] Such latitude of comprehenſion, ſuch power of reviewing the paſt, and anticipating the future. JOHNSON.

Why yet I live to ſay, *This thing's to do;*
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me:
Witneſs, this army, of ſuch maſs, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whoſe ſpirit, with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event;
Expoſing what is mortal, and unſure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-ſhell. [3] Rightly, to be great
Is not to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
[4] Excitements of my reaſon, and my blood,
And let all ſleep? while, to my ſhame, I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That, for a fantaſy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent [5],

[3] ——— *Rightly to be great,*
Is not to ſtir without, &c.] This paſſage I have printed according to the copy. Mr. Theobald had regulated it thus:
——*'Tis not to be great,*
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly, &c.
The ſentiment of Shakeſpeare is partly juſt, and partly romantic,
—— *Rightly to be great,*
Is not to ſtir without great argument;
is exactly philoſophical.
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour is at ſtake,
is the idea of a modern hero. *But then,* ſays he, *honour is an argument, or ſubject of debate, ſufficiently* great, *and* when honour is at ſtake, we muſt *find cauſe of quarrel in a ſtraw.* JOHNSON.

[4] *Excitements of my reaſon and my blood,*] Provocations which excite both my reaſon and my paſſions to vengeance. JOHNSON.

[5] — *continent*] *Continent,* in our author, means that which comprehends or encloſes. So, in *King Lear:*
"Rive your concealing *continents.*" STEEVENS.

To

To hide the ſlain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Elſinour. A room in the palace.

Enter Queen, and Horatio.

Queen. ——I will not ſpeak with her.
Hor. She is importunate: indeed, diſtract;
Her mood will needs be pity'd.
Queen. What would ſhe have?
Hor. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays, ſhe hears,
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
[6] Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws; ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half ſenſe: her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection[7]; they aim at it[8],

[6] *Spurns* enviouſly *at ſtraws*;] *Envy* is much oftener put by our poet (and thoſe of his time) for direct *averſion*, than for *malignity conceived at the ſight of another's excellence or happineſs.* So in *Henry* VIII. Act 1:

"——— No black *envy*
"Shall make my grave."——

Again, Act 3:

"You turn the good we offer into *envy*."

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"— although his words
"Accus'd my Mariam, it is his ſin,
"Not perſon, that I *envy*."

Again, in *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, 1621, *Hiſt.* VI. "— She loves the memory of Syrontus, and *envies* and deteſts that of her two huſbands." STEEVENS.

[7] —*to* collection;] i. e. to deduce conſequences from ſuch premiſes. So, in *Cymbeline*, Scene the laſt:

——— whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe to hardneſs, that I can
Make no *collection* of it.

See the note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

[8] —*they* aim *at it*,] The quartos read—they *yawn* at it. To *aim* is to gueſs. STEEVENS.

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be
thought,
[9] Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. [1] 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for
she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [*Exit Horatio.*
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss[2]:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

[9] *Though nothing sure, yet much* unhappily.] i. e. though her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a mischievous interpretation to it. WARBURTON.

That *unhappy* once signified *mischievous*, may be known from P. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* b. 19. ch. 7. "—the shrewd and *unhappie* foules which lie upon the lands, and eat up the seed new sowne." We still use *unlucky* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

[1] *'Twere good she were spoken with;—*] These lines are given to the Queen in the folio, and to Horatio in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[2] *—to some great* amiss:] Shakespeare is not singular in his use of this word as a substantive. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Gracious forbearers of this world's *amiss*."

Again, in Lylly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"Pale be my looks to witness my *amiss*."

Again, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher, &c.* 1592: "—revive in them the memory of my great *amiss*." STEEVENS.

Oph.

Oph. [3] *How should I your true love know*
From another one?
[4] *By his cockle hat, and staff,*
And by his sandal shoon. [Singing.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,——

Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow,

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

[3] *How should I your true love,* &c.] There is no part of this play, in its representation on the stage, is more pathetic than this scene, which I suppose proceeds from the utter insensibility she has to her own misfortunes.

A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effect. In the latter the audience supply what she wants, and with the former they sympathize. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

[4] *By his cockle hat and staff,*
And by his sandal shoon.] This is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The cockle-shell hat was one of the essential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Green's Never too late*, 1616, a Pilgrim is described:
"A hat of straw like to a swain,
"Shelter for the sun and rain,
"With a *scallop-shell* before, &c." STEEVENS.

Oph.

Oph. [5] *Larded all with sweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did go [6],
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say, [7] the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day [8],
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then up he rose, and don'd [9] *his cloaths,*
[1] *And dupt the chamber door;*
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King.

[5] Larded *all with sweet flowers:*] The expression is taken from cookery. JOHNSON.

[6] — *did go,*] The old editions read,— *did* not *go.* STEEVENS.

[7] — *the owl was a baker's daughter.*] This was a metamorphosis of the common people, arising from the mealy appearance of the owl's feathers, and her guarding the *bread* from mice.
WARBURTON.

To *guard the* bread *from mice*, is rather the office of a *cat* than an *owl*. In *barns* and *granaries*, indeed, the services of the *owl* are still acknowledged. This was, however, no *metamorphosis of the common people*, but a legendary story, which both Dr. Johnson and myself have read, yet in what book at least I cannot recollect. —Our Saviour being refused bread by the *daughter of a baker*, is described as punishing her by turning her into an *owl*.
STEEVENS.

[8] *To-morrow is,* &c.] Without doubt,
" *Good morrow,* 'tis *Saint Valentine's* day. FARMER.

[9] — don'd *his cloaths.* To *don*, is to *do on*, to put on, as *doff* is to *do off*, put off. STEEVENS.

[1] *And dupt the chamber-door;*] To *dup*, is to *do up*; to lift the latch. It were easy to write,
And op'd —— JOHNSON.

To

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

[2] *By Gis, and by Saint Charity,*
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock [3], *they are to blame.*

[1] To *dup*, was a common contraction of to *do up*. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582: "—the porters are drunk, will they not *dup* the gate to-day?"

Lord Surry, in his translation of the second Æneid, renders *Panduntur portæ*, &c. "The gates *cast up*, we issued out to play." The phrase seems to have been adopted either from *doing up* the *latch*, or drawing up the *portcullis*. Again, in the *Cooke's Play*, in the Chester collection of mysteries, Ms. Harl. 1013, p. 140:

"*Open up* hell-gates anon."

It appears from *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, that in the cant of gypsies, &c. *Dup the gigger*, signified *to open the doore*. STEEVENS.

[2] *By Gis,*—] I rather imagine it should be read,

By Cis,——

That is, by St. Cecily. JOHNSON.

—— by *Saint Charity*,] *Saint Charity* is a known saint among the Roman Catholics. Spenser mentions her, Eclog. 5. 255:

"Ah dear lord, and sweet *Saint Charity!*"

I find, by *Gisse*, used as an adjuration, both by Gascoigne in his Poems, by Presten in his *Cambyses*, and in the comedy of *See me, and See me not*, 1618.

"By *Gisse* I swear, were I so fairly wed." &c.

Again, in *K. Edward* I. 1599:

"By *Gis*, fair lords, ere many daies be past, &c."

Again, in Heywood's 23d Epigram, Fourth Hundred:

"Nay, by *Gis*, he looketh on you maister, quoth he."

Again, in *The Downfall of Rob. E. of Huntington*, 1601:

"Therefore, sweet master, for *Saint Charity*."

STEEVENS.

By Gis——

There is not the least mention of any saint whose name corresponds with this, either in the *Roman Calendar*, the service *in Usum Sarum*, or in the Benedictionary of Bishop Athelwold. I believe the word to be only a corrupted abbreviation of *Jesus*, the letters J. H. S. being anciently all that was set down to denote that sacred name, on altars, the covers of books, &c. RIDLEY.

[3] *By cock.*] This is likewise a corruption of the sacred name. Many instances of it are given in a note at the beginning of the 5th Act of the Second Part of *K. Henry* IV. STEEVENS.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed: He answers[4].
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*
O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death: And now behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: The people muddy'd,
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done [5] but greenly,
[6] In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia
Divided

[4] *He answers.*] These words I have added from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*but* greenly,] But *unskilfully*; with *greenness*; that is without *maturity* of judgment. JOHNSON.

[6] *In* hugger-mugger *to inter him*;—] All the modern editions that I have consulted, give it,

In private *to inter him*;——

That the words now replaced are better, I do not undertake to prove; it is sufficient that they are Shakespeare's: if phraseology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost; we shall no longer have the words of any author; and, as these alterations will be often unskilfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning. JOHNSON.

This expression is used in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1609:

"— he

Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
7 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
8 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
9 Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [*A noise within.*

Queen.

"—— he died like a politician
"In *hugger-mugger.*"

Shakespeare probably took the expression from the following passage in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch.—"Antonius "thinking that his body should be honourably buried, and not in "*hugger-mugger.*"

Again, in Harrington's *Ariosto:*

So that it might be done in *hugger-mugger.*

See also, B. 2. St. 13. It is likewise in Spenser's *Mother Hubbard's Tale.*

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix:*

"One word, Sir Quintilian, in *hugger-mugger.*"

It appears from Greene's *Groundwork of Coneycatching*, 1592: that *to hugger*, was to lurk about. STEEVENS.

7 Feeds *on his wonder,*—] The folio reads,

Keeps *on his wonder,*——

The quarto,

Feeds *on* this *wonder.*——

Thus the true reading is picked out from between them. Hanmer reads unnecessarily,

Feeds *on his* anger.—— JOHNSON.

8 *Wherein necessity,* &c.] Hanmer reads,

Whence animosity, *of matter beggar'd.*

He seems not to have understood the connection. *Wherein*, that is, *in which pestilent speeches, necessity*, or, *the obligation of an accuser to support his charge, will nothing stick*, &c. JOHNSON.

9 *Like to a murdering piece,*—] Such a piece as assassins use, with many barrels. It is necessary to apprehend this, to see the justness of the similitude. WARBURTON.

Like

z

Queen. Alack! what noise is this [1]?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:—
What is the matter?
Gen. Save yourself, my lord;
[2] The ocean, over-peering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
[3] The ratifiers and props of every ward,

They

Like a murdering piece,—] This explanation of Dr. Warburton's is right; and a passage in *The Double Marriage* of Beaumont and Fletcher will justify it:

"And, like a *murdering piece*, aims not at one,
"But all that stand within the dangerous level."

Again, in *All's lost by Lust*, a tragedy, by *Cyril Turner*, 1633:

"If thou fail'st too, the King comes with a *murdering piece*,
"In the rear."

Again, in *A Fair Quarrel*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1622:

"There is not such another *murdering piece*
"In all the stock of calumny." STEEVENS.

[1] *Alack!* &c.] This speech of the Queen is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[2] *The ocean, over-peering of his* list,] The lists are the barriers which the spectators of a tournament must not pass. JOHNSON.

[3] *The ratifiers and props of every* word;] The whole tenor of the context is sufficient to shew, that this is a mistaken reading. What can antiquity and custom, being the props of *words*, have to do with the business in hand? Or what idea is conveyed by it? Certainly the poet wrote:

The ratifiers and props of every ward.

The messenger is complaining that the riotous head had overborne the king's officers, and then subjoins, that antiquity and custom were forgot, which were the ratifiers and props of every *ward*, i. e. of every one of those *securities* that nature and law place about the person of a king. All this is rational and consequential. WARBURTON.

With

They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
4 O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter Laertes, with others.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

With this emendation, which was in Theobald's edition, Hanmer was not satisfied. It is indeed harsh. Hanmer transposes the lines, and reads,

They cry, "Chuse we Laertes for our king;"
The ratifiers and props of every word,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds.

I think the fault may be mended at less expence, by reading,

Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every weal.

That is, of every *government*, JOHNSON.

The ratifiers and props of every word.] By *word* is here meant *a declaration*, or proposal; it is determined to this sense, by the inference it hath to what had just preceded,

The rabble call him lord, &c.

This acclamation, which is the *word* here spoken of, was made without regard to antiquity, or received custom, whose concurrence, however, is necessarily required to confer validity and stability in every proposal of this kind. REVISAL.

Sir T. Hanmer would transpose the two last lines. Dr. Warburton proposes to read, *ward*; and Dr. Johnson, *weal*, instead of *word*. I should be rather for reading, *work*. TYRWHITT.

The ratifiers and props of every word] In the first folio there is only a comma at the end of the above line; and will not the passage bear this construction?—The rabble call him lord, and as if the world were now but to begin, and as if the ancient custom of hereditary succession were unknown, they, the ratifiers and props of *every word he utters*, cry, Let us make choice, that Laertes shall be king. TOLLET.

4 *O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.*] Hounds run *counter* when they trace the trail backwards. JOHNSON.

All.

All. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*

Laer. I thank you :—Keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste [5] unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

[5] — *unsmirched brow,*] i. e. clean, not defiled. To *besmirch*, our author uses Act 1. Sc. 5.

This seems to be an allusion to a proverb often introduced in the old comedies. Thus, in the *London Prodigal*, 1605: "—as true as the skin between any man's *brows*." STEEVENS.

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll huſband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.
King. Good Laertes,
If you deſire to know the certainty
...r dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
...ſweep-ſtake, you will draw both friend and foe,
...ner and loſer?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican [6],
Repaſt them with my blood.
King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſible in grief for it,
It ſhall as level [7] to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.
Crowd within. Let her come in.
Laer. How now! what noiſe is that?

6 —*life-rend'ring pelican,*] So, in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:
" Who taught the cok hys watche-howres to obſerve,
" And ſyng of corage wyth ſhryll throte on hye?
" Who taught the *pellycan* her tender hart to carve?—
" For ſhe nolde ſuffer her byrdys to dye?"
It is almoſt needleſs to add that this account of the bird is entirely fabulous. STEEVENS.

7 — *to your judgment* 'pear,] So the quarto; the folio, and all the later editions, read:
——— *to your judgment* pierce,
leſs intelligibly. JOHNSON.

This eliſion of the verb to *appear*, is common to Beaumont and Fletcher. So, in *The Maid in the Mill:* " —They *'pear* ſo handſomely, I will go forward."
Again,
" And where they *'pear* ſo excellent in little,
" They will but flame in great." STEEVENS.

Enter Ophelia, fantastically dress'd with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be pay'd with weight,
'Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
[8] Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier* [9];
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And on his grave rain'd many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

[8] *Nature is* fine *in love: and, where 'tis fine,*
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.] These lines are not in the quarto, and might have been omitted in the folio without great loss, for they are obscure and affected; but, I think, they require no emendation. *Love* (says Laertes) is the passion by which *nature is most* exalted and *refined*; and as substances, *refined* and subtilised, easily obey any impulse, or follow any attraction, some part of nature, so purified and *refined*, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew her soul.—— JOHNSON.

The meaning of the passage may be—that her wits, like the spirit of fine essences, flew off or evaporated. STEEVENS.

[9] *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,* &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Knighte's Tale*, late edit. ver. 2879:

" He laid him bare the visage on the bere,
" Therwith he wept that pitee was to here." STEEVENS.

Oph.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down* [1], *an you call him a-down-a.*

[2] O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. [3] There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer.

[1] —*sing, Down a-down,*] Perhaps Shakespeare alludes to *Phœbe's Sonnet*, by Tho. Lodge, which the reader may find in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

Downe a-downe,
Thus Phillis sung,
By fancy once distressed: &c.
And so sing I, with *downe a-downe*, &c.

Down a-down is likewise the burthen of a song in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584, and perhaps common to many others. STEEVENS.

[2] *O how the wheel becomes it!*] We should read *weal*. She is now rambling on the ballad of the steward and his lord's daughter. And in these words speaks of the state he assumed. WARBURTON.

I do not see why *weal* is better than *wheel*. The story alluded to I do not know; but perhaps the lady stolen by the steward was reduced to *spin*. JOHNSON.

You must sing, Down-a-down, &c.

"O how the *wheel* becomes it!"—] The *wheel* may mean no more than *the burthen of the song*, which she had just repeated, and as such was formerly used. I met with the following observation in an old quarto black letter book, published before the time of Shakespeare.

"The song was accounted a good one, thogh it was not moche "graced by the *wheele*, which in no wise accorded with the subject "matter thereof."

I quote this from memory, and from a book, of which I cannot recollect the exact title or date; but the passage was in a preface to some songs or sonnets. I well remember to have met with the word in the same sense in other old books.

The ballad, alluded to by Ophelia, is perhaps entered on the books of the Stationers' Company. "October 1580. Four ballades of the Lord of Lorn and the *False Steward*, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: and there's pansies, that's for thoughts.*] There is probably some mythology in the choice of these herbs, but I cannot explain it. *Pansies* is for *thoughts*, because of its name, *Pensées*; but why *rosemary* indicates

Laer. A document in madneſs; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines[4]:
[5]There's rue for you;—and here's ſome for me:—
we

remembrance, except that it is an ever-green, and carried at funerals, I have not diſcovered. JOHNSON.

So, in *All Fools*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1605:

" What flowers are theſe?—
" The *Panſie* this.
" O, that's for lovers' *thoughts*!"

Roſemary was anciently ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings, as appears from a paſſage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, Act 3. Sc. 3. And from another in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" — will I be *wed* this morning,
" Thou ſhalt not be there, nor once be graced
" With a piece of *roſemary*."

Again, in the *Noble Spaniſh Soldier*, 1634: " I meet few but are ſtuck with *roſemary*: every one aſked me who was to be *married*."

Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: " — ſhe hath given thee a noſegay of flowers, wherein, as a top-gallant for all the reſt, is ſet in *roſemary for remembrance*." STEEVENS.

[4] *There's* fennel *for you, and* columbines:] Greene, in his *Quip for an Upſtart Courtier*, 1620, calls *fennel*, *women's weeds*: " fit generally for that ſex, ſith while they are maidens, they wiſh wantonly."

I know not of what *columbines* were ſuppoſed to be emblematical. They are again mentioned in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605:

" What's that?—a *columbine*?
" No: that *thankleſs* flower grows not in my garden."

Gerard, however, and other herbaliſts, impute few, if any, virtues to them; and they may therefore be ſtiled *thankleſs*, becauſe they appear to make no grateful return for their creation.

Again, in the 15th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" The *columbine* amongſt, they ſparingly do ſet."

From the *Caltha Poetarum*, 1599, it ſhould ſeem as if this flower was the emblem of cuckoldom:

" — the blew *cornuted* columbine,
" Like to the crooked horns of Acheloy." STEEVENS.

[5] *There's rue for you;—and here's ſome for me:—we may call it* herb of grace o' Sundays:] *Herb of grace* is the name the country people give to *rue*. And the reaſon is, becauſe that herb was a principal ingredient in the potion which the Romiſh prieſts uſed to force the poſſeſſed to ſwallow down when they exorciſed them.

Now

we may call it, herb of grace o' sundays:—[6] you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they wither'd all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,—

[7] *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,*——

Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph.

Now these exorcisms being performed generally on a Sunday, in the church before the whole congregation, is the reason why she says, we may call it *herb of grace o' Sundays.* Sandys tells us, that at Grand Cairo there is a species of *rue* much in request, with which the inhabitants perfume themselves, not only as a preservative against infection, but as very powerful against evil spirits. And the cabalistic Gaffarel pretends to have discovered the reason of its virtue, *La semence de rue est faicte comme une croix, et c'est paraventure la cause qu'elle a tant de vertu contre les possedez, et que l'Eglise s'en sert en les exorcisant.* It was on the same principle that the Greeks called *sulphur*, θεῖον, because of its use in their superstitious purgations by fire. Which too the Romish priests employ to fumigate in their exorcisms; and on that account hallow or consecrate it. WARBURTON.

There's rue for you; and here's some for me, &c.] I believe there is a quibble meant in this passage; *rue* anciently signifying the same as *Ruth*, i. e. sorrow. Ophelia gives the queen some, and keeps a proportion of it for herself. There is the same kind of play with the same word in *King Richard the Second.*

Herb of grace is one of the titles which *Tucca* gives to *William Rufus*, in *Decker's Satiromastix.* I suppose the first syllable of the surname *Ru*fus introduced the quibble. STEEVENS.

[6] You may wear your rue *with a difference.*] This seems to refer to the rules of heraldry, where the younger brothers of a family bear the same arms *with a difference*, or mark of distinction. So, in Holinshed's *Reign of King Richard* II. p. 443: "—because he was the youngest of the Spensers, he bare a border gules for a *difference.*"

There may, however, be somewhat more implied here, than is expressed. *You, madam* (says Ophelia to the Queen), *may call your* RUE *by its Sunday name,* HERB OF GRACE, *and so wear it with a difference to distinguish it from mine, which can never be any thing but merely* RUE, i. e. *sorrow.* STEEVENS.

[7] *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,*—] This is part of an old song, mentioned likewise by Beaumont and Fletcher. *Two Noble Kinsmen,* Act 4. Sc. 1:

"—I

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

[8] *His beard was as white as snow,*
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God a' mercy on his soul[9]!
And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi'you.

[*Exit Oph.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must common with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:

" —— I can sing the broom,
" And *Bonny Robin*."

In the books of the Stationers' Company, 26 April, 1594, is entered " A ballad, intituled, A doleful adewe to the last Erle of Darbie, to the tune of *Bonny sweet Robin*." STEEVENS.

[8] *His beard was as white as snow*, &c.] This, and several circumstances in the character of Ophelia, seem to have been ridiculed in *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy written by Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, printed 1605, Act 3:

" *His head as white as milk,*
" *All flaxen was his hair;*
" *But now he's dead,*
" *And laid in his bed,*
" *And never will come again.*
" God be at your labour! STEEVENS.

[9] *God a'mercy on his soul!*
And of all Christian souls!] This is the common conclusion to many of the ancient monumental inscriptions. See Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 657, 658. Berthelette, the publisher of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554, speaking first of the funeral of Chaucer, and then of Gower, says, " — he lieth buried in the monasterie of Seynt Peter's at Westminster, &c. *On whose soules and all christen, Jesu have mercie.*" STEEVENS.

If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
[1] No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
[2] And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Room.

Enter Horatio, with a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir;
They say, they have letters for you.

[1] *No trophy, sword, or hatchment*—] It was the custom, in the times of our author, to hang a sword over the grave of a knight. JOHNSON.

No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,] This practice is uniformly kept up to this day. Not only the sword, but the helmet, gauntlet, spurs, and taburd (*i. e.* a coat whereon the armorial ensigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term *coat of armour*) are hung over the grave of every knight. Sir J. HAWKINS.

[2] *And where the offence is, let the great* axe *fall.*] We should read,

—— *let the great* tax *fall.*

i. e. penalty, punishment. WARBURTON.

Fall corresponds better to *axe.* JOHNSON.

Hor. Let them come in.—
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the embassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compell'd valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light [3] for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

[3] —*for the* bore *of the matter.*] The *bore* is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel. *The matter* (says Hamlet) *would carry heavier words.* JOHNSON.

Come,

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE VII.

Another Room.

Enter King, and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is, the great love [4] the general gender bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
[5] Work, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,

[4] *the general gender*] The *common race* of the people. JOHNSON.

[5] Work, *like the spring*—] This simile is neither very seasonable in the deep interest of this conversation, nor very accurately applied. If the *spring* had changed base metals to gold, the thought had been more proper. JOHNSON.

The folio, instead of—*work*, reads—*would*. STEEVENS.

Convert

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind[6],
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, [7] if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger[8],
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news[9]?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet[1]:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them

6 —*for so loud a wind,*] Thus the folio. One of the quartos reads — for so *loved, arm'd.* If these words have any meaning, it should seem to be—The instruments of offence I employ, would have proved too weak to injure one who is so *loved and arm'd* by the affection of the people. Their love, like *armour*, would revert the arrow to the bow. STEEVENS.

7 —*if praises may go back again,*] If I may praise what has been, but is now to be found no more. JOHNSON.

8 *That we can let our beard be shook with danger,*] It is wonderful that none of the advocates for the learning of Shakespeare have told us that this line is imitated from Persius, Sat. 2:

Idcirco stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam
Jupiter? STEEVENS.

9 *How now?* &c.] Omitted in the quartos. THEOBALD.

1 *Letters,* &c.] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Of

Of him that brought them [2].

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us. [*Exit Mess.*

HIGH and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone*:
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so?—how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
[3] As checking at his voyage, and that he means

[2] *Of him that brought them.*] I have restored this hemistich from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] *As* liking not *his voyage,*—] The folio,

As checking at *his voyage.*

Checking is, I think, the best reading. The phrase is from falconry; and may be justified from the following passage in *Hinde's Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606: "—For who knows not, quoth she, that this hawk, which comes now so fair to the fist, may to-morrow *check* at the lure?"

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"But as the hawke, to gad which knowes the way,
"Will hardly leave to *checke* at carren crowes, &c." STEEVENS.

No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe;
But even his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. [4] My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could deviſe it ſo,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of ſince your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they ſay, you ſhine: your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
[5] Of the unworthieſt ſiege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds,
[6] Importing health, and graveneſs.—Two months ſince,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt, the French,

[4] *Laer.*] The next ſixteen lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[5] *Of the unworthieſt* ſiege.] Of the loweſt rank. *Siege*, for *ſeat*, *place*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*: "—I fetch my birth
"From men of royal *ſiege*." STEEVENS.

[6] *Importing health and graveneſs.*—] But a warm furr'd gown rather implies ſickneſs than *health*. Shakeſpeare wrote,

Importing wealth *and graveneſs.*—

i. e. that the wearers are rich burghers and magiſtrates. WARBURTON.

Importing here may be, not *inferring* by logical conſequence, but *producing* by phyſical effect. A young man regards ſhow in his dreſs, an old man, *health*. JOHNSON.

2 And

And they can well on horſeback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt: ſo far he topp'd my thought,
That I, [7] in forgery of ſhapes and tricks,
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very ſame.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confeſſion of you;
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe [8] in your defence,
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cried out, 'Twould be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you: [9] the ſcrimers of their nation,
He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now out of this,——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aſk you this?

[7] — *in forgery of ſhapes and tricks,*] I could not contrive ſo many proofs of dexterity as he could perform. JOHNSON.

[8] — *in your defence,*] That is, in the *ſcience of* defence. JOHNSON.

[9] — *the ſcrimers*—] The *fencers*. JOHNSON.
This paſſage is not in the folio. STEEVENS.

King.

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, [1] love is begun by time;
And that I see, [2] in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives [3] within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
[4] For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
[5] And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:

Hamlet

[1] —*love is begun by time;*] This is obscure. The meaning may be, *love* is not innate in us, and co-essential to our nature, but begins at a certain time from some external cause, and being always subject to the operations of time, suffers change and diminution.

JOHNSON.

[2] —*in passages of proof,*] In transactions of daily experience.

JOHNSON.

[3] *There lives* &c.] The next ten lines are not in the folio.

STEEVENS.

[4] *For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,* I would believe, for the honour of Shakespeare, that he wrote *plethory.* But I observe the dramatic writers of that time frequently call a fulness of blood a *pleurisy*, as if it came, not from πλευρὰ, but from *plus, pluris.*

WARBURTON.

I think the word should be spelt—*plurisy.* This passage is fully explained by one in Mascal's treatise on Cattle, 1662, p. 187. "Against the blood, or *plurisie* of blood. The disease of blood is, some young horses will feed, and being fat will *increase* blood, and so *grow to a plurisie*, and *die* thereof if he have not soon help."

TOLLET.

And then this should *is like a spendthrift's* sigh
That hurts by easing.—] This nonsense should be read thus
And then this should *is like a spendthrift's* sign
That hurts by easing;——

i. e. though a spendthrift's entering into bonds or mortgages gives him a present relief from his straits, yet it ends in much greater distresses. The application is, If you neglect a fair opportunity now.

Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To shew yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: [6] he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

now, when it may be done with ease and safety, time may throw so many difficulties in your way, that, in order to surmount them, you must put your whole fortune into hazard. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is so ingenious, that it can hardly be opposed, but with the same reluctance as the bow is drawn against a hero whose virtues the archer holds in veneration. Here may be applied what Voltaire writes to the empress:

Le genereux François——
Te combat et t' admire.

Yet this emendation, however specious, is mistaken. The original reading is, not a *spendthrift's* sigh, but a *spendthrift* sigh; a *sigh* that makes an unnecessary waste of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent, that *sighs* impair the strength, and wear out the animal powers. JOHNSON.

Hence Shakespeare, in *K. Henry* VI. calls them

—blood-consuming *sighs.*

The idea is enlarged upon in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579: "Why have you not in tyme the source of your scorching *sighes*, that have already drayned your body of his wholesome humoures, appoynted by nature to gyve sucke to the entrals and inward partes of you?" MALONE.

[6] — *he being remiss,*] He being not vigilant or cautious. JOHNSON.

A sword

[7] A ſword unbated, and, in [8] a paſs of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:
And, for the purpoſe, I'll anoint my ſword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that have virtue
Under the moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
[9] May fit us to our ſhape: If this ſhould fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore, this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,

[7] *A ſword unbated,*—] i. e. not blunted as foils are. Or, as one edition has it, *embaited* or *envenomed*. POPE.

There is no ſuch reading as *embaited* in any edition. In Sir Thomas North's Tranſlation of Plutarch, it is ſaid of one of the *Metelli*, that "he ſhewed the people the cruel fight of fencers at *unrebated* ſwords." STEEVENS.

[8] —*a paſs of practice,*] Practice is often by Shakeſpeare, and other writers, taken for an *inſidious ſtratagem*, or *privy* treaſon, a ſenſe not incongruous to this paſſage, where yet I rather believe, that nothing more is meant than a *thruſt for exerciſe.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"I pray God there be no *practice* in this change."

Again, "— the man is like to die:

"*Practice*, by th' maſs, *practiſe* by the, &c.—

"*Practiſe* by the Lord, *practice*, I ſee it clear."

Again, more appoſitely in our author's *Twelfth Night*, Act 5. Sc. ult.

This *practiſe* hath moſt ſhrewdly *paſs'd* upon thee.

STEEVENS.

[9] *May fit us to our ſhape:*—] May *enable* us to *aſſume proper characters*, and to act our part. JOHNSON.

If

If this should [1] blast in proof. Soft;—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink, [2] I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise [3]?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel [4],
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook [5],
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, [6] and long purples,
That

[1] —*blast in proof.*] This, I believe, is a metaphor taken from a mine, which, in the proof or execution, sometimes breaks out with an ineffectual *blast*. JOHNSON.

The word *proof* shews the metaphor to be taken from the trying or proving fire-arms or cannon, which often *blast* or *burst* in the *proof*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*I'll have* prepar'd *him*] Thus the folio. The quartos read, I'll have *prefer'd* him. STEEVENS.

[3] —*But stay, what noise?*] I have recovered this from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[4] *One woe doth tread upon another's heel,*] A similar thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir
"That may succeed as his inheritor." STEEVENS.

[5] —*ascaunt the brook,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *aslant*. *Ascaunce* is interpreted in the Glossary to Chaucer—*askew, aside, sideways*. STEEVENS.

[6] —*and* long purples,] By *long purple* is meant a plant, the modern botanical name of which is *orchis morio mas*, anciently *testiculus morionis*. The *grosser name* by which it passes, is sufficiently known in many parts of England, and particularly in the

county

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her cloaths spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
7 Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

county where Shakespeare lived. Thus far Mr. Warner. Mr. Collins adds, that in Suss x it is still called *dead men's hands*; and that in Lyte's Herbal, 1578, its various names, too gross for repetition, are preserved. STEEVENS.

7 *Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;*] Fletcher, in his *Scornful Lady*, very invidiously ridicules this incident:

" I will run mad first, and if that get not pity,
" I'll drown myself to a most dismal ditty." WARBURTON.

The quartos read—" snatches of old *lauds*," i. e. *hymns*. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Church-yard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 *Clown.* Is she to be bury'd in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, she is; therefore, [8] make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and [9] an act hath three branches; it

[8] *—make her grave* straight:] Make her grave from east to west in a direct line parallel to the church; not from north to south, athwart the regular line. This, I think, is meant. JOHNSON.

I cannot think that this means any more than *make her grave immediately*. She is to be buried in *christian burial*, and consequently the grave is to be made as usual. My interpretation may be justified from the following passages in *K. Henry* V. and the play before us: "—We cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen who live by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house *straight.*"

Again, in *Hamlet*, Act 3. Sc. 4:

Pol. He will come *straight.*

Again, in the *Lover's Progress*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*Lis.* Do you fight *straight?*

"*Clar.* Yes, presently."

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"—we'll come and dress you *straight.*"

Again, in *Othello*:

"Farewel, my Desdemona, I will come to thee *straight.*"

STEEVENS.

[9] *—an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform.*] Ridicule on scholastic divisions without distinction; and of distinctions without difference. WARBURTON.

is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't; [1] crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been bury'd out of christian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity; that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than [2] their even christian. Come; my spade. There is no ancient

[1] —*crowner's quest-law.*] I strongly suspect that this is a ridicule on the case of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his commentaries, as determined in 3 Eliz.

It seems her husband Sir James Hales had drowned himself in a river, and the question was, whether by this act a forfeiture of a lease from the dean and chapter of Canterbury, which he was possessed of, did not accrue to the crown; an inquisition was found before the coroner, which found him *felo de se*. The legal and logical subtilties, arising in the course of the argument of this case, gave a very fair opportunity for a sneer at *crowner's quest-law*. The expression, a little before, that *an act hath three branches*, &c. is so pointed an allusion to the case I mention, that I cannot doubt but that Shakespeare was acquainted with and meant to laugh at it.

It may be added, that on this occasion a great deal of subtilty was used, to ascertain whether Sir James was the *agent* or the *patient*; or, in other words, whether *he went to the water, or the water came to him*. The cause of Sir James's madness was the circumstance of his having been the judge who condemned *Lady Jane Gray*. Sir J. HAWKINS.

[2] —*their even christian.*] So all the old books, and rightly. An old English expression for fellow-christians. THIRLBY.

So,

cient gentlemen but gardiners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

[3] 2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digg'd; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answer'st me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2. *Clown.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown.* [4] Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.*

So, in Chaucer's *Jack Upland:* "If freres cannot or mow not excuse 'hem of these questions asked of 'hem, it semeth that they be horrible giltie against God, and *ther even christian*; &c."

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. 5. fol. 102:

"Of beautie sighe he never hir *even.*"

Again, Chaucer's *Persones Tale:* "—of his neighebour, that is to sayn, of his *even cristen*, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] 2 *Clown.*] This speech, and the next as far as—*without arms*, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[4] *Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.*] *i. e.* when you have done that, I'll trouble you no more with these riddles. The phrase is taken from husbandry. WARBURTON.

Alluding to what the Greeks called by one word Βουλυτὸς, the time for unyoking. Hom. Il. Π. 779.

Ἦμος δ' ἠέλιος μετενίσσετο βουλυτόνδε.

Schol. ἐπὶ τὴν ἑσπέραν δείλης, καθ' ὃν καιρὸν οἱ βόες ἀπολύονται τῶν ἔργων. UPTON.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.
1 *Clown.* To't.
2 *Clown.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet, and Horatio, at a distance.

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last 'till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs, and sings.

[5] *In youth when I did love, did love,*
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was [6] *nothing meet.*

Ham.

If it be not sufficient to say, with Dr. Warburton, that the phrase might be taken from husbandry, without much depth of reading, we may produce it from a dittie of the workmen of Dover, preserved in the additions to Holinshed, p. 1546.
"My bow is broke, I would *unyoke*,
"My foot is sore, I can worke no more," FARMER.
Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, at the end of Song I.
"Here I'll *unyoke* a while and turne my steeds to meet."
Again, in *P. Holland's* Translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* p. 593: "in the evening, and when thou dost *unyoke*." STEEVENS.

[5] *In youth when I did love,* &c.] The three stanzas, sung here by the grave-digger, are extracted, with a slight variation, from a little poem, called *The Aged Lover renounceth Love*, written by Henry Howard earl of Surrey, who flourished in the reign of king Henry VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a strained accusation of treason. THEOBALD.

[6] — *nothing meet.*] Hanmer reads.
—— *nothing so meet.* JOHNSON.
The original poem from which this stanza is taken, like the other succeeding ones, is preserved among lord Surrey's poems; though, as Dr. Percy has observed, it is attributed to lord Vaux by George Gascoigne,

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such 7.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of 8 a politician,

Gascoigne. See an epistle prefixed to one of his poems, printed with the rest of his works, 1575. By others it is supposed to have been written by Sir Thomas Wyatt.

I lothe that I did love;
In youth that I thought swete:
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not mete.

The entire song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

7 *As if I had never been such.*] Thus, in the original.

For age with stealing steps
Hath clawde me with his crowch;
And lusty youthe away he leapes,
As there had bene none such. STEEVENS.

8 *— a politician,—one that would circumvent God;*] This character is finely touched. Our great historian has well explained it in an example, where, speaking of the death of cardinal Mazarine, at the time of the Restoration, he says, "The cardinal was "probably struck with the wonder, if not the agony of that "undream'd-of prosperity of our king's affairs; as if he had taken "it ill, and laid it to heart, that God Almighty would bring such "a work to pass in Europe without his concurrence, and even "against all his machinations." *History of Rebellion*, book 16.

WARBURTON.

 which

[9] which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it [1]; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: [2] and now my lady worm's; chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the

[9] —*which this ass o'er-offices;*—] The meaning is this. People in office, at that time, were so over-bearing, that Shakespeare, speaking of insolence at the height, calls it, *Insolence in office.* And Donne says,

Who is he,
Who officers' rage and suitors' misery
Can write in jest.——— Sat.

Alluding to this character of ministers and politicians, the speaker observes, that this insolent officer is now *o'er-officer'd* by the sexton, who, knocking his scull about with his spade, appears to be as insolent in his office as they were in theirs. This is said with much humour. WARBURTON.

In the quarto, for *over-offices* is, *over-reaches*, which agrees better with the sentence: it is a strong exaggeration to remark, that an *ass* can *over-reach* him who would once have tried to *circumvent.*—I believe both the words were Shakespeare's. An author in revising his work, when his original ideas have faded from his mind, and new observations have produced new sentiments, easily introduces images which have been more newly impressed upon him, without observing their want of congruity to the general texture of his original design. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*o'er-offices.* STEEVENS.

[1] *This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it;*] So, in *Timon of Athens,* Act 1:

—my lord you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on; it is yours, because you lik'd it. STEEVENS.

[2] —*and now my lady Worm's;*] The scull that was *my lord Such-a-one's,* is now *my lady Worm's.* JOHNSON.

breeding,

breeding, but to [3] play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

Clown sings.

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrowding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet [4].

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits [5] now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock

[3] —*play at loggats*—] A play, in which pins are set up to be beaten down with a bowl. JOHNSON.

—*to play at loggats with 'em?*—] This is a game played in several parts of England even at this time. A stake is fixed into the ground; those who play, throw *loggats* at it, and he that is nearest the stake, wins: I have seen it played in different counties at their sheep-sheering feasts, where the winner was entitled to a black fleece, which he afterwards presented to the farmer's maid to spin for the purpose of making a petticoat, and on condition that she knelt down on the fleece to be kissed by all the rusticks present.

So Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, Act 4. Sc. 6.

"Now are they tossing his legs and arms,
"Like *loggats* at a pear-tree."

So in an old collection of epigrams, satires, &c.

"To play at *loggats*, nine holes, or ten pinnes."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612: "— two hundred crowns!
"I've lost as much at *loggats*."

It is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the statute of 33 of Hen. VIII. STEEVENS.

[4] *For such a guest is meet.*] Thus in the original.

A pick-axe and a spade,
And eke a shrowding sheet;
A house of clay for to be made,
For such a guest most meet. STEEVENS.

[5] *Quiddits*, &c.] i. e. subtilties. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*:

"I am wise, but *quiddits* will not answer death."

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Nay, good Sir Throat, forbear your *quillets* now."

STEEVENS.

him

him about the sconce [6] with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines [7], and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that [8]. I will speak to this fellow;—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

Clown. Mine, sir.——

O, a pit of clay for to be made—
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou ly'st in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

[6] —*the sconce*] *i. e.* the head. So, in Lilly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

"Laudo ingenium, I like thy *sconce.*"

Again, in *Merry Tricks*, or *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

"——I say no more,
"But 'tis within this *sconce* to go beyond them."
STEEVENS.

[7] *Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[8] — assurance *in that.*] A quibble is intended. Deeds, which are usually written on parchment, are called the common *assurances* of the kingdom. MALONE.

Ham.

Ham. Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't, and ſay it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou ly'ſt.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, ſir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, ſir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One, that was a woman, ſir; but, reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is! we muſt ſpeak [9] by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, theſe three years I have taken note of it; [1] the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of the courtier,

9 — *by the* card,—] The *card* is the paper on which the different points of the compaſs were deſcribed. *To do any thing by the card*, is, *to do it with nice obſervation.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

" And the very ports they blow, &c.
" On the ſhipman's *card.*" STEEVENS.

1 — *the age is grown ſo* picked,—] So *ſmart*, ſo *ſharp*, ſays Hanmer, very properly; but there was, I think, about that time, a *picked* ſhoe, that is, *a ſhoe with a long pointed toe*, in faſhion, to which the alluſion ſeems likewiſe to be made. *Every man now is ſmart; and every man now is a man of faſhion.* JOHNSON.

This faſhion of wearing ſhoes with long poin ed toes was carried to ſuch exceſs in England, that it was reſtrained at laſt by proclamation ſo long ago as the fifth year of Edward IV. when it was ordered, "that the beaks or pykes of ſhoes and boots ſhould "not paſs two inches, upon pain of curſing by the clergy, and "forfeiting twenty ſhillings, to be paid one noble to the king, "another to the cordwainers of London, and the third to the "chamber of London;—and for other countries and towns the "like order was taken.—Before this time, and ſince the year 1382, "the pykes of ſhoes and boots were of ſuch length, that they "were fain to be tied up to the knees with chains of ſilver, and "gilt, or at leaſt with ſilken laces." STEEVENS.

he

he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

Clown. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

Clown. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clown. Why, sir, his hide is so tarn'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham.

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, ſir, was Yorick's ſcull, the king's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times; and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber [1], and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think, Alexander look'd o' this faſhion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? pah!

Hor. E'en ſo, my lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of Alexander, 'till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make loam; And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

[1] *my lady's* chamber,] Thus the folio. The quartos read—my lady's *table*, meaning, I ſuppoſe, her *dreſſing-table*. STEEVENS.

Imperial

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the [2] winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft, aside;—Here comes the king,

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, the corpse of Ophelia, with Lords and Priests attending.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such [3] maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life [4]. 'Twas of [5] some estate:
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

[6] *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctify'd have lodg'd
'Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:

[2] —*winter's flaw!*] Winter's *blast*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
"— no doubt this stormy *flaw*,
"That Neptune sent to cast us on this shore."
The quartos read—to expel the *water's* flaw. STEEVENS.

[3] —*maimed rites!*—] Imperfect obsequies. JOHNSON.

[4] Fordo *its own life.*] To *fordo*, is to undo, to destroy. So, in *Othello*: "—— this is the night
"That either makes me or *fordoes* me quite."
Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: "— wolde to God it might be leful for me to *fordoo* myself, or to make an ende of me!" STEEVENS.

[5] —*some estate:*] Some person of high rank. JOHNSON.

[6] *Priest.*] This *Priest* in the old quarto is called *Doctor*. STEEVENS.

Yet here she is [7] allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
[8] Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done;
We should profane the service of the dead,
[9] To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet.—Farewel!
[*Scattering flowers.*
I hop'd, thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,

[7] —*allow'd her virgin* rites,] The old quarto reads *virgin* crants, evidently corrupted from *chants*, which is the true word. A *specific* rather than a *generic* term being here required to answer to *maiden strewments*. WARBURTON.

I have been informed by an anonymous correspondent, that *crants* is the German word for *garlands*, and I suppose it was retained by us from the Saxons. To carry *garlands* before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is still the practice in rural parishes.

Crants therefore was the original word, which the author, discovering it to be provincial, and perhaps not understood, changed to a term more intelligible, but less proper. *Maiden rites* give no certain or definite image. He might have put *maiden wreaths*, or *maiden garlands*, but he perhaps bestowed no thought upon it, and neither genius nor practice will always supply a hasty writer with the most proper diction. JOHNSON.

In Minshew's *Dictionary*, see *Beades*, where *roosen krants* means *sertum rosarium*; and such is the name of a character in this play. TOLLET.

[8] *Of bell and burial.*] *Burial*, here, signifies interment in consecrated ground. WARBURTON.

[9] *To sing a Requiem,*—] A *Requiem* is a mass performed in Popish churches for the rest of the soul of a person deceased. The folio reads—sing *sage* requiem. STEEVENS.

And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Laertes leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead;
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*advancing*] What is he, whoſe grief
Bears ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
[*Hamlet leaps into the grave.*
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy ſoul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not ſplenetive and raſh,
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

[1] *All.* Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The attendants part them.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my ſon! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

[1] *All*, &c.] This is reſtored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou'lt do:

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?

[a] Woo't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I'll

[a] *Woo't drink up* Esill? *eat a crocodile?*] This word has through all the editions been distinguished by Italick characters, as if it were the proper name of some river; and so, I dare say, all the editors have from time to time understood it to be. But then this must be some river in Denmark; and there is none there so called; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of, but *Yssel*, from which the province of Overyssel derives its title in the German Flanders. Besides, Hamlet is not proposing any impossibilities to Laertes, as the drinking up a river would be: but he rather seems to mean, Wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distasteful to human nature? and, behold, I am as resolute. I am persuaded the poet wrote:

Wilt drink up Eisel? *eat a crocodile?*

i. e. Wilt thou swallow down large draughts of *vinegar?* The proposition, indeed, is not very grand: but the doing it might be as distasteful and unsavoury, as eating the flesh of a *crocodile*. And now there is neither an impossibility, nor an anticlimax: and the lowness of the idea is in some measure removed by the uncommon term. THEOBALD.

Hanmer has,

Wilt drink up Nile? *or eat a crocodile?*

Hamlet certainly meant (for he says he will rant) to dare Laertes to attempt any thing, however difficult or unnatural; and might safely promise to follow the example his antagonist was to set, in draining the channel of a river, or trying his teeth on an animal, whose scales are supposed to be impenetrable. Had Shakespeare meant to make Hamlet say—*Wilt thou drink vinegar?* he probably would not have used the term *drink up*; which means, *totally to exhaust*; neither is that challenge very magnificent, which only provokes an adversary to hazard a fit of the heart-burn or the colic.

The commentator's *Yssel* would serve Hamlet's turn or mine. This river is twice mentioned by Stowe, p. 735. "It standeth a good distance from the river *Issell*, but hath a sconce on *Issel* of incredible strength."

Again, by Drayton, in the 24th Song of his *Polyolbion:*

The one *O'er Issell's* banks the ancient Saxons taught;
At *Over Issell* rests, the other did apply:

And, in *K. Richard* II. a thought in part the same, occurs, Act 2. Sc. 2: "—the task he undertakes
"Is numb'ring sands, and *drinking oceans dry*."

 But

I'll do't.——Dost thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; 'till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
[3] When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham.

But in an old Latin account of Denmark and the neighbouring provinces, I find the names of several rivers little differing from *Esil*, or *Eisill*, in spelling or pronunciation. Such are the *Essa*, the *Oesil*, and some others. The word, like many more, may indeed be irrecoverably corrupted; but, I must add, that no authors later than Chaucer or Skelton make use of *eysel* for *vinegar:* nor has Shakespeare employed it in any other of his plays. The poet might have written the *Weisel*, a considerable river which falls into the Baltic ocean, and could not be unknown to any prince of Denmark. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens appears to have forgot our author's 111th sonnet:
"I will drinke
"Potions of *Eysell*."
I believe it has not been observed that many of these sonnets are addressed to his beloved nephew *William Harte*. FARMER.

I have since observed, that *Mandevile* has the same word. STEEVENS.

[3] When *that her golden couplets*—] We should read, E'er *that*—for it is the patience of birds, during the time of incubation, that is here spoken of. The pigeon generally sits upon two eggs; and her young, when first disclosed, are covered with a yellow down. WARBURTON.

Perhaps it should be,
Ere yet ——
Yet and *that* are easily confounded. JOHNSON.

To *disclose* was anciently used for to *hatch*. So, in the *Booke of Huntyng, Hauking, Fyshyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "First they ben eges; and after they ben *disclosed*, haukes; and commonly goshaukes ben *disclosed* as sone as the choughes." To *exclude* is the technical

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit Hor.*
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[*To Laertes.*
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly[4] shall we see;
'Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A hall in the palace.

Enter Hamlet, and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;—
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,

technical term at present. I believe neither commentator has rightly explained this image. During three days after the pigeon has *hatched* her *couplets* (for she lays no more than *two* eggs), she never quits her nest, except for a few moments in quest of a little food for herself; as all her young require in that early state, is to be kept warm, an office which she never entrusts to the male.
STEEVENS.

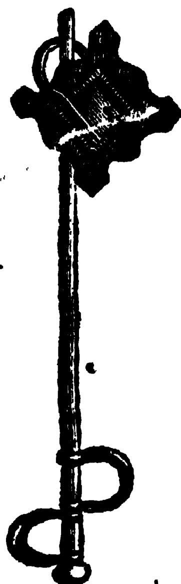
4 —*shortly*] The second and third quartos read, *thereby*. Perhaps rightly. STEEVENS.

 That

That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay
Worse than the 5 mutines in the bilboes. 6 Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it—Let us know,
Our

5 — *mutines in the bilboes.*] *Mutines*, the French word for seditious or disobedient fellows in the army or fleet. *Bilboes*, the *ship's prison*. JOHNSON.

The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain where instruments of steel were fabricated in the utmost perfection. To understand Shakespeare's allusion completely, it should be known, that as these fetters connect the legs of the offenders very close together, their attempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind there was *a kind of fighting that would not let him sleep.* Every motion of one must disturb his partner in confinement. The *bilboes* are still shewn in the Tower of London, among the other spoils of the Spanish Armada. The following is the figure of them. STEEVENS.



6 ——— *Rashly,*
And prais'd be rashness for it—Lets us know,
Our *indiscretion sometimes serves us well,*
When, &c.] The sense in this reading is, *Our rashness lets us know that our indiscretion serves us well, when*, &c. But this could never be Shakespeare's sense. We should read and point thus:

——— *Rashness*
(And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know;
Or *indiscretion sometimes serves us well,*
When, &c.] *i. e.* Rashness acquaints us with what we cannot penetrate to by plots. WARBURTON.

Both my copies read,

——— Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it, let *us know*.

Hamlet,

Our indiscretion sometime serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
7 With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—

Hamlet, delivering an account of his escape, begins with saying, That he *rashly*——and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakness of human wisdom. I rashly——praised be rashness for it——*Let us* not think these events casual, but *let us know*, that is, *take notice and remember*, that we sometimes succeed by *indiscretion*, when we *fail* by *deep plots*, and infer the perpetual superintendance and *agency* of the *Divinity*. The observation is just, and will be allowed by every human being who shall reflect on the course of his own life. JOHNSON.

This passage, I think, should be thus distributed.——Rashly
(And prais'd be rashness, for it lets us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will;—
Hor. That is most certain.—)
Ham. Up from my cabin, &c. So that *rashly* may be joined in construction with *in the dark grop'd I to find out them*. TYRWHITT.

7 *With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life*;] With *such causes of terror*, rising from my character and designs. JOHNSON.

A *bug* was no less a terrific being than a goblin. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. 2. c. 3:
"As ghastly *bug* their haire on end does reare."
We call it at present a *bugbear*. STEEVENS.

That, on the supervize, [8] no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay 'beseech you.

Ham. [9] Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play;—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:

[8] —*no leisure* bated,] *Bated*, for *allowed*. To *abate*, signifies to *deduct*; this deduction, when applied to the person in whose favour it is made, is called an *allowance*. Hence he takes the liberty of using *bated* for *allowed*. WARBURTON.

[9] *Being thus benetted round with villains,*
Ere I could make *a prologue to my* brains,
They had begun the play:—] The second line is nonsense. The whole should be read thus:

Being thus benetted round with villains,
Ere I could mark the *prologue to my* bane,
They had begun the play.

i. e. they begun to *act*, to my destruction, before I knew there was a *play* towards. *Ere I could mark the prologue.* For it appears by what he says of his *foreboding*, that it was that only, and not any apparent mark of villainy, which set him upon *fingering their packet*. *Ere I could make the prologue*, is absurd in both, as he had no thoughts of playing them a trick till they had played him one; and because his *counterplot* could not be called a *prologue* to their *plot*. WARBURTON.

In my opinion no alteration is necessary. Hamlet is telling how luckily every thing fell out; he groped out their commission in the dark without waking them; he found himself doomed to immediate destruction. Something was to be done for his preservation. An expedient occurred, not produced by the comparison of one method with another, or by a regular deduction of consequences, but before he *could make a prologue to his brains, they had begun the play*. Before he could summon his faculties, and propose to himself what should be done, a complete scheme of action presented itself to him. His mind operated before he had excited it. This appears to me to be the meaning. JOHNSON.

I once did hold it, [1] as our ſtatiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, ſir, now
It did me [2] yeoman's ſervice: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flouriſh,
[3] As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,
And ſtand a comma 'tween their amities;
And

[1] — *as our* ſtatiſts *do.*] A *ſtatiſt* is a *ſtateſman.* So, in Shirley's *Humorous Courtier*, 1640:

"— that he is wiſe, a [illegible]"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady:*

"Will ſcrew you out a ſecret from a *ſtatiſt.*" STEEVENS.

[2] — *yeoman's ſervice:*] The meaning, I believe, is, *This yeomanly qualification was a moſt uſeful ſervant, or yeoman, to me*; i. e. did me eminent ſervice. The ancient *yeomen* were famous for their military valour. "Theſe were the good archers in times paſt (ſays Sir Thomas Smith), and the ſtable troop of footmen that affraide all France." STEEVENS.

[3] *As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,*
And ſtand a comma *'tween their amities;*] Peace is here properly and finely perſonalized as the goddeſs of good league and friendſhip; and very claſſically dreſſed out. Ovid ſays,

Pax Cererem nutrit, pacis alumna Ceres.

And Tibullus,

At nobis, pax alma! veni, ſpicamque teneto.

But the placing her as a *comma*, or ſtop, between the *amities* of two kingdoms, makes her rather ſtand like a cypher. The poet without doubt wrote:

And ſtand a commere *'tween our amities.*

The term is taken from a trafficker in love, who brings people together, a procureſs. And this idea is well appropriated to the ſatirical turn which the ſpeaker gives to this wicked adjuration of the king, who would lay the foundation of the peace of the two kingdoms in the blood of the heir of one of them. Periers, in his novels, uſes the word *commere* to ſignify a ſhe-friend. *A tous ſes gens, chacun une* commere. And Ben Jonſon, in his *Devil's an Aſs*, engliſhes the word by a *middling goſſip.*

Or what do you ſay to a middling goſſip
To bring you together? WARBURTON.

Hanmer

And many such like [4] as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safely,
[5] The changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hanmer reads,

And stand a cement ——

I am again inclined to vindicate the old reading. That the word *commere* is French, will not be denied; but when or where was it English?

The expression of our author is, like many of his phrases, sufficiently constrained and affected, but it is not incapable of explanation. The *comma* is the note of *connection* and continuity of sentences; the *period* is the note of *abruption* and disjunction. Shakespeare had it perhaps in his mind to write, That unless England complied with the mandate, *war should put a* period *to their amity*; he altered his mode of diction, and thought that, in an opposite sense, he might put, that *Peace should stand a* comma *between their amities*. This is not an easy stile; but is it not the stile of Shakespeare? JOHNSON.

4 — as's *of great charge*,] *Asses* heavily *loaded*. A quibble is intended between *as* the conditional particle, and *ass* the beast of burthen. That *charg'd* anciently signified *loaded*, may be proved from the following passage in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"Thou must be the *ass charg'd with crowns* to make way."

JOHNSON.

Shakespeare has so many quibbles of his own to answer for, that there are those who think it hard he should be charged with others which he never thought of. STEEVENS.

5 *The* changeling *never known*:—] A *changeling* is a *child* which the fairies are supposed to leave in the room of that which they steal. JOHNSON.

Hor.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man [6], they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
[7] Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popt in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
[8] To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours [9]:

[6] *Why, man,* &c.] This line is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[7] *Doth by their own* insinuation *grow:*] *Insinuation*, for corruptly obtruding themselves into his service. WARBURTON.

[8] *To quit him*—] To requite him; to pay him his due. JOHNSON.

This passage, as well as the three following speeches, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[9] *I'll* count *his favours:*] Thus the folio. Mr. *Rowe* first made the alteration, which is unnecessary. I'll *count* his favours is—*I will make account* of them, i. e. *reckon upon them, value them.* STEEVENS.

But,

But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter Osrick.

Os. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—[1] Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: [2] 'Tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit: Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. [3] But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion [4]—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty

[1] —*Dost know this water-fly?*] A *water-fly* skips up and down upon the surface of the water, without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler. JOHNSON.

[2] —*It is a chough*;—] A kind of jackdaw. JOHNSON.

[3] *But yet, methinks, it is very sultry*, &c.] Hamlet is here playing over the same farce with Osrick, which he had formerly done with Polonius. STEEVENS.

[4] —*or my complexion.*] The folio read—"*for* my complexion." STEEVENS.

bade

bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease [5], in good faith.—Sir [6], here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, [7] full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shewing: Indeed, to speak feelingly [8] of him, he is [9] the card or calendar of gentry; [1] for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. [2] Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would

[5] "Nay, in good faith—*for mine ease.*"] This seems to have been the affected phrase of the time.—Thus in *Marston's Malecontent*, "I beseech you, sir, be covered."—"No, in good faith *for my ease.*" And in other places. FARMER.

[6] *Sir*, &c.] The folio omits this and the following fourteen speeches; and in their place substitutes only, "Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon." STEEVENS.

[7] —*full of most excellent differences*,—] Full of *distinguishing* excellencies. JOHNSON.

[8] —*speak* feelingly] The first quarto reads, *sellingly.* STEEVENS.

[9] —*the card or calendar of gentry*;—] The general preceptor of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the *calendar* by which he is to choose his time, that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. JOHNSON.

[1] —*for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.*] *You shall find him containing* and comprising every *quality* which a *gentleman* would desire to *contemplate* for imitation. I know not but it should be read, *You shall find him the continent.* JOHNSON.

[2] *Sir, his definement*, &c.] This is designed as a specimen, and ridicule of the court-jargon amongst the *precieux* of that time. The sense in English is, "Sir, he suffers nothing in your account of him, though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endless; yet when we had done our best, it would still come short of him. However, in strictness of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character so rarely to be met with,

would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; [3] and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be [4] a soul of great article; and his infusion [5] of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. [6] Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

"with, that to find any thing like him we must look into his "mirrour, and his imitators will appear no more than his shadows."
WARBURTON.

[3] *—and yet but* raw *neither—*] We should read *slow*.
WARBURTON.

I believe *raw* to be the right word; it is a word of great latitude; *raw* signifies *unripe*, *immature*, thence *unformed*, *imperfect*, *unskilful*. The best account of him would be *imperfect*, in respect of his quick sail. The phrase *quick sail* was, I suppose, a proverbial term for *activity of mind*. JOHNSON.

[4] *—a soul of great* article;—] This is obscure. I once thought it might have been, *a soul of great altitude*; but, I suppose, *a soul of great article*, means *a soul of* large comprehension, of many contents; the particulars of an inventory are called *articles*.
JOHNSON.

[5] *—of such dearth—*] *Dearth* is *dearness*, value, price. And his internal qualities of such value and rarity. JOHNSON.

[6] *Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, sir, really.*] Of this interrogatory remark the sense is very obscure. The question may mean, *Might not all this be understood in plainer language.* But then, *you will do it, sir, really*, seems to have no use, for who could doubt but plain language would be intelligible? I would therefore read, *Is't possible* not to be understood in a mother *tongue*. You will do it, sir, really. JOHNSON.

Suppose we were to point the passage thus: Is't not possible to understand? In another tongue you will do it, sir, really.

The speech seems to be addressed to *Osrick*, who is puzzled by Hamlet's imitation of his own affected language. STEEVENS.

Osr.

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, [7] if you did, it would not much approve me:—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. [8] I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, [9] in his meed he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has [1] impon'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers [2], and so: Three of the carriages,

[7] —*if you did, it would not much* approve *me.*] If you knew I was not ignorant, your esteem would not much advance my reputation. To *approve*, is to *recommend to approbation.* JOHNSON.

[8] *I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him,* &c.] I dare not pretend to know him, lest I should pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himself, which is the utmost extent of human wisdom. JOHNSON.

[9] —*in his meed,*— In his excellence. JOHNSON.

[1] —*impon'd,*—] Perhaps it should be, *depon'd.* So Hudibras,

"I would upon this cause *depone,*
"As much as any I have known."

But perhaps *imponed* is pledged, *impawned,* so spelt to ridicule the affectation of uttering English words with French pronunciation. JOHNSON.

[2] —*hangers,*] It appears from several old plays, that what was called a *Case of Hangers,* was anciently worn. So, in the *Birth of Merlin,* 1662:

"He has a fair sword, but his *hangers* are fallen."

Again,

carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, [3] you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be [4] more germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers 'till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bett against the Danish: Why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Osr. [5] The king, sir, hath lay'd, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you

Again,

"He has a feather, and fair *hangers* too."

Again, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631: "—a rapier

"Hatch'd with gold, with hilt and *hangers* of the new fashion."

STEEVENS.

[3] *—you must be edified by the margent,—*] Dr. Warburton very properly observes, that in the old books the gloss or comment was usually printed on the margent of the leaf. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, part 2d, 1630:

"—I read

"Strange comments in those *margins* of your looks."

This speech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[4] *—more germane—*] More *a-kin*. JOHNSON.

[5] *The king, sir, hath laid,—*] This wager I do not understand. In a dozen passes one must exceed the other more or less than three hits. Nor can I comprehend, how, in a dozen, there can be twelve to nine. The passage is of no importance; it is sufficient that there was a wager. The quarto has the passage as it stands. The folio, *He hath one twelve for mine.* JOHNSON.

The king hath laid that in a dozen passes, &c. This passage compared with two others in which this wager is again mentioned, is certainly obscure; yet with a slight correction already made by Sir T. Hanmer in the last of them, the three passages may, I think, be reconciled.

By *a dozen passes between yourself and him*, I understand a dozen passes *for each.* The meaning then is—"The king hath laid, that

you three hits: he hath lay'd on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought: the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. [6] This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham.

that in a dozen passes apiece between you and Laertes, he shall not have the advantage of you by three hits. *He* (viz. the king) *hath laid on* the terms of Laertes making twelve hits *for nine* which you shall make."—Or perhaps the last *he* means Laertes, and then it will run—" *He* (viz. Laertes) hath laid on terms of making *twelve hits* for *nine* which you shall make."

This just exceeds Hamlet's number by three.—If therefore Laertes in his 12 passes should make 12 hits, and Hamlet in his 12 but 9, the king would lose.—If on the other hand, Laertes should make but 11 hits, and Hamlet 9, or Laertes 12 and Hamlet 10, his majesty would win.—The other two passages in which this bett is mentioned, shall be considered in their proper places. MALONE.

[6] *This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.*] I see no particular propriety in the image of the lapwing. Osrick did not run till he had done his business. We may read, *This lapwing ran away*—That is, *this fellow was full of unimportant bustle from his birth.* JOHNSON.

The same image occurs in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News.*

" — and

Ham. [7] He did compliment with his dug, before he suck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed [8], that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter [9]; [1] a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed

"—— and coachmen
"To mount their boxes reverently, and drive
"Like *lapwings with a shell upon their heads*
"Thorough the streets."

And I have since met with it in several other plays. The meaning, I believe, is—This is a *forward* fellow. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612:

"—*Forward* lapwing,
"He flies with the shell on's head."

Again, in *Greene's Never too late*, 1616: "Are you no sooner hatched, with the *lapwing*, but you will run away with *the shell on your head*?"

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"Boldness enforces youth to hard atchievements
"Before their time; makes them run forth like *lapwings*
"From their warm nest, part of the *shell yet sticking*
"Unto their downy heads." STEEVENS.

[7] *He* did so, sir, *with his dug*, &c.] What, run away with it? The folio reads, *He did* comply *with his dug*. So that the true reading appears to be, *He did* compliment *with his dug*, i. e. stand upon ceremony with it, to shew he was *born* a courtier. This is extremely humorous. WARBURTON.

Hanmer has the same emendation. JOHNSON.

I doubt whether any alteration be necessary. Shakespeare seems to have used *comply* in the sense in which we use the verb *compliment*. See before, Act 2. Sc. 2. *let me* comply *with you in this garb*. TYRWHITT.

[8] —*the same* breed,] It is *beavy* in the first folio, and there may be a propriety in it, as he has just called him a *lapwing*. TOLLET.

—*and* many *more of the same* breed. The first folio has—*and* mine *more of the same* beavy. The second folio—*and* nine *more*, &c. Perhaps the last is the true reading. STEEVENS.

[9] —*outward habit of encounter*;] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*out of an* habit of encounter. STEEVENS.

[1] —*a kind of* yesty *collection, which carries them through and through the most* fond *and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.*] The metaphor is strangely mangled by

nowed opinions; and [2] do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter

by the intrusion of the word *fond*, which undoubtedly should be read *fann'd*; the allusion being to corn separated by the fan from chaff and dust. But the editors seeing, from the character of this *yesty collection*, that the *opinions*, through which they were so currently *carried*, were false opinions; and *fann'd and winnow'd opinions*, in the most obvious sense, signifying *tried and purified* opinions; they thought *fann'd* must needs be wrong, and therefore made it *fond*, which word signified, in our author's time, foolish, weak, or childish. They did not consider that *fann'd and winnow'd opinions* had also a different signification: for it may mean the opinions of great men and courtiers, men separated by their quality from the vulgar, as corn is separated from chaff. This *yesty collection*, says Hamlet, insinuates itself into people of the highest quality, as yest into the finest flour. The courtiers admire him, when he comes to the trial, &c. WARBURTON.

This is a very happy emendation; but I know not why the critic should suppose that *fond* was printed for *fann'd* in consequence of any reason or reflection. Such errors, to which there is no temptation but idleness, and of which there was no cause but ignorance, are in every page of the old editions. This passage in the quarto stands thus: "They have got out of the habit of encounter, a "kind of misty collection, which carries them through and through "the most profane and trennowned opinions." If this printer preserved any traces of the original, our author wrote, "the most "sane and renowned opinions," which is better than fann'd and winnow'd.

The meaning is, "these men have got the cant of the day, a "superficial readiness of slight and cursory conversation, a kind "of frothy collection of fashionable prattle, which yet carried "them through the most select and approved judgments. This "airy facility of talk sometimes imposes upon wise men."

Who has not seen this observation verified? JOHNSON.

Fond is evidently opposed to *winnowed*. *Fond*, in the language of Shakespeare's age, signified *foolish*. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

Thou naughty jailer, why art thou so *fond*, &c.

Winnowed

---

[2] — *do but blow them*, &c.] These men of show, without solidity, are like bubbles raised from soap and water, which dance, and glitter, and please the eye, but if you extend them, by blowing hard, separate into a mist; so if you oblige these specious talkers to extend their compass of conversation, they at once discover the tenuity of their intellects. JOHNSON.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord [3], his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some [4] gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds.

Winnowed is *sifted, examined.* The sense is then, that their conversation was yet successful enough to make them passable not only with the weak, but with those of sounder judgment. The same opposition in terms is visible in the reading which the quartos offer. *Profane* or *vulgar*, is opposed to *trenowned*, or *thrice renowned.* STEEVENS.

Fann'd and *winnow'd* seems right to me. Both words *winnowed, fand** and drest, occur together in Markham's *English Husbandman*, p. 117. So do fan'*d* and winnow'*d*, fann*ed* and winnow*ed* in his *Husbandry*, p. 18. 76, and 77. So Shakespeare mentions together the *fan* and *wind* in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act 5. Sc. 3. TOLLET.

[3] *My* lord, &c.] All that passes between *Hamlet* and this *Lord* is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[4] — *gentle entertainment*—] Mild and temperate conversation. JOHNSON.

* So written without the apostrophe, and easily might in MS. be mistaken for *fand.*

odds [5]. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such [6] a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. [7] If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: [8] Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter

[5] *I shall win at the* odds.] By *odds* are generally understood either *unequal stakes*, or *an advantage given to an adversary*. That no *odds* was laid in the former sense, appears from the bet itself, which has already been particularly mentioned. When Hamlet, therefore, says, *I shall win at the odds*, he means I shall succeed with the advantage which I am allowed, I shall make more than *nine* hits for Laertes' *twelve*. MALONE.

[6] — *a kind of* gain-giving] *Gain-giving* is the same as *misgiving*. STEEVENS.

[7] *If your mind dislike any thing, obey it:*] With these presages of future evils arising in the mind, the poet has forerun many events which are to happen at the conclusions of his plays; and sometimes so particularly, that even the circumstances of calamity are minutely hinted at, as in the instance of Juliet, who tells her lover from the window, that he appears *like one dead in the bottom of a tomb*. The supposition that the genius of the mind gave the alarm before approaching dissolution, is a very ancient one, and perhaps can never be totally driven out: yet it must be allowed the merit of adding beauty to poetry, however injurious it may sometimes prove to the weak and the superstitious. STEEVENS.

[8] *Since no man* has ought of what *he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?*] This the editors called reasoning. I should have thought the premises concluded just otherwise: for since death strips a man of every thing, it is but fit he should shun and avoid the despoiler. The old quarto reads, *Since no man, of ought he leaves*, knows, *what is't to leave betimes? Let be*. This is the true reading. Here the premises conclude right, and the argument drawn out at length is to this effect: "It is true, that, by death, "we lose all the goods of life; yet seeing this loss is no otherwise

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osrick, and attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.*

Ham. [9] Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

" an evil than as we are sensible of it; and since death removes " all sense of it, what matters it how soon we lose them? There-" fore come what will, I am prepared." But the ill pointing in the old book hindered the editors from seeing Shakespeare's sense, and encouraged them to venture at one of their own, though, as usual, they are come very lamely off. WARBURTON.

The reading of the quarto was right, but in some other copy the harshness of the transposition was softened, and the passage stood thus: *Since no man knows aught of what he leaves.* For *knows* was printed in the later copies *has*, by a slight blunder in such typographers.

I do not think Dr. Warburton's interpretation of the passage the best that it will admit. The meaning may be this, Since *no man knows aught of* the state of life which *he leaves*, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should he be afraid of *leaving* life betimes? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an exclusion of happiness, or an interception of calamity. I despise the superstition of augury and omens, which has no ground in reason or piety; my comfort is, that I cannot fall but by the direction of Providence.

Hanmer has, *Since no man owes aught*, a conjecture not very reprehensible. Since *no man can call any possession certain*, what is it to leave? JOHNSON.

[9] *Give me your pardon, sir:*] I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to shelter himself in falsehood. JOHNSON.

If

If Hamlet from himſelf be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himſelf, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madneſs: If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madneſs is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience [1],
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot my arrow o'er the houſe,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. [2] I am ſatisfy'd in nature,
Whoſe motive, in this caſe, ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I ſtand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
'Till by ſome elder maſters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But, 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your ſkill ſhall, like a ſtar i' the darkeſt night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, ſir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

[1] *Sir*, &c.] This paſſage I have reſtored from the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] *I am ſatisfied in* nature, &c.] This was a piece of ſatire on fantaſtical honour. Though *nature* is ſatisfied, yet he will aſk advice of older men of the ſword, whether *artificial honour* ought to be contented with Hamlet's ſubmiſſion.

There is a paſſage ſomewhat ſimilar in the *Maid's Tragedy*:
"*Evad.* Will you forgive me then?
"*Mel.* Stay, I muſt *aſk mine honour* firſt." STEEVENS.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
[3] Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:—
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups [4] of wine upon that table:—
If Hamlet give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ord'nance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
[5] And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer

[3] *Your grace hath laid upon the weaker side,*] Thus Hanmer. All the others read,

Your grace hath laid the odds *o' the weaker side.*

When the odds were on the side of Laertes, who was to hit Hamlet twelve times to nine, it was perhaps the author's slip. JOHNSON.

For the reason given in a former note, I think we ought to read with Hanmer,

Your grace hath laid upon the weaker side.

The king's answer is then pertinent and clear.—"I have no apprehensions, for I am acquainted with the skill of each of you. However, as Laertes is improved by practice in his travels, we (viz. Hamlet and the King) have *an advantage given us.*" The compositor at the press probably caught the word *odds* from the line next but one, and inadvertently inserted it in Hamlet's speech. MALONE.

[4] —*the stoups* of wine] A *stoup* is a *flaggon*, or *bowl.* STEEVENS.

[5] *And in the cup an* union *shall be throw,*] In some editions,

And in the cup an onyx *shall be throw.* This is a various reading in several of the old copies; but *union* seems to me to be the true word. If I am not mistaken, neither the *onyx*, nor *sardonyx*, are jewels which ever found place in an imperial crown. An *union* is the finest sort of pearl, and has its place in all crowns and coronets.

Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,——again,——

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is [6] thine;
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets sound; shot goes off.*

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.
[*They play.*

nets. Besides, let us consider what the king says on Hamlet's giving Laertes the first hit:

Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl *is thine;*
Here's to thy health.

Therefore, if an *union* be a *pearl*, and an *onyx* a gem, or stone, quite differing in its nature from *pearls*; the king saying, that Hamlet has earn'd the *pearl*, I think, amounts to a demonstration that it was an *union* pearl, which he meant to throw into the cup. THEOBALD.

So, in *Soliman and Perseda:*

"Ay, were it Cleopatra's *union.*"

The *union* is thus mentioned in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* "And hereupon it is that our dainties and delicates here at Rome, &c. call them *unions*, as a man would say singular and by themselves alone." STEEVENS.

[6] —*this* pearl *is thine;*] Under pretence of throwing a *pearl* into the cup, the king may be supposed to drop some poisonous drug into the wine. Hamlet seems to suspect this, when he afterwards discovers the effects of the poison, and tauntingly asks him, —*Is the union here?* STEEVENS.

Come.—Another hit; What say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath [7].—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet [8].

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afraid, [9] you make a wanton of me.

Laer.

7 Queen. *He's* fat, *and scant of breath.*—] It seems that *John Lowin*, who was the original *Falstaff*, was no less celebrated for his performance of *Henry* VIII. and *Hamlet*. See the *Historia Histrionica*, &c If he was adapted, by the corpulence of his figure, to appear with propriety in the two former of these characters, Shakespeare might have put this observation into the mouth of her majesty, to apologize for the want of such elegance of person as an audience might expect to meet with in the representative of the youthful Prince of Denmark, whom Ophelia speaks of as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." This, however, is mere conjecture as *Joseph Taylor* likewise acted *Hamlet* during the life of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

8 *The queen* carouses *to thy fortune, Hamlet.*] So, in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599:

"With full *carouses* to his fortune past."
"And bind that promise with a full *carouse*." Ibid.
"Now, lord Urias, one *carouse* to me." Ibid.

STEEVENS.

9 —*you make a* wanton *of me.*] A *wanton* was a man feeble and effeminate. In *Cymbeline*, Imogen says,

"I am

Laer. Say you ſo? come on. [*Play.*

Oſr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in ſcuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Oſr. Look to the queen there, ho!

[*The Queen falls.*

Hor. They bleed on both ſides:—How is it, my lord?

Oſr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſpringe, Oſrick;
I am juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—
The drink, the drink;—I am poiſon'd—

[*The Queen dies.*

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art ſlain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itſelf on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to riſe again: Thy mother's poiſon'd,
I can no more;—the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work, [*Stabs the King.*

All. Treaſon! treaſon!

" I am not ſo citizen a *wanton*,
" To die, ere I be ſick." JOHNSON.

King.

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—Is the union here [1]?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
[2] That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have it.—
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me [3]?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,

[1] *Is the union here?*] In this place likewise the quarto reads, an *onyx*. STEEVENS.

[2] *That are but mutes or audience to this act,*] That are either mere *auditors* of this *catastrophe*, or at most only *mute performers*, that fill the stage without any part in the action. JOHNSON.

[3] *—shall live behind me?*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—shall *I leave* behind me. STEEVENS.

And

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.— [*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the embassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit [4];
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophesy, the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents [5], more and less,
[6] Which have solicited,—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. [7] Now cracks a noble heart:—Good night, sweet prince;

And

4 *The potent poison quite* o'er-grows *my spirit*;] The first quarto and the first folio read,

——— *o'er-crows* my spirit;

alluding perhaps to a victorious cock exulting over his conquered antagonist. The same word occurs in *Lingua*, &c. 1607:

"Shall I? th'embassadress of gods and men,
"That pull'd proud Phœbe from her brightsome sphere,
"And dark'd Apollo's countenance with a word,
"Be *over-crowed*, and breathe without revenge?"

Again, in *Hall's Satires*, lib. 5. sat. 2:

"Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,
"That *over-croweth* all the world beside."

This phrase often occurs in the controversial pieces of Gabriel Harvey, 1593, &c. STEEVENS.

5 —*the* occurrents—] i. e. incidents. The word is now disused. So, in *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*, 1614:

"Such strange *occurrents* of my fore-past life."

Again, in the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, Canto I.

"With each *occurrent* right in his degree." STEEVENS.

6 *Which have* solicited—] *Solicited*, for brought on the event. WARBURTON.

7 *Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince;*
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!] Let us review for a moment the behaviour of Hamlet, on the strength of which

 Horatio

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter

Horatio sounds this eulogy, and recommends him to the patronage of angels.

Hamlet, at the command of his father's ghost, undertakes with seeming alacrity to revenge the murder; and declares he will banish all meaner thoughts from his mind. He makes, however, but one effort to keep his word, and that is, when he mistakes Polonius for the king. On another occasion, he defers his purpose till he can find an opportunity of taking his uncle when he is least prepared for death, that he may insure damnation to his soul. Though he assassinated Polonius by accident, yet he deliberately procures the execution of his school-fellows, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who appear to have been unacquainted with the treacherous purposes of the mandate which they were employed to carry. Their death (as he declares in a subsequent conversation with Horatio) gives him no concern, for they obtruded themselves into the service, and he thought he had a right to destroy them. He is not less accountable for the distraction and death of Ophelia. He comes to interrupt the funeral designed in honour of this lady, at which both the king and queen were present; and, by such an outrage to decency, renders it still more necessary for the usurper to lay a second stratagem for his life, though the first had proved abortive. He comes to insult the brother of the dead, and to boast of an affection for his sister, which, before, he had denied to her face; and yet at this very time must be considered as desirous of supporting the character of a madman, so that the openness of his confession is not to be imputed to him as a virtue. He apologizes to Horatio afterwards for the absurdity of this behaviour, to which, he says, he was provoked by that nobleness of fraternal grief, which, indeed, he ought rather to have applauded than condemned. Dr. Johnson has observed, that to bring about a reconciliation with Laertes, he has availed himself of a dishonest fallacy; and to conclude, it is obvious to the most careless spectator or reader, that he kills the king at last to revenge himself, and not his father.

Hamlet cannot be said to have pursued his ends by very warrantable means; and if the poet, when he sacrificed him at last, meant to have enforced such a moral, it is not the worst that can be deduced from the play; for, as *Maximus*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, says,

"Although his justice were as white as truth,
"His way was crooked to it; that condemns him."

The late Dr. Akinside once observed to me, that the conduct of Hamlet was every way unnatural and indefensible, unless he were

to

Enter Fortinbras, the English Embassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it, you would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. [8] This quarry cries, on havock!—O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine infernal cell [9],
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck?
Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth [1],
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.

to be regarded as a young man whose intellects were in some degree impaired by his own misfortunes; by the death of his father, the loss of expected sovereignty, and a sense of shame resulting from the hasty and incestuous marriage of his mother.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because Hamlet seems to have been hitherto regarded as a hero not undeserving the pity of the audience; and because no writer on Shakespeare has taken the pains to point out the immoral tendency of his character.
STEEVENS.

[8] *This quarry cries, on havock!*] Hanmer reads,
—— *cries* out, *havock!*
To *cry on*, was to *exclaim against*. I suppose, when unfair sportsmen destroyed more *quarry* or *game* than was reasonable, the censure was to cry, *Havock.* JOHNSON.

[9] *What feast is toward in thine infernal cell,*] Shakespeare has already employed this allusion to the *Choæ*, or *feasts of the dead*, which were anciently celebrated at Athens, and are mentioned by Plutarch in the life of *Antonius*. Our author likewise makes *Talbot* say to his son in the First Part of *King Henry* VI:
"Now art thou come unto a *feast of death.*" STEEVENS.

[1] —*his mouth,*] *i. e.* the king's. STEEVENS.

But

But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about: So shall you hear
Of cruel [2], bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause [3];
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
[4] And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,

Even

[2] *Of* cruel, &c.] Thus the more modern editors. The first quarto, and the folio, read—Of *carnal*, &c. referring, I suppose, to the usurper's criminal intercourse with the mother of Hamlet. COLLINS.

[3] —*and* forc'd cause.] Thus the folio. The quartos read—and *for no* cause. STEEVENS.

[4] *And from his mouth whose voice will draw* no *more:*] This is the reading of the old quartos, but certainly a mistaken one. We say, *a man will no more draw breath*; but that a man's *voice will draw no more*, is, I believe, an expression without any authority. I choose to espouse the reading of the elder folio:

And from his mouth, whose voice will draw on *more.*

And this is the poet's meaning. Hamlet, just before his death, had said:

But I do prophesy, the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, *&c.*

Accordingly, Horatio here delivers that message; and very justly infers, that Hamlet's *voice* will be seconded by others, and procure them in favour of Fortinbras's succession. THEOBALD.

If

Even while men's minds are wild; left more mif-
chance
On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a foldier, to the ftage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moft royally: and, for his paffage,
The foldiers' mufic, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—Such a fight as this
Becomes the field, but here fhews much amifs.
Go, bid the foldiers fhoot.

[*Exeunt: after which, a peal of ord'nance is fhot off.*

If the dramas of Shakefpeare were to be characterifed, each by the particular excellence which diftinguifhes it from the reft, we muft allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praife of variety. The incidents are fo numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The fcenes are interchangeably diverfified with merriment and folemnity; with merriment that includes judicious and inftructive obfervations; and folemnity, not ftrained by poetical violence above the natural fentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual fucceffion, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of converfation. The pretended madnefs of Hamlet caufes much mirth, the mournful diftraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tendernefs, and every perfonage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the firft act chills the blood with horror, to the fop in the laft, that expofes affectation to juft contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly fecure againft objections. The action is indeed for the moft part in continual progreffion, but there are fome fcenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madnefs of Hamlet there appears no adequate caufe, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of fanity. He plays the madman moft, when he treats Ophelia with fo much rudenefs, which feems to be ufelefs and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an inftrument than an agent. After he has, by the ftratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punifh him; and his death is at laft effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The cataftrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of neceffity, than a ftroke of art. A

fcheme

ſcheme might eaſily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accuſed of having ſhewn little regard to poetical juſtice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpoſe; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would ariſe from the deſtruction of an uſurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmleſs, and the pious. JOHNSON.

ACT II. Scene 2.

The rugged Pyrrhus, &c, &c.] The two greateſt poets of this and the laſt age, Mr. Dryden, in the preface to *Troilus and Creſſida*, and Mr. Pope, in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking that Shakeſpeare produced this long paſſage with deſign to ridicule and expoſe the bombaſt of the play from whence it was taken; and that Hamlet's commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. I think juſt otherwiſe; and that it was given with commendation to upbraid the falſe taſte of the audience of that time, which would not ſuffer them to do juſtice to the ſimplicity and ſublime of this production. And I reaſon, firſt, from the character Hamlet gives of the play, from whence the paſſage is taken. Secondly, from the paſſage itſelf. And thirdly, from the effect it had on the audience.

Let us conſider the character Hamlet gives of it, *The play, I remember, pleaſed not the million, 'twas Caviare to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember, one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honeſt method.* They who ſuppoſe the paſſage given to be ridiculed, muſt needs ſuppoſe this character to be purely ironical. But if ſo, it is the ſtrangeſt irony that ever was written. *It pleaſed not the multitude.* This we muſt conclude to be true, however ironical the reſt be. Now the reaſon given of the deſigned ridicule is the ſuppoſed bombaſt. But thoſe were the very plays, which at that time we know took with the multitude. And Fletcher wrote a kind of *Rehearſal* purpoſely to expoſe them. But ſay it is bombaſt, and that therefore it took not with the multitude. Hamlet preſently tells us what it was that diſpleaſed them. *There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honeſt method.* Now whether a perſon ſpeaks ironically or no, when he quotes others, yet common ſenſe requires

he

he ſhould quote what they ſay. Now it could not be, if this play diſpleaſed becauſe of the bombaſt, that thoſe whom it diſpleaſed ſhould give this reaſon for their diſlike. The ſame inconſiſtencies and abſurdities abound in every other part of Hamlet's ſpeech, ſuppoſing it to be ironical: but take him as ſpeaking his ſentiments, the whole is of a piece; and to this purpoſe. The play, I remember, pleaſed not the multitude, and the reaſon was, its being wrote on the rules of the ancient drama; to which they were entire ſtrangers. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of thoſe for whoſe judgment I have the higheſt eſteem, it was an excellent play, *well digeſted in the ſcenes*, i. e. where the three unities were well preſerved. *Set down with as much modeſty as cunning*, i. e. where not only the art of compoſition, but the ſimplicity of nature, was carefully attended to. The characters were a faithful picture of life and manners, in which nothing was overcharged into farce. But theſe qualities, which gained my eſteem, loſt the public's. For *I remember one ſaid, There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury*, i. e. there was not, according to the mode of that time, a fool or clown to joke, quibble, and talk freely. *Nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection*, i. e. nor none of thoſe paſſionate, pathetic love ſcenes, ſo eſſential to modern tragedy. *But he called it an honeſt method*, i. e. he owned, however *taſteleſs* this method of writing, on the ancient plan, was to our times, yet it was chaſte and pure; the diſtinguiſhing character of the Greek drama. I need only make one obſervation on all this; that, thus interpreted, it is the juſteſt picture of a good tragedy, wrote on the ancient rules. And that I have rightly interpreted it, appears farther from what we find in the old quarto, *An honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more* HANDSOME *than* FINE, i. e. it had a natural beauty, but none of the fucus of falſe art.

2 A ſecond proof that this ſpeech was given to be admired, is from the intrinſic merit of the ſpeech itſelf; which contains the deſcription of a circumſtance very happily imagined, namely, Ilium and Priam's falling together, with the effect it had on the deſtroyer.

——— *The helliſh Pyrrhus*, &c.
To, *Repugnant to command.*
The unnerved father falls, &c.
To, ———*So after Pyrrhus' pauſe.*

Now this circumſtance, illuſtrated with the fine ſimilitude of the ſtorm, is ſo highly worked up, as to have well deſerved a place in Virgil's ſecond book of the *Æneid*, even though the work had been carried on to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.

3. The third proof is, from the effects which followed on the recital. Hamlet, his beſt character, approves it; the player is deeply affected in repeating it; and only the fooliſh Polonius tired with it. We have ſaid enough before of Hamlet's ſentiments.

As for the player, he changes colour, and the tears start from his eyes. But our author was too good a judge of nature to make bombast and unnatural sentiment produce such an effect. Nature and Horace both instructed him,

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primùm ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
Telephe, vel Peleu. MALE SI MANDATA LOQUERIS,
Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.

And it may be worth observing, that Horace gives this precept particularly to shew, that bombast and unnatural sentiments are incapable of moving the tender passions, which he is directing the poet how to raise. For, in the lines just before, he gives this rule,

Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit Ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba.

Not that I would deny, that very bad lines in bad tragedies have had this effect. But then it always proceeds from one or other of these causes.

1. Either when the subject is domestic, and the scene lies at home; the spectators, in this case, become interested in the fortunes of the distressed; and their thoughts are so much taken up with the subject, that they are not at liberty to attend to the poet; who, otherwise, by his faulty sentiments and diction, would have stifled the emotions springing up from a sense of the distress. But this is nothing to the case in hand. For, as Hamlet says,

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?

2. When bad lines raise this affection, they are bad in the other extreme; low, abject, and groveling, instead of being highly figurative and swelling; yet, when attended with a natural simplicity, they have force enough to strike illiterate and simple minds. The tragedies of Banks will justify both these observations.

But if any one will still say, that Shakespeare intended to represent a player unnaturally and fantastically affected, we must appeal to Hamlet, that is, to Shakespeare himself in this matter; who, on the reflection he makes upon the player's emotion, in order to excite his own revenge, gives not the least hint that the player was unnaturally or injudiciously moved. On the contrary, his fine description of the actor's emotion shews, he thought just otherwise:

———this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage warm'd:
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, &c.

And indeed had Hamlet esteemed this emotion any thing unnatural, it had been a very improper circumstance to spur him to his purpose.

As Shakeſpeare has here ſhewn the effects which a fine deſcription of nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent player, whoſe buſineſs habituates him to enter intimately and deeply into the characters of men and manners, and to give nature its free workings on all occaſions; ſo he has artfully ſhewn what effects the very ſame ſcene would have upon a quite different man, Polonius; *by nature*, very weak and very artificial [two qualities, though commonly enough joined in life, yet generally ſo much diſguiſed as not to be ſeen by common eyes to be together; and which an ordinary poet durſt not have brought ſo near one another]; *by diſcipline*, practiſed in a ſpecies of wit and eloquence, which was ſtiff, forced, and pedantic; and *by trade* a politician, and therefore, of conſequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom Shakeſpeare has judiciouſly choſen to repreſent the falſe taſte of that audience which had condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the fineſt and moſt pathetic part of the ſpeech, Polonius cries out, *This is too long*; on which Hamlet, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, *It ſhall to the barber's with thy beard* [intimating that, by this judgment, it appeared that all his wiſdom lay in his length of beard,] *Pry'thee, ſay on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry* [the common entertainment of that time, as well as this, of the people] *or he ſleeps, ſay on.* And yet this man of modern taſte, who ſtood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relator, no ſooner hears, amongſt many good things, one quaint and fantaſtical word, put in, I ſuppoſe, purpoſely for this end, than he profeſſes his approbation of the propriety and dignity of it. *That's good. Mobled queen is good.* On the whole then, I think, it plainly appears, that the long quotation is not given to be ridiculed and laughed at, but to be admired. The character given of the play, by Hamlet, cannot be ironical. The paſſage itſelf is extremely beautiful. It has the effect that all pathetic relations, naturally written, ſhould have; and it is condemned, or regarded with indifference, by one of a wrong, unnatural taſte. From hence (to obſerve it by the way) the actors, in their repreſentation of this play, may learn how this ſpeech ought to be ſpoken, and what appearance Hamlet ought to aſſume during the recital.

That which ſupports the common opinion, concerning this paſſage, is the turgid expreſſion in ſome parts of it; which, they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We ſhall therefore, in the next place, examine the lines moſt obnoxious to cenſure, and ſee how much, allowing the charge, this will make for the induction of their concluſion.

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage ſtrikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell ſword
The unnerved father falls.

And again,

Out, out, thou ſtrumpet fortune! All you gods,
In general ſynod, take away her power:

Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Now whether these be bombast or not, is not the question; but whether Shakespeare esteemed them so. That he did not so esteem them appears from his having used the very same thoughts in the same expressions, in his best plays, and given them to his principal characters, where he aims at the sublime. As in the following passages.

Troilus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, far outstrains the execution of Pyrrhus's sword, in the character he gives of Hector's:

When many times the caitive *Grecians* fall
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Cleopatra, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, rails at fortune in the same manner:

No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd at my offence.

But another use may be made of these quotations; a discovery of this recited play: which, letting us into a circumstance of our author's life (as a writer) hitherto unknown, was the reason I have been so large upon this question. I think then it appears, from what has been said, that the play in dispute was Shakespeare's own; and that this was the occasion of writing it. He was desirous, as soon as he had found his strength, of restoring the chasteness and regularity of the ancient stage: and therefore composed this tragedy on the model of the Greek drama, as may be seen by throwing so much *action* into *relation*. But his attempt proved fruitless; and the raw, unnatural taste, then prevalent, forced him back again into his old Gothic manner. For which he took this revenge upon his audience. WARBURTON.

The praise which Hamlet bestows on this piece is certainly dissembled, and agrees very well with the character of madness, which, before witnesses, he thought it necessary to support. The speeches before us have so little merit, that nothing but an affectation of singularity, could have influenced Dr. Warburton to undertake their defence. The poet, perhaps, meant to exhibit a just resemblance of some of the plays of his own age, in which the faults were too general and too glaring to permit a few splendid passages to atone for them. The player knew his trade, and spoke the lines in an affecting manner, because Hamlet had declared them to be pathetic, or might be in reality a little moved by them: for, "There are less degrees of nature (says Dryden) by which some "faint emotions of pity and terror are raised in us, as a less engine "will raise a less proportion of weight, though not so much as "one of Archimedes' making." The mind of the prince, it must be confessed, was fitted for the reception of gloomy ideas, and

and his tears were ready at a slight solicitation. It is by no means proved, that Shakespeare has *employed the same thoughts cloathed in the same expressions, in his best plays.* If he bids *the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,* he does not desire her to *break all its spokes;* nay, *even its periphery, and make use of the nave afterwards for such an immeasureable cast.* Though if what Dr. Warburton has said should be found in any instance to be exactly true, what can we infer from thence, but that Shakespeare was sometimes wrong in spite of conviction, and in the hurry of writing committed those very faults which his judgment could detect in others? Dr. Warburton is inconsistent in his assertions concerning the literature of Shakespeare. In a note on *Troilus and Cressida,* he affirms, that his want of learning kept him from being acquainted with the writings of Homer; and, in this instance, would suppose him capable of producing a complete tragedy *written on the ancient rules;* and that the speech before us had sufficient merit to entitle it to a place *in the second book of Virgil's Æneid, even though the work had been carried to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.*

Had Shakespeare made one unsuccessful attempt in the manner of the ancients (that he had any knowledge of their rules, remains to be proved) it would certainly have been recorded by contemporary writers, among whom Ben Jonson would have been the first. Had his darling ancients been unskilfully imitated by a rival poet, he would at least have preserved the memory of the fact, to shew how unsafe it was for any one, who was not as thorough a scholar as himself, to have meddled with their sacred remains.

"Within that circle none durst walk but he." He has represented Inigo Jones as being ignorant of the very names of those classic authors, whose architecture he undertook to correct: in his *Poetaster* he has in several places hinted at our poet's injudicious use of words, and seems to have pointed his ridicule more than once at some of his descriptions and characters. It is true that he has praised him, but it was not while that praise could have been of any service to him; and posthumous applause is always to be had on easy conditions. Happy it was for Shakespeare, that he took nature for his guide, and, engaged in the warm pursuit of her beauties, left to Jonson the repositories of learning: so has he escaped a contest which might have rendered his life uneasy, and bequeathed to our possession the more valuable copies from nature herself: for Shakespeare was (says Dr. Hurd, in his notes on Horace's Art of Poetry) "the first that broke through the bondage of classical superstition. And he owed this felicity, as he did some others, to his want of what is called the advantage of a learned education. Thus, uninfluenced by the weight of early prepossession, he struck at once into the road of nature and common sense: and without designing, without knowing it, hath left us in his historical plays, with all their anomalies, an exacter resemblance of the Athenian

ſtage, than is any where to be found in its moſt profeſſed admirers and copyiſts." Again, ibid. "It is poſſible, there are, who think *a want of reading*, as well as vaſt ſuperiority of genius, hath contributed to lift this aſtoniſhing man, to the glory of being eſteemed the moſt original THINKER and SPEAKER, ſince the times of Homer."

To this extract I may add the ſentiments of Dr. Edward Young on the ſame occaſion. "Who knows whether Shakeſpeare might not have thought leſs, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of Jonſon's learning, as Enceladus under Ætna? His mighty genius, indeed, through the moſt mountaious oppreſſion would have breathed out ſome of his inextinguiſhable fire; yet poſſibly, he might not have riſen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required; for whatever other learning he wanted, he was maſter of two books, which the laſt conflagration alone can deſtroy; the book of nature, and that of man. Theſe he had by heart, and has tranſcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. Theſe are the fountain-head, whence the Caſtalian ſtreams of *original* compoſition flow; and theſe are often mudded by other waters, though waters in their diſtinct channel, moſt wholeſome and pure: as two chemical liquors, ſeparately clear as cryſtal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the ſight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatic province required, but, perhaps, as it could ſafely bear. If Milton had ſpared ſome of his learning, his muſe would have gained more glory, than he would have loſt by it."

Conjectures on Original Compoſition.

THE firſt remark of Voltaire on this tragedy, is that the former king had been poiſoned by his brother and *his queen.* The guilt of the latter, however, is far from being aſcertained. The Ghoſt forbears to accuſe her as an acceſſary, and very forcibly recommends her to the mercy of her ſon. I may add, that her conſcience appears undiſturbed during the exhibition of the mock tragedy, which produces ſo viſible a diſorder in her huſband who was really criminal. The laſt obſervation of the ſame author has no greater degree of veracity to boaſt of; for now, ſays he, all the actors in the piece are ſwept away, and one Monſieur Fortenbras is introduced to conclude it. Can this be true, when Horatio, Oſrick, Voltimand, and Cornelius ſurvive? Theſe, together with the whole court of Denmark, are ſuppoſed to be preſent at the cataſtrophe, ſo that we are not indebted to the Norwegian chief for having kept the ſtage from vacancy.

Monſieur de Voltaire has ſince tranſmitted in an Epiſtle to the Academy of Belles Lettres ſome remarks on the late French tranſlation of Shakeſpeare; but alas! no traces of genius or vigour

are

are discoverable in this *crambe repetita*, which is notorious only for its insipidity, fallacy, and malice. It serves indeed to shew an apparent decline of talents and spirit in its writer, who no longer relies on his own ability to depreciate a rival, but appeals in a plaintive strain to the queen and princesses of France for their assistance to stop the further circulation of Shakespeare's renown.

Impartiality, nevertheless, must acknowledge that his private correspondence displays a superior degree of animation. Perhaps an ague shook him when he appealed to the public on this subject; but the effects of a fever seem to predominate in his subsequent letter to Monsieur D'Argenteuil on the same occasion; for such a letter it is as our John Dennis (while his frenzy lasted) might be supposed to have written. "C'est moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce Shakespeare: c'est moi qui le premier montrai aux François quelques perles quels j'avois trouvé dans son enorme *fumier*." Mrs. Montague, the justly celebrated authoress of the *Essay on the genius and writings* of our author, was at Paris, and in the circle where these ravings of the Frenchman were first publickly recited. On hearing the illiberal expression already quoted, with no less elegance than readiness she replied—"C'est un *fumier* qui a fertilizé une terre bien ingrate."—In short, the author of *Zayre*, *Mahomet*, and *Semiramis*, possesses all the mischievous qualities of a midnight felon, who, in the hope to conceal his guilt, sets the house which he has robbed on fire.

As for Messieurs D'Alembert and Marmontel, they might safely be passed over with that neglect which their impotence of criticism deserves. Voltaire, in spite of his natural disposition to vilify an English poet, by adopting sentiments, characters, and situations from Shakespeare, has bestowed on him involuntary praise. Happily, he has not been disgraced by the worthless encomiums or disfigured by the aukward imitations of the other pair, who "follow in the chace not like hounds that hunt, but like those who fill up the cry." When D'Alembert declares that more sterling sense is to be met with in ten French verses than in thirty English ones, contempt is all that he provokes,—such contempt as can only be exceeded by that which every scholar will express, who may chance to look into the prose translation of Lucan by Marmontel, with the vain expectation of discovering either the sense, the spirit, or the whole of the original. STEEVENS.

OTHELLO.

Persons Represented.

DUKE of Venice.
Brabantio, *a senator.*
Two other senators.
Gratiano, *brother to Brabantio.*
Lodovico, *kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*
Othello, *the Moor.*
Cassio, *his lieutenant.*
Iago, *his ancient.*
Roderigo, *a Venetian gentleman.*
Montano, *the Moor's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.*
Clown, servant to the Moor.
Herald.

Desdemona, *daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.*
Æmilia, *wife to Iago.*
Bianca, *mistress to Cassio.*

Officers, gentlemen, messengers, musicians, sailors, and attendants.

SCENE, for the first act, in Venice; during the rest of the play, in Cyprus.

O T H E L L O [1].

A C T I. S C E N E I.

V E N I C E.

A street.

Enter Roderigo, and Iago.

Rod. Never tell me [2], I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.
Iago. But you'll not hear me [3]:
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.
Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
[4] Oft capp'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,

[1] *Othello.*] The story is taken from *Cynthio's Novels.* POPE.
I have not hitherto met with any translation of this novel (the seventh in the third decad) of so early a date as the age of Shakespeare; but undoubtedly many of those little pamphlets have perished between his time and ours.
This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkley. STEEVENS.
I have seen a French translation of *Cynthio*, by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect, through this medium the work came into English. FARMER.

[2] *Never tell me,*] The quartos read, *Tush*, never tell, &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *But you'll not*, &c.] The first quarto reads, *'Sblood* but you, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Oft capp'd to him;—*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads, *Off*-capp'd to him. STEEVENS.

Evades

Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Non suits my mediators; *for, certes* [5], says he,
I have already chosen my officer.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician [6],
One Michael Cassio [7], a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd [8] in a fair wife;

That

[5] —*certes*,] i. e. certainly, in truth. Obsolete. So Spenser, in the *Faery Queen*, b. 4. c. 9:

"*Certes* her losse ought me to sorrow most." STEEVENS.

[6] *Forsooth, a great* arithmetician,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio says: "—one that fights by the book of *arithmetick*." STEEVENS.

[7] —*a Florentine*,] It appears from many passages of this play (rightly understood) that Cassio was a Florentine, and Iago a Venetian. HANMER.

[8] —*in a fair* wife;] In the former editions this hath been printed, *a fair* wife; but surely it must from the beginning have been a mistake, because it appears from a following part of the play, that Cassio was an unmarried man: on the other hand, his beauty is often hinted at, which it is natural enough for rough soldiers to treat with scorn and ridicule. I read therefore:

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair phyz. HANMER.

——— *a Florentine*,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;] But it was Iago, and not Cassio, who was the Florentine, as appears from Act 3. Sc. 1. The passage therefore should be read thus:

——— *a Florentine's*,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;] These are the words of Othello (which Iago in this relation repeats) and signify, that a Florentine was an unfit person for command, as being always a slave to a fair wife; which was the case of Iago. The Oxford Editor, supposing this was said by Iago of Cassio, will have Cassio to be the Florentine; which, he says, *is plain from many passages in the play, rightly understood*. But because Cassio was *no* married man (though I wonder it did not appear he *was*, from some *passages rightly understood*) he alters the line thus:

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair phyz.

A White friers' phrase. WARBURTON.

As Mr. Theobald's note on this passage appears to have been written in concert with Dr. Warburton, it were useless to insert them both. The former, however, concludes his observations thus:

"*Iago*,

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More

"*Iago*, not *Cassio*, was the *Florentine*; *Iago*, not *Cassio*, was the married man; *Iago's* wife attends *Desdemona* to *Cyprus*; *Cassio* has a mistress there, a common strumpet; and *Iago* tells him in the fourth act:

She gives it out that you shall marry her.

which would be absurd, if *Cassio* had been already married at *Venice*. Besides, our poet follows the authority of his novel in giving the villainous ensign a fair wife." STEEVENS.

This is one of the passages which must for the present be resigned to corruption and obscurity. I have nothing that I can, with any approach to confidence, propose. I cannot think it very plain from Act 3. Sc. 1. that Cassio was or was not a Florentine.
JOHNSON.

Othello uses the name of *Florentine* as a term of reproach; and perhaps, the reason is because the *Florentines* were still in opposition to the *Venetians*. See Philip de Comines, b. 5. c. 1.

A fellow almost damn'd in a faire *wife*] Thus *faire* is spelt in the first folio; and some might have no objection to read, A fellow almost damn'd in a *false* wife; as the jealous *Ford* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 2. Sc. 2 says, "See *the hell* of having a *false* woman;" but the original text may mean a fellow almost as unhappy as the damned with jealousy of a fair wife. Iago afterwards, Act 2. Sc. 1. and Act 3. Sc. 3. in words equally emphatical thus owns the sufferings of his mind, while he professes revenge:

"For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat. The thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards."—
"But, oh, what *damned* minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves."
TOLLET.

The great difficulty is to understand in what sense any man can be said to be *almost damn'd in a fair wife*; or *fair phyz*, as Sir T. Hanmer proposes to read. I cannot find any ground for supposing that either the one or the other have been reputed to be damnable sins in any religion. The poet has used the same mode of expression in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act 1. Sc. 1:

"O my Anthonio, I do know of those
"Who therefore only are reputed wise,
"For saying nothing; who, I'm very sure,
"If they should speak, would *almost damn* those ears,
"Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools."

And there the allusion is evident to the gospel-judgment against those,

More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric [9],
Wherein

those, who call their brothers fools. I am therefore inclined to believe, that the true reading here is,

"A fellow almost damn'd in a fair *life*;"

and that Shakespeare alludes to the judgment denounced in the gospel against those *of whom all men speak well*.

The character of Cassio is certainly such, as would be very likely to draw upon him all the peril of this denunciation, literally understood. Well-bred, easy, sociable, good-natured; with abilities enough to make him agreeable and useful, but not sufficient to excite the envy of his equals, or to alarm the jealousy of his superiors. It may be observed too, that Shakespeare has thought it proper to make Iago, in several other passages, bear his testimony to the amiable qualities of his rival. In Act 5, Scene 1. he speaks thus of him;

"——If Cassio do remain,
"He hath *a daily beauty in his life*,
"That makes me ugly."

I will only add, that, however hard or far-fetch'd this allusion (whether Shakespeare's, or only mine) may seem to be, archbishop Sheldon had exactly the same conceit, when he made that singular compliment, as the writer calls it, [Biog. Britan. Art. TEMPLE] to a nephew of Sir William Temple, that "he had the "curse of the gospel, because all men spoke well of him."

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's ingenious emendation is supported by a passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where *good life* is used for a *fair character*: "Defend your reputation, or bid farewel to your *good life* for ever." MALONE.

The poet, I think, does not appear to have meant Iago to be a Florentine, which has hitherto been inferred from the following passage in Act 3. Scene 1. where Cassio, speaking of Iago, says,

——*I never knew*
A Florentine more kind and honest.

It is surely not uncommon for us to say in praise of a foreigner, that we never knew one of our own countrymen of a more friendly disposition. This, I believe, is all that Cassio meant by his observation.

From the already-mentioned passage in Act 3. Scene 3. it is certain (as Sir T. Hanmer has observed) that Iago was a Venetian:

"I know *our country disposition* well,
"In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
"They dare not shew their husbands."

Again,

[9] *theoric*,] *Theoric*, for *theory*. STEEVENS.

[1] Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is

Again,

"Alas, my friend and my dear *countryman*
"*Roderigo*, &c."

"*Gra.* What of *Venice?*
"*Iago.* Even he, &c.

That Cassio, however, was *married*, is not sufficiently implied in the words, *a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*, since they may mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man *very near being married*. This seems to have been the case in respect of Cassio, Act 4. Scene 1. Iago, speaking to him of Bianca, says—*Why the cry goes that you shall marry her.* Cassio acknowledges that such a report has been raised, and adds, *This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her out of her own love and self-flattery, not out of my promise.* Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally circulates it in his present conversation with Roderigo. If Shakespeare, however, designed *Bianca* for a curtizan of *Cyprus* (where Cassio had not yet been, and had therefore never seen her) Iago cannot be supposed to allude to the report concerning his marriage with her, and consequently this part of my argumen must fall to the ground.

Had Shakespeare, consistently with Iago's character, meant to make him say that Cassio was *actually damn'd in being married to a handsome woman*, he would have made him say it *outright*, and not have interposed the palliative *almost*. Whereas what he says at present amounts to no more than that (however near his marriage) he is not yet *completely damn'd*, because he is not *absolutely married*. The succeeding parts of Iago's conversation sufficiently evince, that the poet thought no mode of conception or expression too brutal for the character. STEEVENS.

[1] *Wherein the* tongued *consuls*—] So the generality of the impressions read; but the oldest quarto has it *toged*; the senators, that assisted the duke in council, in their proper *gowns*.—But let me explain why I have ventured to substitute *counsellors* in the room of *consuls*: the Venetian nobility constitute the great *council* of the senate, and are a part of the administration; and summoned to assist and counsel the Doge, who is prince of the senate. So that they may very properly be called *Counsellors*. Though the government of Venice was democratic at first, under *consuls* and *tribunes*; that form of power has been totally abrogated, since Doges have been elected. THEOBALD.

Wherein the toged consuls—] *Consuls*, for *counsellors*.
WARBURTON.

By

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Christian and heathen,—[2] must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster[3];
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, sir, (bless the mark[4]!) his Moor-ship's[5] ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes[6] by letter, and affection,

By *toged* perhaps is meant *peaceable*, in opposition to the *warlike* qualifications of which he had been speaking. He might have formed the word, in allusion to the Latin adage—*Cedant arma togæ.* STEEVENS.

[2] —*must be* led *and calm'd*] So the old quarto. The first folio reads *be-lee'd:* but that spoils the measure. I read *let*, hindered. WARBURTON.

Be-lee'd suits to *calm'd*, and the measure is not less perfect than in many other places. JOHNSON.

Be-lee'd and *be-calm'd* are terms of navigation.

I have been informed that one vessel is said to be in the *Lee* of another when it is so placed that the wind is intercepted from it. Iago's meaning therefore is, that Cassio had got the wind of him, and *be-calm'd* him from going on.

To *be-calm* (as I learn from Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*) is likewise to obstruct the current of the wind in its passage to a ship, by any contiguous object. STEEVENS.

[3] —*this* counter-caster;] It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with *counters*. To this Shakespeare alludes again in *Cymbeline*, Act 5. "—it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor, but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and *counters*," &c. Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: "I wyl cast my *counters*, or with *counters*, make all my reckenynges." STEEVENS.

[4] —*bless the mark!*] Kelly, in his comments on Scots proverbs, observes, that the Scots, when they compare person to person, use this exclamation. STEEVENS.

[5] —*his* Moorship's—] The first quarto reads—his *worship's*— STEEVENS.

[6] —*by letter*,—] *By recommendation* from powerful friends. JOHNSON.

Not

[7] Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
[8] Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and, when he's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such [9] honest knaves: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.

7 *Not by the old gradation,*—] What is *old* gradation? He immediately explains *gradation* very properly. But the idea of *old* does not come into it:

——— where each second
Stood heir to the first.———

I read therefore,

Not (as of old) *gradation*—i. e. it does not go by gradation, as it did of old. WARBURTON.

Old gradation, is *gradation* established by *ancient* practice. Where is the difficulty? JOHNSON.

8 *If I in any just term am* affin'd] *Affined* is the reading of the third quarto and the first folio. The second quarto and all the modern editions have *assign'd*. The meaning is, *Do I stand* within *any such* terms *of propinquity* or *relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him?* JOHNSON.

9 *—honest knaves.*—] *Knave* is here for *servant*, but with a mixture of sly contempt. JOHNSON.

For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
[1] In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws [2] to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe [3],
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
[4] As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spy'd in populous cities.

Rod.

[1] *In compliment extern,*—] In that which I do only for an outward shew of civility. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir *W. D'Avenant's Albovine*, 1629:

"—that in sight *extern*
"A patriarch seems." STEEVENS.

[2] *For* daws—] The first quarto reads, *for doves*— STEEVENS.

[3] *What a* full fortune *does the thick-lips* owe?] *Full fortune* is, I believe, a complete piece of good fortune, as in another scene of this play a *full soldier* is put for a complete soldier. To *owe* is in ancient language, to *own*, to possess. STEEVENS.

[4] *As when, by night and negligence, the fire Is* spy'd *in populous cities.*] This is not sense, take it which way you will. If *night* and *negligence* relate to *spied*, it is absurd to say, *the fire was spied by negligence*. If *night* and *negligence* refer only to the time and occasion, it should then be *night*, and *through negligence*.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio, above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd[5]?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst[6], you have lost half your soul;

negligence. Otherwise the particle *by* would be made to signify *time* applied to one word, and *cause* applied to the other. We should read therefore, *Is* spred, by which all these faults are avoided. But what is of most weight, the similitude, thus emended, agrees best with the fact it is applied to. Had this notice been given to Brabantio before his daughter ran away and married, it might then indeed have been well enough compared to the alarm given of a fire just *spied*, as soon it as was begun. But being given after *the parties were bedded*, it was more fitly compared to a fire *spred by night and negligence*, so as not to be extinguished. WARBURTON.

The particle is used equivocally; the same liberty is taken by writers more correct.

The wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
Never grave out of *pride*, *never gay* out of *season*.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton seems to have forgot that the marriage was not consummated till the parties arrived at Cyprus:

Come, my dear love!
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.

STEEVENS.

[5] *Are your doors lock'd?*] The first quarto reads, Are *all* doors lock'd? STEEVENS.

[6] —*is* burst,] i. e. broken. *Burst* for *broke* is used in our author's *King Henry* IV. P. 2: "—and then he *burst* his head for crowding among the marshal's men." STEEVENS.

Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange [7].

Rod.

[7] *Grange.*] —— this is Venice;
My house is not a *grange.*——
That is, "you are in a populous city, not in a *lone house*, where a robbery might easily be committed." *Grange* is strictly and properly the farm of a monastery, where the religious reposited their corn. *Grangia* Lat. from *Granum.* But in Lincolnshire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, or farm which stands solitary, a *grange.* WARTON.

So, in T. Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:
"Who can blame him to absent himself from home,
"And make his father's house but as a *grange*, &c.?"
Again, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:
"—soon was I train'd from court
"To a *solitary grange*, &c."

Again

Rod. Moſt grave Brabantio,
In ſimple and pure ſoul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerve God, if the devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horſe; you'll have your nephews [8] neigh to you: you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germans [9].

Bra. [1] What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, ſir, that comes to tell you, [2] your daughter

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
"— at the moated *grange* reſides this dejected Mariana."
STEEVENS.

[8] —*your* nephews *neigh to you:*] *Nephew*, in this inſtance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and ſignifies a grandſon, or any lineal deſcendant, however remote. So, in Spenſer:
"And all the ſons of theſe five brethren reign'd
"By due ſucceſs, and all their *nephews* late,
"Even thrice eleven deſcents the crown obtain'd."
Again, in Chapman's verſion of the Odyſſey, B. 24. Laertes ſays of Telemachus his *grandſon:*
"— to behold my ſon
"And *nephew* cloſe in ſuch contention."
Sir W. Dugdale very often employs the word in this ſenſe; and without it, it would not be very eaſy to ſhew how *Brabantio* could have *nephews* by the marriage of his *daughter*. Ben Jonſon likewiſe uſes it with the ſame meaning. The alliteration in this paſſage cauſed Shakeſpeare to have recourſe to it. STEEVENS.

[9] — gennets *for germans.*] A *jennet* is a Spaniſh horſe. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:
"— there ſtays within my tent
"A winged *jennet.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *What* profane *wretch art thou?*] That is, *what wretch of groſs and licentious language?* In that ſenſe Shakeſpeare often uſes the word profane. JOHNSON.

It is ſo uſed by other writers of the ſame age:
"How far off dwells the houſe ſurgeon?
"— You are a *profane* fellow, i'faith."
Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub;*
"By the ſly juſtice, and his clerk *profane.*" STEEVENS.

[2] —*your daughter and the Moor are making* the beaſt with two backs.] This is an ancient proverbial expreſſion in the French language, whence Shakeſpeare probably borrowed it; for in the *Dictionaire*

daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

[3 If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,
At 4 this odd even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondalier,—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:—

Dictionaire des Proverbes Françoises, par G. D. B. Bruxelles, 1710, 12mo, I find the following article: "Faire la Bête en deux Dos" pour dire faire l'amour. PERCY.

In the *Dictionaire Comique*, par le Roux, 1750, this phrase is more particularly explained under the article *Bete*. "*Faire la bete a deux dos*,—Maniere de parler qui signifie etre couché avec une femme; faire le deduit."—"Et faisoient tous deux souvent ensemble *la bete a deux dos* joyeusement."—Rabelais, liv. I. There was a translation of Rabelais published in the time of Shakespeare. MALONE.

3 *If't be*, &c.] The lines printed in crotchets are not in the first edition, but in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

4 —*this* odd even—] The *even* of *night* is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into *even* parts. JOHNSON.

Odd is here ambiguously used, as it signifies *strange*, *uncouth*, or *unwonted*; and as it is opposed to *even*.

This expression, however explained, is very harsh, and the poet might have written—At this odd *steven*. *Steven* is an ancient word signifying *time*. So, in the old ballad of *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*:

"We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
"Here at some unsett *steven*."

Again, in the *Booke of the moste victoryous Prynce Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"Nowe we be mette at unsette *stevn*,
"Therefore we shall make us even."

Again, in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, late edit. ver. 1526:

"For al day meten men at unset *steven*." STEEVENS.

If

If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
To an extravagant [5] and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:]
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you [6].

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already:—
Light, I say! light!

Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd [7] (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with [8] some check,—
Cannot with safety [9] cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' war,
(Which even now stands in act) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,

[5] *To an extravagant, &c.*] The old copies read, *In* an extravagant, &c. Mr. *Pope* made this change, which seems to be necessary. *Extravagant* is here used in its Latin signification, for *wandering*. Thus in *Hamlet*: "—The *extravagant* and erring spirit." STEEVENS.

[6] *For thus deluding you.*] The first quarto reads, For *this delusion*. STEEVENS.

[7] *To be* produc'd] The folio reads, *producted*. STEEVENS.

[8] —some *check*,] Some rebuke. JOHNSON.

[9] —cast *him*:—] That is, *dismiss* him; *reject* him. We still say, a *cast* coat, and a *cast* serving-man. JOHNSON.

To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter, below, Brabantio, and servants.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
[1] And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—[2] O, thou deceiv'st me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

[1] *And what's to come of my* despised *time,*] Why despised time? We should read,

despited *time*,

i. e. vexatious. WARBURTON.

Despis'd time, is *time of no value*; time in which

"There's nothing serious in mortality,
"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs
"Are left this vault to brag of." *Macbeth.* JOHNSON.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"—expire the term
"Of a *despised* life clos'd in my breast." STEEVENS.

[2] *—O, thou deceiv'st me*
Past thought!—] Thus the quarto 1622. The folio 1623, and the quartos 1630 and 1655 read,

O, she deceives me
Past thought.

I have chosen the apostrophe to his absent daughter, as the most spirited of the two readings. STEEVENS.

Bra.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
[3] By which the property of youth and maidhood [4]
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, 'would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. [5] At every house I'll call;
I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of might [6].—
On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff [7] o' the conscience
To

[3] *By which the property of youth and maidhood May be* abus'd?—] By which the faculties of a young virgin may be infatuated, and made subject to illusions and to false imagination:

"Wicked dreams *abuse*
"The curtain'd sleep." *Macbeth.* JOHNSON.

[4] —*and maidhood*—] The quartos read—and *manhood*—. STEEVENS.

[5] *Pray* you, lead on.] The first quarto reads, Pray lead *me* on. STEEVENS.

[6] —*of* might.] The first quarto reads—of *night*. STEEVENS.

[7] —stuff *o' the* conscience] This expression to common readers appears harsh. *Stuff* of the *conscience* is, *substance*, or *essence* of the conscience.

To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast marry'd? for, be sure of this,—
That the [8] magnifico is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
[9] As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or

conscience. *Stuff* is a word of great force in the Teutonic languages. The elements are called in Dutch, *Hoefd stoffen*, or *head stuffs*. JOHNSON.

Again, in *King Henry* VIII:

You're full of heavenly *stuff*, &c.

Frisch's *German Dictionary* gives this explanation of the word *stoff*:—materies ex qua aliquid fieri poterit. STEEVENS.

[8] — *the* magnifico] "The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *Magnifici*, i. e. *magnificoes*." Minshew's *Dictionary*. See too *Volpone*. TOLLET.

[9] *As double as the duke's:*—] Rymer seems to have had his eye on this passage, amongst others, where he talks so much of the impropriety and barbarity in the stile of this play. But it is an elegant Grecism. As *double*, signifies as *large*, as *extensive*; for thus the Greeks use διπλοῦς. *Diosc.* l. 2. c. 213. And in the same manner and construction, the Latins sometimes used *duplex*. And the old French writers say, *La plus double*. Dr. Bentley has been as severe on Milton for as elegant a Grecism:

Yet virgin of Proserpina *from Jove*. lib. 9. ver. 396.

It is an imitation of the Παρθένοι ἐκ θαλάμων of Theocritus, for an *unmarried virgin*. WARBURTON.

This note has been much censured by Mr. Upton, who denies that the quotation is in *Dioscorides*, and disputes, not without reason, the interpretation of Theocritus.

All this learning, if it had even been what it endeavours to be thought, is, in this place, superfluous. There is no ground of supposing, that our author copied or knew the Greek phrase; nor does it follow, that, because a word has two senses in one language, the word which in another answers to one sense, should answer

Or put upon you what reſtraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his ſpite:
My ſervices, which I have done the ſigniory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
From [1] men of royal ſiege; [2] and my demerits
May

ſwer to both. *Manus*, in Latin, ſignifies both a *hand* and a *troop of ſoldiers*, but we cannot ſay, that *the captain marched at the head of his* hand; or, that *he laid his* troop *upon his ſword*. It is not always in books that the meaning is to be ſought of this writer, who was much more acquainted with naked reaſon and with living manners.

Double has here its natural ſenſe. The preſident of every deliberative aſſembly has a *double* voice. In our courts, the chief juſtice and one of the inferior judges prevail over the other two, becauſe the chief juſtice has a *double* voice.

Brabantio had, *in his effect*, though not by law, yet by *weight* and *influence*, a voice not *actual* and formal, but *potential* and operative, as *double*, that is, a voice that when a queſtion was ſuſpended, would turn the balance as effectually *as the duke's*. *Potential* is uſed in the ſenſe of ſcience; a *cauſtic* is called *potential* fire. JOHNSON.

I believe here is a miſtake. The chief juſtice and one of the inferior judges do *not* prevail over the other two. The lord mayor in the court of aldermen has a double voice. TOLLET.

[1] — *men of royal* ſiege;—] Men who have ſat upon royal *thrones*. The quarto has,

—— *men of royal* height.

Siege is uſed for *ſeat* by other authors. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 575: "— there was ſet up a throne or *ſiege royall* for the king."

Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616:

"Thy wonted *ſiege* of honour ſafely climb."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. 2. c. 2:

"From lofty *ſiege* began theſe words aloud to ſound."

Again, b. 2. c. 7:

"A ſtately *ſiege* of ſoveraigne majeſtye." STEEVENS.

[2] — *and my* demerits] *Demerits* has the ſame meaning in our author, and many others of that age, as *merits*:

"Opinion that ſo ſticks on Martius, may
Of his *demerits* rob Cominius." *Coriolanus*.

So,

[3] May ſpeak, unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Deſdemona,
I would not my [4] unhouſed free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine
[5] For the ſea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter

So, in Shirley's *Humorous Courtier*, 1640:
"— we have heard ſo much of your *demerits*,
"That 'twere injuſtice not to cheriſh you."
Again, in *Dugdale's Warwickſhire*, p. 850. edit. 1730: "Henry Conway, eſq. for his ſingular *demerits* received the dignity of knighthood."

Mereo and *demereo* had the ſame meaning in the Roman language. STEEVENS.

3 —*ſpeak*, unbonnetted,—] Thus all the copies read. It ſhould be *unbonnetting*, i. e. without putting off the bonnet. POPE.

——— *and my demerits*
May ſpeak unbonnetted *to as proud a fortune*
As this that I have reach'd.—] Thus all the copies read this paſſage. But, to ſpeak *unbonnetted*, is to ſpeak *with the cap off*, which is directly oppoſite to the poet's meaning. Othello means to ſay, that his birth and ſervices ſet him upon ſuch a rank, that he may ſpeak to a ſenator of Venice with his hat *on*; i. e. without ſhewing any marks of deference or inequality. I therefore am inclined to think Shakeſpeare wrote:
May ſpeak, and bonnetted, &c. THEOBALD.

I do not ſee the propriety of Mr. Pope's emendation, though adopted by Dr. Warburton. *Unbonnetting* may as well be, *not putting on*, as *not putting off*, the bonnet. Hanmer reads *e'en* bonnetted. JOHNSON.

Bonneter (ſays Cotgrave) is to *put off one's* cap. So, in *Coriolanus*: "Thoſe who are ſupple and courteous to the people, *bonnetted* without any further deed to heave them at all into their eſtimation." *Unbonneted* may therefore ſignify, *without taking the cap off*. We might, I think, venture to read *imbonnetted*. It is common with Shakeſpeare to make or uſe words compounded in the ſame manner. Such are *impawn*, *impaint*, *impale*, and *immaſk*. Of all the readings hitherto propoſed, that of Theobald is, I think, the beſt. STEEVENS.

4 —*unhouſed*—] Free from *domeſtic* cares. A thought natural to an adventurer. JOHNSON.

5 *For the ſea's worth.*] I would not marry her, though ſhe were as rich as the Adriatic, which the Doge annually marries.
JOHNSON.

I believe

Enter Caſſio, with others.

Iago. Theſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.
Oth. Not I: I muſt be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect ſoul,
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think no.
Oth. The ſervants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Caſ. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte appearance,
Even on the inſtant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Caſ. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat: the gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers [6]
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the [7] conſuls, rais'd, and met,
Are

I believe the common and obvious meaning is the true one.

The ſame words occur in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:
" — he would not loſe that privilege
" *For the ſea's worth.*"
Perhaps the phraſe is proverbial.

Pliny the naturaliſt has a chapter on *the riches of the ſea.* Again, in the *Winter's Tale:*
— for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or *the profound ſea hides*
In unknown fathoms, &c.
Again, in *King Henry V.* Act 1:
— as rich with praiſe,
As is the ouze, and *bottom of the ſea*,
With ſunken wreck, and ſumleſs treaſuries. STEEVENS.

[6] —*ſequent* meſſengers] The firſt quarto reads—*frequent* meſſengers. STEEVENS.

[7] — *conſuls,*] Hanmer reads, *council.* Theobald would have us read *counſellors.* Venice was originally governed by *conſuls:* and *conſuls* ſeems to have been commonly uſed for *counſellors*, as before in this play. In *Albion's Triumph*, a maſque, 1631, the emperor

Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly
call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
[8] The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded [9] a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who [1]?

Albanact is said to be *attended by fourteen* consuls:—again, *the habits of the* consuls *were after the same manner*. Geoffery of Monmouth, and Matthew Paris after him, call both dukes and earls, *consuls*. STEEVENS.

[8] *The senate hath sent out*—] The early quartos, and all the modern editors, have,

The senate sent above *three several quests*.

The folio,

The senate hath *sent* about, &c. that is, *about* the city. I have adopted the reading of the folio. JOHNSON.

Quests are, on this occasion, searches. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"Now, if in all his *quests*, he be witheld."— STEEVENS.

[9] — *a land-carrack*;— A *carrack* is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon*. JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*:

"——they'll be freighted;

"They're made like *carracks*, all for strength and stowage."
STEEVENS.

[1] *To who?*] It is somewhat singular that Cassio should ask this question. In the 3d Scene of the 3d Act, *Iago* says:

Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. From first to last.

He who was acquainted with the object courted by his friend, could have little reason for doubting to whom he would be married. STEEVENS.

Re-enter

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you [2].
Caf. Here comes another troop to feek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, [3] be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Hola! ftand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both fides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, fir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright fwords, for the dew will ruft them.—
Good fignior, you fhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief! where haft thou ftow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haft enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of fenfe,
If fhe in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—fo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppofite to marriage, that fhe fhun'd
[4] The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—
Would

[2] *Have with you.*] This expreffion denotes readinefs. So, in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:
"And faw that Glotony wold nedys be gone;
"*Have with thee*, Glotony, quoth he anon,
"For I muft go wyth thee." STEEVENS.

[3] —*be advis'd*;] That is, be *cool*; be *cautious*; be *difcreet.* JOHNSON.

[4] *The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,*] *Curled* is *elegantly and oftentatioufly dreffed.* He had not the hair particularly in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

On another occafion Shakefpeare employs the fame expreffion, and evidently alludes to *the hair.*

If fhe firft meet the *curled* Antony, &c.

Sir

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear [5], not to delight.
[[6] Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
[7] Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That

Sir *W. D'Avenant* uses the same expression in his *Just Italian*, 1630:

"The *curl'd* and silken nobles of the town."

Again,

"Such as the *curled* youth of Italy."

I believe Shakespeare has the same meaning in the present instance. STEEVENS.

5 — *to fear*,] *i. e.* to terrify. So, in *King Henry* VI:
For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all. STEEVENS.

6 *Judge me the world*, &c.] The lines following in crotchets are not in the first edition. POPE.

7 *Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals, That weaken* motion:] Brabantio is here accusing Othello of having used some foul play, and intoxicated Desdemona by drugs and potions to win her over to his love. But why, *drugs* to weaken *motion?* How then could she have run away with him voluntarily from her father's house? Had she been averse to choosing Othello, though he had given her medicines that took away the use of her limbs, might she not still have retained her senses, and opposed the marriage? Her father, it is evident, from several of his speeches, is positive, that she must have been *abused* in her *rational* faculties; or she could not have made so preposterous a choice, as to wed with a Moor, a Black, and refuse the finest young gentlemen in Venice. What then have we to do with her *motion* being weakened? If I understand any thing of the poet's meaning here, I cannot but think he must have wrote:

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken notion.

i. e. her *apprehension*, right *conception* and *idea* of things, *understanding*, *judgment*, &c. THEOBALD.

Hanmer reads with equal probability:

That waken motion.—— JOHNSON.

Motion in a subsequent scene of this play is used in the very sense in which Hanmer would employ it: "But we have reason to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"— For there's no *motion*
"That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
"It is the woman's part."

Again,

That weaken motion:—I'll have it diſputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,]
For an abuſer [8] of the world, a practiſer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt:
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To anſwer this your charge?

Bra. To priſon; 'till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct ſeſſion,
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith ſatisfied;
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the ſtate,

Again, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, by Middleton, 1640:
"And in myſelf ſooth up adulterous *motions*,
"And ſuch an appetite as I know damns me."
Again, in *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599:
"Pray God that captain Browne hath not been mov'd."
"By ſome ill *motion*."

Drugs or love-powders, as they are ſometimes called, may operate as enflamers of the blood—may *waken* motion. But I believe no drugs have yet been found out that can faſcinate the underſtanding or affections; that can *weaken* the judgment without entirely ſubverting it. Opiates, or intoxicating potions may ſet the ſenſes to ſleep, but cannot diſtort or pervert the intellect, but by deſtroying them for a time. However, it may be ſaid, that *Brabantio* believed in the efficacy of ſuch drugs, and therefore might with propriety talk of their *weakening the underſtanding*.—The reading propoſed by Theobald is, it muſt be acknowledged, ſtrongly ſupported by a paſſage in *King Lear*, Act 2. Sc. 4:
"—His *notion weakens*, his diſcernings
Are letharg'd." MALONE.

[8] For *an abuſer*, &c] The firſt quarto reads, *Such* an abuſer, &c. STEEVENS.

To bring [9] me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, moſt worthy ſignior,
The duke's in council; and your noble ſelf,
I am ſure, is ſent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cauſe: the duke himſelf,
Or any of my brothers of the ſtate,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own.
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
[1] Bond-ſlaves, and pagans, ſhall our ſtateſmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Council-chamber.

Duke, and Senators, ſitting.

Duke. [2] There is no compoſition in theſe news,
That gives them credit.

[9] *To bring—*] The quartos read—To *bear*— STEEVENS.

[1] *Bond-ſlaves, and pagans,—*] Mr. Theobald alters *pagans* to *pageants* for this reaſon, "That pagans are as ſtrict and moral all the world over, as the moſt regular Chriſtians, in the preſervation of private property." But what then? The ſpeaker had not this high opinion of pagan morality, as is plain from hence, that this important diſcovery, ſo much to the honour of paganiſm, was firſt made by our editor. WARBURTON.

The meaning of theſe expreſſions of Brabantio ſeems to have been miſtaken. I believe the morality of either chriſtians or pagans was not in the author's thoughts. He alludes to the common condition of all blacks, who come from their own country, both *ſlaves* and *pagans*; and uſes the words in contempt of Othello and his complexion.—If this Moor is now ſuffered to eſcape with impunity, it will be ſuch an encouragement to his black countrymen, that we may expect to ſee all the firſt offices of our ſtate filled up by the *pagans* and *bond-ſlaves* of Africa. STEEVENS.

[2] *There is no compoſition—*] *Compoſition*, for *conſiſtency*, *concordancy*. WARBURTON.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(3 As in these cases where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.
Duke. Now? the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo [4].
Duke. How say you by this change?

[3] *As in these cases where they aim reports,*] These Venetians seem to have had a very odd sort of persons in employment, who did all by hazard, as to *what*, and *how*, they should report; for this is the sense of man's *aiming reports*. The true reading, without question, is,

——— *where the aim reports.*

i. e. *where there is no better ground for information than conjecture:* which not only improves the sense, but, by changing the verb into a noun, and the noun into a verb, mends the expression. WARBURTON.

The folio has,

——— *the* aim reports.

But, *the aim reports*, has a sense sufficiently easy and commodious. Where men report not by certain knowledge, but by *aim* and conjecture. JOHNSON.

To *aim* is to conjecture. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err." STEEVENS.

[4] *By Signior Angelo.*] This hemistich is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
[5] By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more [6] facile question bear it,
[7] For that it stands not in such [8] warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage [9], a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought [1]:—How many, as you guess?

[5] *By no assay of reason*—] Bring it to the *test*, examine it by reason as we examine metals by the *assay*, it will be found counterfeit by all trials. JOHNSON.

[6] —*facile* question—] *Question* is for the *act of seeking*. With more *easy endeavour*. JOHNSON.

[7] *For that it stands not*, &c.] The seven following lines are added since the first edition. POPE.

[8] —*warlike* brace,] State of defence. To arm was called to *brace on* the armour. JOHNSON.

[9] *To wake, and* wage, *a danger profitless.*] To wage here, as in many other places in Shakespeare, signifies to fight, to combat. Thus, in *King Lear*:

To *wage* against the enmity of the air.

It took its rise from the more common expression, to *wage war*.
STEEVENS.

[1] *Ay, so*, &c,] This line is not in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

Mes.

Mes. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem[2]
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
[3] And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Lucchesé, is not he in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him, post, post-haste: dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [*To Brab.*
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the [4] general care
Take hold [5] on me; for my particular grief

[2] —*they do* re-stem] The quartos mean to read *re-sterne*, though in the first of them the word is mispelt. STEEVENS.

[3] *And prays you to* believe *him.*] The late learned and ingenious Mr. Thomas Clark, of Lincoln's Inn, read the passage thus:

And prays you to relieve *him.*

But the present reading may stand. *He intreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence.* JOHNSON.

[4] —*general* care] The word *care*, which encumbers the verse, was probably added by the players. Shakespeare uses *the general* as a substantive, though, I think, not in this sense. JOHNSON.

[5] *Take hold* —] The first quarto reads, Take *any* hold— STEEVENS.

Is

Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
[6] By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not [7] deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son

6 *By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:*] Rymer has ridiculed this circumstance as unbecoming (both for its weakness and superstition) the gravity of the accuser, and the dignity of the tribunal; but his criticism only exposes his own ignorance. The circumstance was not only exactly in character, but urged with the greatest address, as the thing chiefly to be insisted on. For, by the Venetian law, the giving love-potions was very criminal, as Shakespeare without question well understood. Thus the law, *Delli maleficii et herbarie*, cap. 17. of the Code, intitled, "Della "promission del maleficio. Statuimo etiamdio, che se alcun homo, "o femina harra fatto maleficii, iquali se dimandano vulgarmente "*amatorie*, o veramente alcuni altri maleficii, che alcun homo o "femina se havesson in odio, sia frusta et bollado, et che hara "consegliado patisca simile pena." And therefore in the preceding scene Brabantio calls them,

—— *Arts inhibited, and out of warrant,* WARBURTON.

Though I believe Shakespeare knew no more of the Venetian law than I do, yet he was well acquainted with the edicts of that sapient prince king James the first, against

—— practisers
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant. STEEVENS.

7 *Being not, &c.*] This line is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

Stood

[8] Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?
[*To Othello.*

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
[9] The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
[1] And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
[2] Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,

[8] *Stood in your action.*] Were the man exposed to your *charge* or *accusation.* JOHNSON.

[9] *The very head and front of my offending*] The *main*, the *whole*, unextenuated. JOHNSON.

[1] *And little bless'd with the* soft *phrase of peace;*] This apology, if addressed to his mistress, had been well expressed. But what he wanted, in speaking before a Venetian senate, was not the soft blandishments of speech, but the art and method of masculine eloquence. The old quarto reads it, therefore, as I am persuaded Shakespeare wrote:

—— *the* set *phrase of peace.* WARBURTON.

Soft is the reading of the folio. JOHNSON.

[2] *Their* dearest *action*—] That is *dear*, for which much is paid, whether money or labour; *dear action*, is action performed at great expence, either of ease or safety. JOHNSON.

I will a round unvarnish'd [3] tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
[4] Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch [5] this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more [6] overt test,
Than these [7] thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

[3] —*unvarnish'd*—] The second quarto reads—*unravished*— STEEVENS.

[4] *Blush'd at* herself;—] Mr. Pope reads—at *itself*, but without necessity. Shakespeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uses the *personal*, instead of the *neutral* pronoun. STEEVENS.

[5] *To vouch*, &c.] The first folio unites this speech with the preceding one of *Brabantio*; and instead of *certain* reads *wider*. STEEVENS.

[6] —*overt test*,] Open proofs, external evidence. JOHNSON.

[7] —*thin habits*,——
Of modern seeming,—] Weak shew of slight appearance. JOHNSON.

The first quarto reads:
These are thin habits, and poore likelyhoods
Of modern *seemings you* prefer against him. STEEVENS.

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary [8],
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you [9],
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.
[*Exeunt Two or Three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.— [*Exit Iago.*
And, 'till she come, as truly [1] as to heaven
I do confess [2] the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How did I thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd:
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;

[8] — *the Sagittary,*] Means the sign of the fictitious creature so called, *i. e.* an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver. STEEVENS.

[9] *The trust, &c.*] This line is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

[1] — *as truly*] The first quarto reads, as *faithful.* STEEVENS.

[2] *I do confess, &c.*] This line is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

Of

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
[3] And portance in my travel's history:
[4] Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
Rough

[3] *And portance*, &c.] I have restored,

And with it all my travel's history:

From the old edition. It is in the rest,

And portance in my travel's history.

Rymer, in his criticism on this play, has changed it to *portents*, instead of *portance*. POPE.

Mr. Pope has restored a line, to which there is little objection, but which has no force. I believe *portance* was the author's word in some revised copy. I read thus,

Of being——sold
To slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in't; my travel's history.

My redemption from slavery, and behaviour in it. JOHNSON.

Portance is a word already used in *Coriolanus*:

—took from you
The apprehension of his present *portance*,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion, &c.

Again, in the comedy of *Albumazar*, 1610:

"What a grave *portance*!"

Spenser, in the 3d Canto of the 2d Book of the *Faery Queen*, likewise uses it:

"But for in court gay *portaunce* he perceiv'd."

Again, ibid.

"And by her stately *portance*, borne of heavenly birth."

Again, b. 2. c. 7:

"His *portaunce* terrible, and stature tall." STEEVENS.

[4] *Wherein of antres vast*, &c.] Discourses of this nature made the subject of the politest conversations, when voyages into, and discoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So when the Bastard Faulconbridge, in *King John*, describes the behaviour of upstart greatness, he makes one of the essential circumstances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The fashion then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality should be struck with the history of an adventurer. So that Rymer, who professedly ridicules this whole [illegible]stance, and the nobler author of the *Characteristics*, who more obliquely sneers it, only expose their own ignorance. WARBURTON.

Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, shews his ignorance, not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven,
5 It was my hint to speak, such was the process;

cluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity. JOHNSON.

Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle, &c.] Thus it is in all the old editions; but Mr. Pope has thought fit to change the epithet. *Desarts idle*; in the former editions (says he) doubtless, a corruption from *wild*.—But he must pardon me, if I do not concur in thinking this so doubtless. I do not know whether Mr. Pope has observed it, but I know that Shakespeare, especially in descriptions, is fond of using the more uncommon word in a poetic latitude. And *idle*, in several other passages, he employs in these acceptations, *wild, useless, uncultivated*, &c THEOBALD.

Every mind is liable to absence and inadvertency, else Pope could never have rejected a word so poetically beautiful. *Idle* is an epithet used to express the infertility of the chaotic state, in the Saxon translation of the Pentateuch. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

Usurping ivy, briar or *idle* moss. STEEVENS.

The same epithet is confirmed by another passage in this act of *Othello*: "—Either have it steril with *idleness*, or manured with industry." MALONE.

Mr. Pope might have found the epithet *wild* in all the three last folios. STEEVENS.

— *antres*—] French, grottos. POPE.

Rather *caves* and *dens*. JOHNSON.

5 *It was my* hint *to speak*,—] This implies it as done by a trap laid for her: but the old quarto reads *hent*, i. e. use, custom. WARBURTON.

Hent is not *use* in Shakespeare, nor, I believe, in any other author. *Hint*, or *cue*, is commonly used for occasion of speech, which is explained by, *such was the process*, that is, the course of the tale required it. If *hent* be restored, it may be explained by *handle*. I had a *handle*, or *opportunity*, to speak of cannibals. JOHNSON.

Hent occurs at the conclusion of the 4th Act of *Measure for Measure*. It is derived from the Saxon *Hentan*, and means, to *take hold of, to seize*.

"—— the gravest citizens
"Have *hent* the gates."

But in the very next page *Othello* says:

—— Upon this *hint* I spake.

It is certain therefore that change is unnecessary. STEEVENS.

And

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and [6] men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear [7]
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
[8] But not intentively: I did consent;

And

6 —— *men whose heads Do grow beneath their shoulders.*—] Of these men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time. JOHNSON.

The *Cannibals* and *Anthropophagi* were known to an English audience before Shakespeare introduced them. In the *History of Orlando Furioso*, play'd for the entertainment of Queen *Elizabeth*, they are mentioned in the very first scene; and Raleigh speaks of people whose heads appear *not above* their shoulders.

Again, in the *Tragedy of Locrine*, 1595:
"Or where the bloody *Anthropophagi*,
"With greedy jaws devour the wandring wights."

The poet might likewise have read of them in Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* translated by P. Holland, 1601, and in Stowe's *Chronicle*. STEEVENS.

7 —*and with a greedy ear Devour up my discourse:*] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:
"Hang both your *greedy ears* upon my lips;
"Let them *devour my speech.*" MALONE.

8 *But not intentively*:—] Thus the eldest quarto. The folio reads, *instinctively*. Perhaps it should be, *distinctively*.

The old word, however, may stand. *Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous. So, in a play called *the Isle of Gulls*, 1633: "Grace! at sitting down they cannot *intend* it for hunger," i. e. *attend* to it. Desdemona, who was often called out of the room on the score of house-affairs, could not have heard *Othello's* tale *intentively*, i. e. with *attention to all its parts*.

Again,

And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains [9] a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,

Again, in Chapman's Version of the Iliad. B. 6:
"Hector *intends* his brother's will; but first, &c."
Again in the tenth Book; "—all with *intentive* ear
"Converted to the enemies' tents—"
Again, in the eighth Book of the Odyssey:
"For our ships know th' expressed minds of men;
"And will so most *intentively* retaine
"Their scopes appointed, that they never erre."
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *a world of sighs:*] It was *kisses* in the later editions: but this is evidently the true reading. The lady had been forward indeed to give him a *world of kisses* upon the bare recital of his story; nor does it agree with the following lines. POPE.

Than

Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you, hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs, that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head [1], if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle miſtreſs;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?
Deſ. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to reſpect you; you are the lord of duty [2],
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my huſband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my lord.
Bra. God be with you!—I have done.—
Pleaſe it your grace, on to the ſtate affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which [3], but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your ſake, jewel,
I am glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.
Duke. [4] Let me ſpeak like yourſelf; and lay a ſentence,

Which,

[1] *Deſtruction*, &c.] The quartos read, deſtruction light on me. STEEVENS.

[2] *You are the lord of duty*,] The firſt quarto reads,
You are lord of *all my duty*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Which*, &c.] This line is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[4] *Let me ſpeak like* your *ſelf*;—] It ſhould be *like* our *ſelf*, i. e. let me mediate between you as becomes a prince and common father

Which, [5] as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
[6] Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on [7].
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk, of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
[8] But the free comfort which from thence he hears:

father of his people: for the prince's opinion, here delivered, was quite contrary to Brabantio's sentiment. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads,

Let me now speak *more* like your self.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is specious; but I do not see how Hanmer's makes any alteration. The duke seems to mean, when he says he will speak like Brabantio, that he will speak sententiously. JOHNSON.

Let me speak like yourself:—] i. e. let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion.

SIR J. REYNOLDS.

[5] *—as a* grize,—] *Grize* from *degrees*. A *grize* is a step. So in *Timon:*

"——— for every *grize* of fortune
"Is smooth'd by that below."—

Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, gives the original word.

"Whom when he saw lie spread on the *degrees*."

In the will of K. Henry VI. where the dimensions of King's College chapel at Cambridge are set down, the word occurs, as spelt in some of the old editions of Shakespeare. "— From the provost's stall, unto the *Greece* called *Gradus Chori*, 90 feet." STEEVENS.

[6] *Into your favour.*] This is wanting in the folio, but found in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[7] *New mischief on.*] The quartos read—*more* mischief.—

STEEVENS.

[8] *But the free comfort which from thence he hears:*] But the moral precepts of consolation, which are liberally bestowed on occasion of the sentence. JOHNSON.

But

But he bears both the ſentence and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences, to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal:
9 But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.

I humbly

9 *But words are words; I never yet did hear,*
That the bruis'd heart was pierced *through the ear.*] The duke had by ſage ſentences been exhorting Brabantio to patience, and to forget the grief of his daughter's ſtolen marriage, to which Brabantio is made very pertinently to reply to this effect: "My "lord, I apprehend very well the wiſdom of your advice; but "though you would *comfort* me, words are but words; and the "heart, already *bruis'd*, was never *pierc'd*, or *wounded*, through "the *ear*." It is obvious that the text muſt be reſtored thus:
That the bruis'd heart was pieced *through the ear.*
i. e. that the wounds of ſorrow were ever cured, or a man made *heart-whole* merely by words of conſolation. WARBURTON.

That the bruiſed *heart was* pierced *through the ear.*] Shakeſpeare was continually changing his firſt expreſſion for another, either ſtronger or more uncommon; ſo that very often the reader, who has not the ſame continuity or ſucceſſion of ideas, is at a loſs for its meaning. Many of Shakeſpeare's uncouth ſtrained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and ſimple expreſſion, which is moſt likely to occur to the mind in that ſtate. I can imagine the firſt mode of expreſſion that occurred to the poet was this:
"The *troubled* heart was never cured by words."
To give it poetical force, he altered the phraſe:
"The wounded heart was never reached through the ear."
Wounded heart he changed to *broken*, and that to *bruiſed*, as a more uncommon expreſſion. *Reach* he altered to *touched*, and the tranſition is then eaſy to *pierced*, i. e. thoroughly touched. When the ſentiment is brought to this ſtate, the commentator, without this unravelling clue, expounds *piercing the heart* in its common acceptation *wounding the heart*, which making in this place nonſenſe, is corrected to *pieced the heart*, which is very ſtiff, and, as Polonius ſays, *is a vile phraſe*. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

Pierced may be right. The conſequence of a *bruiſe* is ſometimes matter collected, and this can no way be cured without *piercing* or letting it out. Thus, in *Hamlet*:
"It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place,
"While rank corruption mining all within,
"Infects unſeen."

Again,

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you: And though we have there a substitute of most allow'd sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber[1] the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My[2] thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize[3]
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
[4] I crave fit disposition for my wife;

Due

Again,

"This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
"That inward breaks, and shews no cause without,
"Why the man dies." STEEVENS.

[1] *To* slubber *the gloss*, &c.] To *slubber*, on this occasion, is *to obscure*. So, in the First Part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

"The evening too begins to *slubber* day." STEEVENS.

[2] —*thrice-driven bed of down:*—] A *driven* bed, is a bed for which the feathers are selected, by *driving* with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy. JOHNSON.

[3] —*I do* agnize] *i. e.* acknowledge, confess, avow. So, in the old play of *Cambyses*:

"The tenor of your princely will, from you for to *agnize*."

In this instance, however, it signifies to know; as likewise in the following, from the same piece:

"Why so? I pray you let me *agnize*." STEEVENS.

[4] *I crave fit disposition for my wife;*

Due reference of place, and exhibition, &c.] I desire, that proper *disposition* be made for my wife, that she may have *precedency*, and *revenue*, accommodation, and *company*, suitable to her rank.

For *reference* of place, the old quartos have *reverence*, which Hanmer has received. I should read,

Due preference *of place.*—— JOHNSON.

Exhibition is allowance. The word is at present used only at the universities.

So,

Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,—
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear [5];
And let me find [6] a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness [7].

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
[8] My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdu'd
Even

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
"What maintenance he from his friends receives,
"Like *exhibition* thou shalt have from me."
Again, in *King Edward* IV. by Heywood, 1626:
"Of all the *exhibition* yet bestow'd,
"This woman's liberality likes me best." STEEVENS.

[5] — *Most* gracious *duke*,
To my unfolding lend a gracious *ear*;] Thus the quarto 1622. The folio, to avoid the repetition of the same epithet, reads: "— your *prosperous* ear;" i. e. your *propitious* ear. STEEVENS.

[6] — *a charter in your voice*] Let your favour *privilege* me. JOHNSON.

[7] *To assist my simpleness.*] The first quarto reads this as an unfinished sentence:
And if my simpleness — STEEVENS.

[8] *My down-right violence* and storm of *fortunes*] But what violence was it that drove her to run away with the Moor? We should read,
My down-right violence to forms, my *fortunes*.
WARBURTON.

There is no need of this emendation. *Violence is not violence suffered*, but *violence acted*. Breach of common rules and obligations. The old quarto has, *scorn* of fortune, which is perhaps the true reading. JOHNSON.

I would

Even to the very quality of my lord [9]:
[1] I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords [2]:—I do beseech you, let
Her will have a free way.
Vouch with me heaven, I therefore beg it not [3],
To please the palate of my appetite;
[4] Nor to comply with heat, (the young affects,
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;

But

I would rather continue to read *Storm of fortunes* on account of the words that follow, viz. *May* trumpet *to the world*.

So, in *King Henry* IV. P. 1:

— the southern *wind*
Doth play the *trumpet* to his purposes.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" ——— so
" Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
" In *storms of fortune*." STEEVENS.

[9] *Even to the very quality of my lord*:] The first quarto reads,
Even to the *utmost pleasure*, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *I saw Othello's visage in his mind*;] It must raise no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance so little engaging; I saw his face only in his mind; the greatness of his character reconciled me to his form. JOHNSON.

[2] *Your voices*, lords:] The folio reads, *Let her have your voice*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Vouch with me*—] Thus the second quarto and the folio. STEEVENS.

[4] *Nor to comply with heat (the young affects,
In my* defunct) *and proper satisfaction*;] As this has been hitherto printed and stopped, it seems to me a period of as stubborn nonsense, as the editors have obtruded upon poor Shakespeare throughout his works. What a preposterous creature is this Othello made, to fall in love with and marry a fine young lady, when *appetite* and *heat*, and *proper satisfaction*, are *dead* and *defunct*

But to be free and bounteous to her mind:

And

in him! (For, *defunct* signifies nothing else, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically:) but if we may take Othello's own word in the affair, he was not reduced to this fatal state.

——— *or, for I am declin'd*
Into the vale of years; yet that's not much.

Again, Why should our poet say (for so he says, as the passage has been pointed) that the young *affect* heat? Youth, certainly, *has* it, and has no occasion or pretence of *affecting* it. And, again, after *defunct*, would he add so absurd a collateral epithet as *proper*? But *affects* was not designed there as a verb, and *defunct* was not designed here at all. I have, by reading *distinct*, for *defunct*, rescued the poet's text from absurdity; and this I take to be the tenor of what he would say; "I do not beg her company with me, merely to "please myself; nor to indulge the heat and *affects* (i. e. affections) "of a new-married man, in my own distinct and proper satis-"faction; but to comply with her in her request, and desire, of "accompanying me." *Affects* for *affections*, our author in several other passages uses. THEOBALD.

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In my defunct and proper satisfaction:] i. e. with that heat and new affections which the indulgence of my appetite has raised and created. This is the meaning of *defunct*, which has made all the difficulty of the passage. WARBURTON.

I do not think that Mr. Theobald's emendation clears the text from embarrassment, though it is with a little imaginary improvement received by Hanmer, who reads thus:

" *Nor to comply with heat*, affects the young
In my distinct *and proper satisfaction.*

Dr. Warburton's explanation is not more satisfactory: what made the difficulty will continue to make it. I read,

——— *I beg it not,*
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me *defunct) and proper satisfaction;*
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.

Affects stands here, not for *love*, but for *passions*, for that by which any thing is affected. *I ask it not*, says he, *to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires*, the passions of youth which I have now outlived, or *for any particular gratification of myself, but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife.*

Mr. Upton had, before me, changed *my* to *me*; but he has printed young *effects*, not seeming to know that *affects* could be a noun. JOHNSON.

Theobald has observed the impropriety of making Othello confess, that all youthful passions were *defunct* in him; and Hanmer's

reading

And heaven defend [5] your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For

reading may, I think, be received with only a slight alteration. I would read,

" ——— I beg it not,
" To please the palate of my appetite,
" Nor to comply with heat, *and* young affects,
" In my *distinct* and proper satisfaction;
" But to be, &c."

Affects stands for *affections*, and is used in that sense by Ben Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609:

" ——— I shall not need to urge
" The sacred purity of our *affects*."

So, in Middleton's *Inner Temple Masque*, 1619:

" No doubt *affects* will be subdu'd by reason."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

For every man with his *affects* is born.

Again, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, 1594:

" The frail *affects* and errors of my youth."

Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

" Shut up thy daughter, bridle her *affects*."

There is, however, in *The Bondman*, by Massinger, a passage which seems to countenance and explain —— the young affects in me *defunct*, &c.

" —— youthful heats,
" That look no further than your outward form,
" Are long since *buried* in me."

Timoleon is the speaker. STEEVENS.

• I would venture to make the two last lines change places.

" ——— I therefore beg it not,
" To please the palate of my appetite,
" Nor to comply with heat, the young affects;
" But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
" In my defunct and proper satisfaction."

And would then recommend it to consideration, whether the word *defunct* (which would be the only remaining difficulty) is not capable

[5] —— *defend*, &c.] To *defend*, is to forbid. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Prologue*, late edit. ver. 5641:

" Wher can ye seen in any maner age
" That highe God *defended* mariage,
" By expresse word?"

From *defendre* Fr. STEEVENS.

For she is with me; No, [6] when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid, seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation [7]!

ble of a signification, drawn from the primitive sense of its Latin original, which would very well agree with the context.

TYRWHITT.

I would propose to read, In my *defenct*, or *defenc'd*, &c. i. e. I do not beg her company merely to please the palate of my appetite, nor to comply with the heat of lust which the *young* man *affects*, i. e. loves and is fond of, in a gratification which I have by marriage *defenc'd*, or inclosed and guarded, and made my own property. *Unproper beds*, in this play, mean, beds not peculiar or appropriate to the right owner, but common to other occupiers. In the *Merry Wives*, &c. the marriage vow is represented by *Ford* as the ward and *defence* of purity or conjugal fidelity. "I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, and a thousand other her *defences*, which are now too strongly embattel'd against me." The verb *affect* is more generally, among ancient authors, taken in the construction which I have given to it, than as Mr. Theobald would interpret it. It is so in this very play, "Not to *affect* many proposed matches," means not to *like*, or *be fond of* many proposed matches.

I am persuaded that the word *defunct* must be at all events ejected. *Othello* talks here of his *appetite*, and it is very plain that Desdemona to her death was fond of him after wedlock, and that he loved her. How then could his conjugal desires be dead or *defunct*? or how could they be *defunct* or discharged and performed, when the marriage was not consummated? TOLLET.

[6] — *when light-wing'd toys*
Of feather'd Cupid, seel *with wanton dulness*
My speculative and offic'd *instrument*—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—

—— when light-wing'd toys
And feather'd Cupid *foils* with wanton dulness
My speculative and *active* instruments—

All these words (in either copy) mean no more than this: *When the pleasures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for seeing the duties of my office, or for the ready performance of them*, &c.

STEEVENS.

[7] — *my* estimation!] Thus the folio; the quarto—*reputation*.

STEEVENS.

Duke

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Either for her ſtay, or going: the affair cries—haſte,
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it; you muſt hence to-night.

Deſ. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Pleaſe your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honeſty, and truſt:
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble ſignior, [*To Brab.*
[8] If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.

[8] *If virtue no* delighted *beauty lack,*] This is a ſenſeleſs epithet. We ſhould read belighted *beauty*, i. e. white and fair. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads, more plauſibly, *delighting*. I do not know that *belighted* has any authority. I ſhould rather read,

If virtue no delight or *beauty lack*.

Delight, for *delectation*, or *power of pleaſing*, as it is frequently uſed. JOHNSON.

There is no ſuch word as—*belighted*. The plain meaning, I believe, is, if virtue comprehends every thing in itſelf, then your virtuous ſon-in-law of courſe is beautiful: he has that beauty which delights every one. *Delighted*, for *delighting*; Shakeſpeare often uſes the active and paſſive participles indiſcriminately. Of this practice I have already given many inſtances. The ſame ſentiment ſeems to occur in *Twelfth Night*:

In nature is no blemiſh, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty.—— STEEVENS.

Delighted is uſed by Shakeſpeare in the ſenſe of *delighting*, or *delightful*. See *Cymbeline*, Act 5:

Whom beſt I love, I croſs, to make my gift,
The more delay'd, *delighted*. TYRWHITT.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; [9] have a quick eye to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Senators.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the [1] best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello, and Desdemona.*

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is sillinefs to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years: and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of [2] a Guinea hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod.

[9] —*have a quick eye to see;*] Thus the eldest quarto. The folio reads,

——*if thou hast eyes to see.* STEEVENS.

[1] —*best advantage.*—] Fairest opportunity. JOHNSON.

[2] —*a Guinea-hen,*—] A showy bird with fine feathers. JOHNSON.

A *Guinea-hen* was anciently the cant term for a prostitute. So,

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs, it is my ſhame to be ſo fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourſelves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: ſo that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettuce; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either have it ſteril with idleneſs, or manur'd with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance [3] of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions: But we have reaſon, to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a ſect, or ſcyon [4].

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyſelf? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profeſs'd me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs; I could never better ſtead thee than now. Put money in thy purſe: follow thou theſe wars; [5] defeat thy favour with an uſurped beard: I ſay, put money in thy

So, in *Albertus Wallenſtein*, 1640:

" —Yonder's the cock o'the game
" About to tread yon *Guinea-hen*; they're billing."

STEEVENS.

[3] *If the* balance] The folio reads—If the *brain.* STEEVENS.

[4] — *a* ſect or *ſcyon.*] Thus the folio and quarto. A *ſect* is what the more modern gardeners call a *cutting.* The modern editors read—a *ſet.* STEEVENS.

[5] —defeat *thy favour with an uſurped beard.*—] This is not English. We ſhould read *diſſeat* thy favour, *i. e.* turn it out of its ſeat, change it for another. The word *uſurped* directs us to this reading. WARBURTON.

It

thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: [6] it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is [7] as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change

It is more English, to *defeat*, than *disseat*. To *defeat*, is to *undo*, to *change*. JOHNSON.

Defeat is from *defaire*, Fr, to *undo*. Of the use of this I have already given several instances. STEEVENS.

[6] —*it was a violent* commencement *in her, and thou shalt see an answerable* sequestration.—] There seems to be an opposition of terms here intended, which has been lost in transcription. We may read, *it was a violent* conjunction, *and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration*; or, what seems to me preferable, *it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable* sequel. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet uses *sequestration* for *sequel*. He might conclude that it was immediately derived from *sequor*. *Sequestration*, however, may mean no more than *separation*. So, in this play —"a *sequester* from liberty." STEEVENS.

[7] —*as luscious as locusts*,—] Whether you understand by this the insect or the fruit, it cannot be given as an instance of a delicious morsel, notwithstanding the exaggerations of lying travellers. The true reading is *lohocks*, a very pleasant confection introduced into medicine by the Arabian physicians; and so very fitly opposed both to the bitterness and use of coloquintida. WARBURTON.

—*bitter as coloquintida.*] The old quarto reads— as *acerb* as coloquintida.

Dr. Warburton, through his rage to introduce an uncommon word, is mistaken. At *Tonquin* the insect *Locusts* are considered as a great delicacy, not only by the poor but by the rich; and are sold in the markets, as larks and quails are in Europe. It may be added, that the Levitical law permits four sorts of them to be eaten.

An anonymous correspondent informs me, that the fruit of the locust-tree is a long black pod, which contains the reeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice of much the same consistency as fresh honey. This (says he) I have often tasted. STEEVENS.

for

for youth: when ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the error of her choice.—She muſt have change, ſhe muſt: therefore put money in thy purſe.—If thou wilt needs damn thyſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt: If ſanctimony and a frail vow, [8] betwixt an erring Barbarian and a ſuper-ſubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyſelf! it is clean out of the way: ſeek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue [9]?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me;—Go, make money:— I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon: Let us be conjunctive [1] in our revenge againſt him: if thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thyſelf a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

[8] *— betwixt an* erring *Barbarian*——] We ſhould read *errant*; that is, a vagabond, one who has no houſe nor country.

WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads, *arrant.* *Erring* is as well as either. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet:*

"Th' extravagant and *erring* ſpirit hies
"To his confine." STEEVENS.

An *erring Barbarian*; perhaps meaning a *rover* from *Barbary.* He had before ſaid, "You'll have your daughter covered with a *Barbary* horſe." MALONE.

[9] *— if I depend on the iſſue?*] Theſe words are wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[1] *conjunctive.* The firſt quarto reads, *communicative.*

STEEVENS.

Rod.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewel. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you [2]?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd [3]. I'll go sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewel: put money enough in your purse [4]. [*Exit Roderigo.*

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport, and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will [5],
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature [6],
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

[2] *What say you?*] This speech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[3] *I am chang'd.*] This is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[4] *Go to; farewel: put money enough in your purse.*] The folio omits this line. STEEVENS.

[5] — *to* plume *up*, &c.] The first quarto reads—to *make* up, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *The Moor is of a free and open nature,*] The first quarto reads
The Moor, a free and open nature too,
That thinks, &c. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The capital of Cyprus.

A platform.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mont. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.
Mont. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them [7],
Can hold the mortice? What shall we hear of this?
2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore [8],
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,

[7] *—when mountains melt on them,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:

— when *the huge mountain melts.*

This latter reading might be countenanced by the following passage in the Second Part of *King Henry* IV:

—— the continent
Weary of solid firmness, *melt* itself
Into the sea—— STEEVENS.

[8] *— the* foaming *shore,*] The elder quarto reads—*banning* shore, which offers the bolder image; *i. e.* the shore that execrates the ravage of the waves. So, in *King Henry* VI. P. 1:

"Fell, *banning* hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue."
STEEVENS.

And

• And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not insheltered, and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3. *Gent.* [1] The ship is here put in,
A Veronesè: Michael Cassio,

Lieutenant

• *And quench the guards of the ever-*fixed *pole*:] Alluding to the star *Arctophylax*. JOHNSON.

The elder quarto reads—ever-*fired* pole. STEEVENS.

[1] *The ship is here put in,*
A Veronese; Michael Cassio, &c.] The author of *The Revisal* is of opinion, that the poet intended to inform us, that Othello's lieutenant Cassio was of Verona, an inland city of the Venetian state; and adds, that the editors have not been pleased to say what kind of ship is here denoted by a *Veronessa*. By a *Veronessa* or *Veronesè* (for the Italian pronunciation must be retained, otherwise the measure will be defective) a ship of Verona is denoted; as we say to this day of ships in the river, such a one is a *Dutchman*, a *Jamaica-man*, &c. STEEVENS.

Veronessa, a ship of Verona. But the true reading is *Veronese*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

——The ship is here put in,
A *Veronesè*.——

It was common to introduce *Italian* words, and in their proper pronunciation then familiar. So Spenser in the Faerie Queene, B. iii. C. xiii. 10.

With sleeves dependant *Albanesè wise*.

The author of the Revisal observes, that "the editors have not "been pleased to inform us what kind of ship is here denoted "by the name of *A Veronessa*." But even supposing that *Veronessa*

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on ſhore: the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad on't; tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this ſame Caſſio,—though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the Turkiſh loſs,—yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.

Mont. Pray heaven he be;
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea ſide, ho!
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even 'till we make the main [2], and the aerial blue,

neſſa is the true reading, there is no ſort of difficulty. He might juſt as well have inquired, what kind of a ſhip is a *Hamburger*. This is exactly a parallel form. For it is not the ſpecies of the ſhip which is implied in this appellation. Our critic adds, "the "poet had not a ſhip in his thoughts.—He intended to inform "us, that Othello's lieutenant, Caſſio, was *of Verona*. We ſhould "certainly read,

——" The ſhip is here put in.
" A Veroneſe, Michael *Caſſio*, (&c.)
" Is come on ſhore."——

This regulation of the lines is ingenious. But I agree with Hanmer, and I think it appears from many parts of the play, that Caſſio was a Florentine. In this ſpeech, the *third gentleman*, who brings the news of the wreck of the Turkiſh fleet, returns his tale, and relates the circumſtances more diſtinctly. In his *former* ſpeech he ſays, "*A noble ſhip of Venice* ſaw the diſtreſs of the Turks." And here he adds, "The very ſhip is juſt now put into our port, and ſhe is *a Veroneſe*." That is, a ſhip fitted out or furniſhed by the people of Verona, a city of the Venetian ſtate. WARTON.

I believe we are all wrong. *Verona* is an inland city. Every inconſiſtency may, however, be avoided, if we read *The* Veroneſſa, *i. e.* the *name* of the ſhip is the *Veroneſſa*. Verona, however, might be obliged to furniſh ſhips towards the general defence of Italy. STEEVENS.

[2] *Even 'till we make the main*, &c.] This line and half is wanting in the eldeſt quarto. STEEVENS.

An

An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle[3],
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. [4] His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of

[3] — warlike *isle*,] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—*worthy* isle. STEEVENS.

[4] *His bark is stoutly timber'd,*———
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.] I do not understand these lines. I know not how *hope* can be *surfeited to death*, that is, *can be encreased, till it is destroyed*; nor what it is *to stand in bold cure*; or why *hope* should be considered as a disease. In the copies there is no variation. Shall we read

Therefore my fears, *not surfeited to death,*
Stand in bold cure?

This is better, but it is not well. Shall we strike a bolder stroke, and read thus?

Therefore my hopes, not forfeited *to death,*
Stand bold, not sure. JOHNSON.

Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure] Presumptuous hopes, which have no foundation in probability, may be said to surfeit themselves to death, or forward their own dissolution. To *stand in bold cure*, is to erect themselves in confidence of being fulfilled. A parallel expression occurs in *K. Lear*, Act 3. Sc. 6.

"This rest might yet have balm'd his broken senses,
"Which, if conveniency will not allow,
"*Stand in hard cure.*"

Again,

— his life, with thine, &c.
Stand in assured loss.

In bold cure means, in confidence of being cured. STEEVENS.

A surfeit being a sickness arising from an *excessive* over-charge of the stomach, the author, with his usual licence, uses it for any

Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

Caſ. What noiſe?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a ſail.

Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the governor.

Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſy;
Our friends, at leaſt. [*Guns heard.*

Caſ. I pray you, ſir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Caſ. Moſt fortunately: he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
[6] And, in the eſſential veſture of creation,
Does

any ſpecies of *exceſs*.—The meaning, I think, is—*Therefore my hopes, not being deſtroyed by their own exceſs, but being reaſonable and moderate, are likely to be fulfilled.*

The word *ſurfeit* having occurred to Shakſpeare, led him to conſider hope as a *diſeaſe*, and to talk of its *cure*. A paſſage in *Twelfth Night*, where a ſimilar phraſeology is uſed, may ſerve to ſtrengthen this interpretation, while at the ſame time it ſhews that there is here no corruption in the text:

> Give me *exceſs* of it; that *ſurfeiting*,
> The appetite may *ſicken*, and ſo *die*. MALONE.

[5] *Of very expert and approv'd allowance;*] I read,

> *Very expert, and of approv'd allowance.* JOHNSON.

Expert and approv'd allowance is put for *allow'd and approv'd expertneſs*. This mode of expreſſion is not unfrequent in Shakeſpeare. STEEVENS.

[6] *And, in the* eſſential *veſture of creation,*
Does bear all excellency——] It is plain that ſomething very hyperbolical was here intended. But what is there as it ſtands? Why this, that in the eſſence of creation ſhe bore all excellency. The expreſſion is intolerable, and could never come from one who ſo well underſtood the force of words as our poet. The *eſſential veſture* is the ſame as *eſſential form*. So that the expreſſion is nonſenſe. For the *veſture of creation* ſignifies the *forms* in which

Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter

created beings are cast. And *essence* relates not to the *form*, but to the *matter*. Shakespeare certainly wrote:

And in terrestrial *vesture of creation.*

And in this lay the wonder, that all created excellence should be contained within an earthly mortal form. WARBURTON.

I do not think the present reading inexplicable. The author seems to use *essential*, for *existent*, *real*. She excels the praises of invention, says he, and in *real* qualities, with which *creation* has *invested* her, *bears all excellency*. JOHNSON.

Does bear all excellency—] Such is the reading of the quartos; for which the folio has this:

And in the essential vesture of creation
Do's tyre the ingeniuer.

Which I explain thus,

Does tire the ingenious verse.

This is the best reading, and that which the author substituted in his revisal. JOHNSON.

The reading of the quarto is so flat and unpoetical, when compared with that sense which seems meant to have been given in the folio, that I heartily wish some emendation could be hit on, which might entitle it to a place in the text. I believe the word *tire* was not introduced to signify—to *fatigue*, but to *attire*, to *dress*. The verb *to attire*, is often so abbreviated. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633:

"— Cupid's a boy,
"And would you *tire* him like a senator?"

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act 2. Sc. 2.

"— To save the money he spends in *tiring*, &c."

The essential vesture of creation tempts me to believe it was so used on the present occasion. I would read something like this:

And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingenuous virtue.

i. e. invests her artless virtue in the fairest form of earthly substance.

In the *Merchant of Venice*, Act 5. Lorenzo calls the body— "the muddy *vesture* of decay."

It may, however, be observed, that the word *ingener* did not anciently signify *one who manages the engines or artillery of an army*; but any *ingenious person*, any *master of liberal science*.

So in B. Jonson's *Sejanus*, Act 1. Sc. 1:

"No, Silius, we are no good *ingeners*,
"We want the fine arts," &c.

Ingener therefore may be the true reading of this passage: and a similar thought occurs in the *Tempest*, Act 4. Sc. 1:

For

Re-enter Gentleman.

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Caſ. He has had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed:
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,—
[7] Traitors enſteep'd to clog the guiltleſs keel,—
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go ſafely by
The divine Deſdemona.
Mont. What is ſhe?
Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'nnight's ſpeed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in Deſdemona's arms [8],
Give renew'd fire to our extincted ſpirits,

For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it *halt* behind her.

In the argument of *Sejanus*, Jonſon likewiſe ſays, that his hero "worketh with all his *ingene*," apparently from the Latin *ingenium*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Traitors enſteep'd*——] Thus the folio and one of the quartos. The firſt copy reads—*enſcerped*, of which every reader may make what he pleaſes. Perhaps *enſcerped* was an old Engliſh word borrowed from the French *eſcarpe*, which Shakeſpeare not finding congruous to the image of clogging the keel, afterwards changed.

I once thought that the poet had written—traitors *enſcarf'd*, i. e. muffled in their robes, as in *Julius Cæſar*. So, in *Hamlet*: "My ſea-gown *ſcarf'd* about me;" and this agrees better with the idea of a traitor: yet whatever is gained one way is loſt another. The poet too often adopts circumſtances from every image that aroſe in his mind, and employing them without attention to the propriety of their union, his metaphorical expreſſions become inextricably confuſed. STEEVENS.

[8] *Make love's quick pants in Deſdemona's arms,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, with leſs animation:

And ſwiftly come to Deſdemona's arms. STEEVENS.

And bring all Cyprus [9] comfort!—O, behold,

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Æmilia.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!—
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

Within.] A sail, a sail! [*Guns heard.*

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news [1].— [*An Attendant goes out.*
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress.
[*To Æmilia.*
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy. [*Kisses her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much [2];
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

[9] *And bring all Cyprus comfort!*] This passage is only found in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[1] *See for the news.*] The first quarto reads, *So speaks this voice.* STEEVENS.

[2] *In faith, too much;*] Thus the folio. The first quarto thus:
I know too much;
I find it, *I*; *for when*, &c. STEEVENS.

She

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
[3] Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Def. O, fie upon thee, slanderer[4]!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Def. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not [5] critical.

[3] *Saints in your injuries*, &c.] When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity. JOHNSON.

In Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, 1589, I meet with almost the same thoughts:—"We limit the comely parts of a woman to "consist in four points; that is, to be a shrew in the kitchen, "a saint in the church, an angel at board, and an ape in the "bed; as the chronicle reports by mistress Shore, paramour to "K. Edward the Fourth."

Again, in a play of Middleton's, called *Blurt Master Constable*; or, *The Spaniard's Night-walk*, 1602:

"—according to that wise saying of you, you be saints in the "church, angels in the street, devils in the kitchen, and apes in "your bed."

Again, in the *Miseries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607: "Women are *in churches saints, abroad angels, at home devils.*"

Puttenham, who mentions all other contemporary writers, has not once spoken of Shakespeare; so that it is probable he had not produced any thing of so early a date. STEEVENS.

[4] *O, fie upon thee, slanderer!*] This last speech is, in the quarto, unappropriated; and may as well belong to *Æmilia* as to *Desdemona*. STEEVENS.

[5] —*critical.*] That is, *censorious.* JOHNSON.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit [6].

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. [7] She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best.

[6] *—her blackness fit.*] The first quarto reads *hit.* STEEVENS.

[7] *She never yet was foolish, &c.*] We may read,
She ne'er *was yet* so *foolish that was fair,*
But *even her folly help'd her to an heir.*
Yet I believe the common reading to be right: the law makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural*; therefore, since the foolishest woman, if *pretty*, may have a child, no *pretty* woman is ever foolish. JOHNSON.

best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? [8] one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may*;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail [9];

[8] — *one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put* on *the vouch of very malice itself?*] Though all the printed copies agree in this reading, I cannot help suspecting it. If the text should be genuine, I confess it is above my understanding. In what sense can merit be said to put on the vouch of malice? I should rather think, merit was so safe in itself, as to repel and put off all that malice and envy could advance and affirm to its prejudice. I have ventured to reform the text to this construction, by writing *put down*, a very slight change that makes it intelligible. THEOBALD.

— *one, that in the authority of her merit did justly put* on *the vouch of very malice itself?*] The editor, Mr. Theobald, not understanding the phrase, *To put on the vouch of malice*, has altered it to *put down*, and wrote a deal of unintelligible stuff to justify his blunder. *To put on the vouch of any one*, signifies, to call upon any one to vouch for another. So that the sense of the place is this, one that was so conscious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that she durst venture to call upon malice itself to vouch for her. This was some commendation. And the character only of clearest virtue; which could force malice, even against its nature, to do justice. WARBURTON.

To put on the vouch of malice, is to assume a character vouched by the testimony of malice itself. JOHNSON.

—— *put on* the vouch.] To *put on* is to *provoke*, to *incite*. So, in *Macbeth*: — the powers above
Put on their instruments. STEEVENS.

[9] *To change the* cod's head *for the* salmon's tail;] *i. e.* to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. STEEVENS.

She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind [1];
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. [2] To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Æmilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most [3] profane and [4] liberal counsellor?

Cas.

[1] *See suitors following, and not look behind;*] The first quarto omits this line. STEEVENS.

[2] *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*] After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was such a one as he had been describing, she was, at the best, of no other use, than *to suckle children, and keep the accounts of a household.* The expressions *to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer*, are only instances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical censoriousness in Iago, which he allows himself to be possessed of, where he says, *O! I am nothing, if not critical.* STEEVENS.

[3] —*profane*—] Gross of language, of expression broad and brutal. So Brabantio, in the first act, calls Iago *profane* wretch. JOHNSON.

[4] —liberal *counsellor?*] *Liberal*, for *licentious.* WARBURTON.

So, in the *Fair Maid of Bristow*, 1605, bl. l.
"But Vallenger, most like a *liberal* villain,
"Did give her scandalous, ignoble terms."

So, in *Hamlet*:
"That *liberal* shepherds give a grosser name."

Mr. Malone adds another instance from *Woman's a Weather-cock*, by N. Field, 1612:
"—Next that, the fame
"Of your neglect and *liberal* talking tongue,
"Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong." STEEVENS.

How say you, Cassio, is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?] But in what respect was Iago a *counsellor*? He caps sentences, indeed: but they are not by way of *advice*, but *description*: what he says, is reflections on character and conduct in life. For this reason, I am very apt to think, our author wrote *censurer*. THEOBALD.

Counsellor

Caf. He fpeaks home, madam; you may relifh him more in the foldier, than in the fcholar.

Iago. [*Afide.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well faid, whifper: with as little a web as this, will I enfnare as great a fly as Caffio. Ay, fmile upon her, do; 5 I will gyve thee in thine own courtfhip. You fay true; 'tis fo, indeed: if fuch tricks as thefe ftrip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kifs'd your three fingers fo oft, which now again you are moft apt to play the fir in. Very good; 6 well kifs'd! an excellent courtefy! 'tis fo, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clyfter-pipes for your fake!—

Trumpet.

The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

Caf. 'Tis truly fo.

Def. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caf. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Def. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To fee you here before me. O my foul's joy!
If after every tempeft come fuch calmnefs,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of feas,
Olympus high; and duck again as low

Counfellor feems to mean, not fo much a man that *gives counfel*, as one that difcourfes fearlefsly and volubly. A talker. JOHNSON.

5 — *I will gyve thee*—] *i. e.* catch, fhackle. POPE.

The firft quarto reads—"I will *catch* you in your own *courtefies*;" the fecond quarto—"I will *catch* you in your own courtfhip." The folio as it is in the text. STEEVENS.

6 —*well kifs'd* and *excellent courtefy*;—] This I think fhould be printed, *well kifs'd! an excellent courtefy!* Spoken when Caffio kiffes his hand, and Defdemona courtefies. JOHNSON.

The old quarto confirms Dr. Johnfon's emendation. STEEVENS.

As

As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her*[7].
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll let down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
[8] News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
[9] I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,

7 *And this, and this, &c. Kissing her.*] So, in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion:*

"I prythee chide if I have done amiss,
"But let my punishment be *thus and this.*"
"*Kissing the Moor.*"

MALONE.

Marlow's Play was written before that of Shakespeare, who might possibly have acted in it. STEEVENS.

8 *News, friends;*—] The modern editors read (after Mr. Rowe) *Now, friends.* I would observe once for all, that (in numberless instances in this play, as well as in others) where my predecessors had silently and without reason made alterations, I have as silently restored the old readings. STEEVENS.

9 *I prattle out of fashion,*—] Out of method, without any settled order of discourse. JOHNSON.

Go

Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou [1] the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant; as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard [2]:—First, I must tell thee this,—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. [3] Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating [4]? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? [5] When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame

[1] *—the master—*] The pilot of the ship. JOHNSON.

[2] *—the court of guard—*] i. e. the place where the guard musters. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608:
"Thus have I pass'd the round and *court of guard.*"
Again, in the *Beggar's Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"Visit your *courts of guard*, view your munition."
STEEVENS.

[3] *Lay thy finger thus,—*] On thy mouth, to stop it while thou art listening to a wiser man. JOHNSON.

[4] *And will she love him still for prating?*] The folio reads—*To love him still for prating!* STEEVENS.

[5] *When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be a* game *to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite; loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties;—*] This, it is true, is the reading of the generality of the copies: but, methinks, it is a very peculiar experiment, when the blood and spirits are dulled and exhausted with sport, to raise and recruit them by sport: for *sport* and *game* are but two words for the same thing. I have retrieved

flame it [6], and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and [7] green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd [8] condition.

Iago. Bless'd figs' end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Bless'd pudding! Didst

retrieved the pointing and reading of the elder quarto, which certainly gives us the poet's sense; that when the blood is dulled with the exercise of pleasure, there should be proper incentives on each side to raise it *again*, as the charms of beauty, equality of years, and agreement of manners and disposition; which are wanting in Othello to rekindle Desdemona's passion. THEOBALD.

[6] — again *to inflame it*,] Thus the quarto 1622. It is the folio reads—*a game*. STEEVENS.

[7] — *green minds*—] Minds unripe, minds not yet fully formed. JOHNSON.

[8] — *condition*.] Qualities, disposition of mind. JOHNSON.

thou

thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſy.

Iago Lechery, by this hand! an index, and obſcure prologue[9] to the hiſtory of luſt and foul thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion: Piſh!—But, ſir, be you rul'd by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Caſſio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find ſome occaſion to anger Caſſio, either by ſpeaking too loud, or [1] tainting his diſcipline; or from what other courſe [2] you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is raſh, and very [3] ſudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may ſtrike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cauſe theſe of Cyprus to mutiny; [4] whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by

[9] —*an index and obſcure prologue*, &c.] That indexes were formerly *prefixed* to books, appears from a paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"And in ſuch *indexes* though but ſmall pricks
To their *ſubſequent* volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the giant maſs
Of things to come at large." MALONE.

[1] —*tainting*—] Throwing a ſlur upon his diſcipline. JOHNSON.

[2] —*other* courſe—] The firſt quarto reads, *cauſe*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*ſudden in choler*;—] *Sudden*, is precipitately violent. JOHNSON.

[4] —*whoſe* qualification *ſhall come*, &c.] Whoſe reſentment ſhall not be ſo *qualified* or *tempered*, as to be *well taſted*, as not to retain *ſome bitterneſs*. The phraſe is harſh, at leaſt to our ears. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *qualification* means *fitneſs to preſerve good order*, or *the regularity of military diſcipline*. STEEVENS.

the

the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, [5] like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
'Till I am even with him [6], wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong

[5] *— like a poisonous mineral,—*] This is philosophical. Mineral poisons kill by corrosion. JOHNSON.

[6] *'Till I am* even *with him,*] Thus the quarto, 1622; the first folio reads:

Till I am *even'd* with him.

i. e. Till I am on a level with him by retaliation.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, Second Part:

"The stately walls he rear'd, levell'd, and *even'd*."

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592:

"For now the walls are *even'd* with the plain."

Again, in *Stanyhurst's* translation of the first book of Virgil's Æneid, 1582: — numerum cum navibus *aequat*.—

"— with the ships the number is *even'd*." STEEVENS.

That judgment cannot cure. 7 Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, 8 whom I trash

For

7 —— *Which thing to do,*
If this poor trash *of Venice, whom I* trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,] A trifling, insignificant fellow may, in some respects, very well be called *trash*; but the metaphor is not preserved: For what agreement is there betwixt *trash*, and *quick hunting*, and *standing the putting on*? The allusion to the *chace*, Shakespeare seems to be fond of applying to Roderigo, who says of himself towards the conclusion of this Act: '*I follow here in the* chace, *not like a* hound *that* hunts, *but one that fills up the* cry.

I suppose therefore that the poet wrote,

If this poor brach *of Venice,*——

which is a low species of *hounds of the chace*, and a term generally used in contempt: and this completes and perfects the metaphorical allusion, and makes it much more satirical. Vlitius, in his notes on Gratius, says, Racha *Saxonibus canem significabat, unde Scoti hodie* Rache *pro cane feminâ habent, quod Anglis est* Brache. *Nos verò* (he speaks of the Hollanders) Brach *non quemvis canem sed sagacem vocamus.* So the French, Braque, *espece de chien de chasse.* Menage Etimol. WARBURTON.

8 —— *whom I do* trace
For his quick hunting,——] Just the contrary. He did not *trace* him, he *put him on*, as he says immediately after. The old quarto leads to the true reading:

—— *whom I do* crush
For his quick hunting,——

Plainly corrupted from *cherish*, WARBURTON.

—— *whom I do trace*] It is a term of hunting or fieldsport; to *trace* sometimes signifies to *follow*, as *Henry* VIII. Act 3. Scene 2:

Now all joy trace *the conjunction*;

and a dog or a man *traces a hare*: but to *trace a dog*, in those sports, is to put a *trace*, or *pair of couples*, upon him; and such a dog is said to be *traced*. The sense, then, of

—— *whom I do* trace
For his quick hunting,——

is this, whom I do associate to me for the purpose of ruining Cassio the sooner. T. ROW.

If this poor trash *of Venice, whom I* trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,] Dr. Warburton, with his usual happy sagacity, turned the old reading *trash* into *brach*. But it seems to me, that *trash* belongs to another part of the line, and that we should read *trash* for *trace*. The old quartos (in the same part of the line) read *crush*, signifying

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
[9] I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;

ing indeed the same as *trash*, but plainly corrupted from it. To *trash* a *hound* is a term of hunting still used in the north, and perhaps not uncommon in other parts of England. It is, to correct, to *rate*. *Crush* was never the *technical* expression on this occasion; and only found a place here as a more familiar word with the printers. The sense is, "If this hound Roderigo, whom I *rate* for *quick* hunting, for over-running the scent, will but *stand* the *putting on*, will but have patience to be fairly and properly put upon the scent, &c." This very hunting term to *trash* is metaphorically applied by our author in the *Tempest*, V. I. Sc. 2. p. 13.

Prosp. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, whom t'advance, and whom
To * *trash* for *overtopping*.——

To trash for overtopping; i. e. "What suitors to check for their too great forwardness." Here another phrase of the field is joined with *to trash*. To *overtop* is when a hound gives his tongue above the rest, too loudly or too readily; for which he ought to be *trash'd* or rated. *Topper*, in the good sense of the word, is a common name for a hound. Shakespeare is fond of allusions to hunting, and appears to be well acquainted with its language. This explication of *trash* illustrates a passage in the Bonduca of Beaumont and Fletcher, which has been hitherto misunderstood and misrepresented; and where the use of the word equally reflects light on our author. Act 1. Sc. 1. vol. vi. p. 274.

Car. I fled too,
But not so fast: your jewel had been lost then,
Young *Hengo* there; he *trash'd* me.

Here Bonduca and Nennius are accusing Caratach of running away from the Romans. Caratach answers, "It is very true, Nennius, that I fled from the Romans.—But recollect, I did not run so fast as you pretend: I soon stood still to defend your favourite youth *Hengo*:—He STOPPED my *flight*, and I saved his life." In this passage, where *trash* properly signifies *check*, the commentators substitute *trace*: a correction, which entirely destroys the force of the context, and the spirit of the reply. WARTON.

To *trash* likewise signifies to *follow*. So, in the *Puritan Widow*, 1605: "A guarded lackey to run before it, and py'd liveries to come *trashing* after it." The repetition of the word *trash* is much in Shakespeare's manner, though in his worst. In a subsequent scene, Iago calls Bianca—*trash*. STEEVENS.

[9] *I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip*;] A phrase from the art of wrestling. JOHNSON.

* Sir *T. H.* reads *plash*, which see.

Abuse

Abuse him to the Moor [1] in the rank garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
[2] Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter Herald, with a proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the [3] mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction [4] leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All

[1] —*in the* right *garb,*] The quarto reads in the *rank* garb, which I think is right. *Rank garb*, I believe, means, *grossly*, i. e. *without mincing the matter.* So, in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"Whither, in the *rank* name of madness, whither?"

STEEVENS.

[2] *Knavery's plain face is never seen,*—] An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution. JOHNSON.

[3] —*mere perdition*—] *Mere* in this place signifies *entire.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"——— possess it *merely.*" STEEVENS.

So, in *A Warning for Faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599:

"Why then you are persuaded certainly,
"That mistress Saunders is *mere* innocent." MALONE.

[4] —*his* addiction] The first quarto reads, his *mind.*

STEEVENS.

offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love;
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; [*To Desd.*
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt Othello, and Desdemona.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' clock: [5] Our general cast us thus early, for the

[5] *Our general* cast us—] That is, *appointed us to our stations.* To *cast the play*, is, in the stile of the theatres, to assign to every actor his proper part. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *cast* us only means dismissed us, or *got rid of our company*. So, in one of the following scenes, "You are but now *cast* in his mood;" i. e. *turn'd out of your office in his anger*; and in the first scene it means to *dismiss*.

So, in the WITCH, a MS. Tragi-comedy, by Middleton:
"—She *cast off*
"My company betimes to night, by tricks, &c."
STEEVENS.

love

—ve of his Desdemona: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks, it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not [6] an alarum to love [7]?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was [8] craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here:—I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,

[6] —*an alarum*—] The *voice* may *sound* an *alarm* more properly than the *eye* can *sound* a *parley*. JOHNSON.

[7] —*is it not an alarum to love?*] The quartos read, —'*tis* an alarm to love. STEEVENS.

[8] —*craftily qualified*—] Slily mixed with water. JOHNSON.

With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus [9],— noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
[1] The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle;—But here they come:
[2] If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have [3] given me a rouse already.

Mont.

[9] *Three lads of Cyprus,*] The folio reads—Three *else* of Cyprus. STEEVENS.

[1] *The very elements*—] As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum*; as quick in opposition as fire and water. JOHNSON.

[2] *If consequence do but approve my* dream,] All the printed copies concur in this reading, but, I think, it does not come up to the poet's intention; I rather imagine that he wrote,

If consequence do but approve my deem,

i. e. my opinion, the judgment I have formed of what must happen. So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

Cress. *I true? how now? what wicked* deem *is this?* THEOBALD.

This reading is followed by the succeeding editions. I rather read,

If consequence do but approve my scheme.

But why should *dream* be rejected? Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream.* JOHNSON.

[3] —*given me a* rouse, &c.] A *rouse* appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large.

So

Mont. Good faith, a little one; not paſt a pint, As I am a ſoldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [*Iago ſings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A ſoldier's a man;
A life's but a ſpan[4]*;*
Why then, let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Caſ. 'Fore heaven, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are moſt potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your ſwag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your Engliſh.

Caſ. Is your Engliſhman [5] ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he ſweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. O ſweet England!

So in *Hamlet*; and in *The Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:
" —— our friends may tell
" We drank a *rouſe* to them." STEEVENS.

[4] *A life's but a ſpan*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:
" *Oh, man's* life's but a ſpan." STEEVENS.

[5] —*ſo exquiſite*—] The quarto reads *ſo expert*. This accompliſhment in the Engliſh is likewiſe mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Captain*:
Lod. " Are the Engliſhmen
" Such ſtubborn drinkers?
Piſo. " ——— not a leak at ſea
" Can ſuck more liquor; you ſhall have their children
" Chriſten'd in mull'd ſack, and at five years old
" Able to knock a Dane down." STEEVENS.

[6] King Stephen was a worthy peer [7],
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the taylor—[8] lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so I do too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:

[6] *King Stephen*, &c.] These stanzas are taken from an old song, which the reader will find recovered and preserved in a curious work lately printed, intitled, *Relicks of Ancient Poetry*, consisting of old heroic ballads, songs, &c. 3 vols. 12°. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*: "*King Stephen* wore a pair of cloth breeches of a noble a pair, and thought them passing costly." STEEVENS

[7] — *a worthy* peer,] *i. e.* a worthy fellow. In this sense *peer*, *fere*, and *pheere*, are often used by the writers of our earliest romances. STEEVENS.

[8] — *lown.*] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. JOHNSON.

hand:—I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why, very well then: you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mont. To the platform, maſters; come, let's ſet the watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by Cæſar
And give direction: and do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a juſt equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the truſt Othello puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep:
[9] He'll watch the horologe a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it,
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature

[9] *He'll watch the horologe a double ſet,*] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock ſtrikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours.

Chaucer uſes the word *horologe* in more places than one.
"Well ſikerer was his crowing in his loge
"Than is a clock or abbey *horologe*." JOHNSON.

So Heywood in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562:
"The divell is in *thorologe*, the houres to trye,
"Searche houres by the ſunne, the devyl's dyall wyll lye,
"The devyl is in *thorologe*, nowe cheere in bowles,
"Let the devyl kepe our clockes, while God keepe our
"ſoules."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:
"——my gracious lord,
"By Siſto's *horologe* 'tis ſtruck eleven."

Again, in the *Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:
"The cock the country *horologe* that rings
"The chearful warning to the ſun's awake." STEEVENS.

Prizes the virtue that appears in Caſſio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now, Roderigo?
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Rod.*
Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his own ſecond,
With one of an [1] ingraft infirmity:
It were an honeſt action, to ſay ſo
Unto the Moor.
Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland:
I do love Caſſio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noiſe?
[*Cry within,*—Help! help!

Re-enter Caſſio, driving in Roderigo.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!
Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Caſ. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave [2] into a twiggen bottle.
Rod. Beat me!
Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue?
Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, ſir, hold your hand.
Caſ. Let me go, ſir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.
Caſ. Drunk? [*They fight.*
Iago. Away, I ſay! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aſide to Rod.*
[*Exit Roderigo.*

[1] — *ingraft infirmity:*] An infirmity *rooted, ſettled* in his conſtitution. JOHNSON.

[2] — *into a twiggen bottle.*] A twiggen bottle is a *wicker'd bottle*; and ſo the quarto reads. STEEVENS.

Nay,

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—
Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo [3], ho!
[*Bell rings.*
The town will rise: Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, [4] I am hurt to the death;—he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot [5] all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

[3] —*Diablo*—] I meet with this exclamation in Marlow's *King Edward* II. 1622: "*Diablo?* what passions call you these?" STEEVENS.

[4] —*I am hurt to death*— he dies.] *Montano* thinks he is mortally wounded, yet by these words he seems determined to continue the duel, and to kill his antagonist *Cassio*. So when *Roderigo* runs at *Cassio*, in the 5th Act, he says,—"Villain, thou dy'st." TOLLET.

—*He dies*, i. e. he shall die. He may be supposed to say this as he renews the fight. STEEVENS.

[5] —*all sense of place and duty?*] So Hanmer. The rest, —*all place of sense and duty?* JOHNSON.

Silence

Silence that dreadful bell, [6] it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
[7] In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot [8]?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,
[9] That you unlace your reputation thus,
And [1] spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,

[6] —— *it frights the isle From her propriety.*——] From her regular and *proper state.* JOHNSON.

[7] *In quarter,*—] In their quarters; at their lodging. JOHNSON.

[8] —*you are thus forgot?*] i. e. you have thus forgot yourself. STEEVENS.

[9] *That you unlace*—] Slacken, or *loosen.* Put in danger of dropping; or perhaps strip of its ornaments. JOHNSON.

[1] —*spend your rich opinion,*—] Throw away and squander a reputation so valuable as yours. JOHNSON.

By

By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless [2] self-charity be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
[3] And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And [4] he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monsterous.—Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially affin'd [5], or leagu'd in office,

Thou

[2] —*self-charity*—] Care of one's self. JOHNSON.

[3] *And passion, having my best judgment* collied,] Thus the folio reads, and I believe rightly. Othello means, that passion has discoloured his judgment. The word is used in *The Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"—— like lightning in the *collied* night."

—To *colly* anciently signified to *besmut, to blacken as with coal.* So, in a comedy called *The Family of Love*, 1608.——"carry thy link a 't'other side the way, thou *collow'st* me and my ruffe." The word (as I am assured) is still used in the midland counties.

Mr. *Tollet* informs me that *Wallis's Hist. of Northumberland*, p. 46. says, "—in our northern counties it [*i. e.* a fine black clay or ochre] is commonly known by the name of *Collow* or *Killow*, by which name it is known by Dr. Woodward, &c." The Doctor says it had its name from *Kollow*, by which name, in the North, the *smut* or *grime on the backs of chimneys* is called. *Colly*, however, is from *coal*, as *collier*. Hanmer reads—*choler'd.*

STEEVENS.

[4] —*he that is* approv'd *in this offence*,] He that is convicted by proof, of having been engaged in this offence. JOHNSON.

[5] *If partially* affin'd,—] *Affin'd* is bound by proximity of relationship; but here it means related by nearness of office. In the first scene it is used in the former of these senses:

Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.

Iago. Touch me not ſo near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould do offence to Michael Caſſio;
Yet, I perſuade myſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Caſſio following him with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Caſſio, and entreats his pauſe;
Myſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt, by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And Caſſio high in oath; which, 'till to-night,
I ne'er might ſay before: When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them cloſe together,
At blow, and thruſt; even as again they were,
When you yourſelf did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget:
Though Caſſio did ſome little wrong to him,—
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,—
Yet, ſurely, Caſſio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Caſſio:—Caſſio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter Deſdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—

" If I, in any juſt term, am *affin'd*
" To love the Moor." STEEVENS.

I'll

I'll make thee an example.

Def. What is the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now ſweeting: Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myſelf will be your ſurgeon:—
Lead him off.— [*To Montano, who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town;
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.—
Come, Deſdemona; 'tis the ſoldiers' life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife.

[*Exit &c. Manent Iago, and Caſſio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Caſ. Ay, paſt all ſurgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part, ſir, of myſelf, and what remains is beſtial.— My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I had thought you had receiv'd ſome bodily wound; there is more offence [5] in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving: You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute yourſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now [6] caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice; even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious lion: ſue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk? [7] and ſpeak parrot?

[5] —*there is more* offence, &c,] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, — there is more *ſenſe*, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —*caſt in his mood,*—] Ejected in his anger. JOHNSON.

[7] —*and ſpeak parrot?*—] A phraſe ſignifying to act fooliſhly and childiſhly. So Skelton,

"Theſe

parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; How came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it.

"These maidens full mekely with many a divers flour,
"Freshly they dress and make sweete my houre,
"With *spake parrot* I pray you full courteously thei saye."
WARBURTON.

So, in Lylly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:
"Thou pretty *parrot speak* awhile."
These lines are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, ſir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may ſay ſo in this reſpect, [8] for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and denotement, of her parts and graces:—confeſs yourſelf freely to her; importune her; ſhe'll help to put you in your place again: ſhe is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, that ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs, not to do more than ſhe is requeſted: This broken joint, between you and her huſband, intreat her to ſplinter; and, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beſeech the virtuous Deſdemona to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I muſt to the watch.

[8] —*for that he hath devoted, and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and* devotement, *of her parts and graces.*—] I remember, it is ſaid of Antony, in the beginning of his tragedy, that he, who uſed to fix his eyes altogether on the dreadful ranges of war:

"——now bends, now turns,
"The office and *devotion* of their view
"Upon a ſtrumpet's front."

This is finely expreſſed; but I cannot perſuade myſelf that our poet would ever have ſaid, any one *devoted* himſelf to the *devotement* of any thing. All the copies agree; but the miſtake certainly aroſe from a ſingle letter being turned upſide down at preſs. THEOBALD.

Caſ.

Caſ. Good night, honeſt Iago. [*Exit Caſſio.*

Iago. And what's he then, that ſays—I play the villain?
When [9] this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Probable to thinking [1], and (indeed) the courſe
To win the Moor again? For 'tis moſt eaſy
The inclining Deſdemona to ſubdue
In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the [2] free elements: And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,—
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counſel Caſſio [3] to this parallel courſe,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heavenly ſhews,
As I do now: For, while this honeſt fool
Plies Deſdemona to repair his fortunes,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor,
[4] I'll pour this peſtilence into his ear,—
[5] That ſhe repeals him for her body's luſt;
And, by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,

[9] —*this advice is free*—] This counſel has an appearance of honeſt openneſs, of frank good-will. JOHNSON.

[1] *Probable*] The old editions concur in reading *probal.* There may be ſuch a contraction of the word, but I have not met with it in any other book. Yet, abbreviations as violent occur in our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

[2] —*free elements:*] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced. JOHNSON.

[3] —*to this* parallel *courſe,*] Parallel, for even; becauſe parallel lines run even and equidiſtant. WARBURTON.

Parallel courſe; i. e. a courſe level, and even with his deſign. JOHNSON.

[4] *I'll pour this peſtilence*—] Peſtilence, for poiſon. WARBURTON.

[5] *That ſhe* repeals *him*—] That is, recalls him. JOHNSON.

She

She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
[6] That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit [7], return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witch-craft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
[8] Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;

[6] *That shall enmesh them all.*—] A metaphor from taking birds in meshes. POPE.

[7] —*a little more wit,*] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads —and *with that wit.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Though other things grow fair against the sun,*
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe.] Of many different things, all planned with the same art, and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits *grow fair against the sun.* Hanmer has not, I think, rightly conceived the sentiment; for he reads,

Those fruits which blossom first, are not first *ripe.*

I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be easy which was difficult to Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:—
Nay, get thee gone.— [Exit Roderigo.
Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself, the while, will draw [9] the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the castle.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow, general.

[*Musick plays; and enter Clown.*

Clown. [1] Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

Mus. How, sir, how!

Clown. Are these, I pray you, call'd wind instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

[9] — will *draw*] The old copies read—*to* draw, which may be right, and consistent with the tenour of this interrupted speech. Iago is still debating with himself concerning the means to perplex Othello. STEEVENS.

[1] *Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?*] The venereal disease first appeared at the siege of Naples. JOHNSON.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tail.

Muf. Whereby hangs a tale, fir?

Clown. Marry, fir, by many a wind inftrument that I know. But, mafters, here's money for you: and the general fo likes your mufic, that he defires you, [2] of all loves, to make no more noife with it.

Muf. Well, fir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any mufic that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they fay, to hear mufic, the general does not greatly care.

Muf. We have none fuch, fir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, [3] for I'll away: Go; [4] vanifh into air; away.

[*Exeunt Muf.*

Caf. Doft thou hear, my honeft friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honeft friend; I hear you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be ftirring, tell her, there's one Caffio entreats her a little favour of fpeech: Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is ftirring, fir; if fhe will ftir hither, I fhall feem to notify unto her. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Iago.

Caf. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caf. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To fend in for your wife: My fuit to her

[2] *— of all loves,—*] The folio reads—*for love's fake.* STEEVENS.

[3] *—for I'll away—*] Hanmer reads, *and hie away.* JOHNSON.

[4] *— vanifh into air.*] So the folio and one of the quartos. The eldeft quarto reads—Vanifh *away.* STEEVENS.

Is, that ſhe will to virtuous Deſdemona
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Iago. I'll ſend her to you preſently:
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honeſt.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will ſoon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholſome wiſdom,
He might not but refuſe you: but, he proteſts, he loves you;
And needs no other ſuitor, but his likings,
To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front [5],
To bring you in again.

Caſ. Yet, I beſeech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With Deſdemona alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in;
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your boſom freely.

Caſ. I am much bound to you [6]. [*Exeunt.*

[5] *To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front,*] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[6] *I am much bound to you.*] This ſpeech is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A room in the caſtle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. Theſe letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the ſtate:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.
Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—ſhall we ſee't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another room in the caſtle.

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, and Æmilia.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd, good Caſſio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Æmil. Good madam, do; I know, it grieves my huſband,
As if the caſe were his [7].
Deſ. O, that's an honeſt fellow.—Do not doubt, Caſſio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Caſ. Bounteous madam,
Whatever ſhall become of Michael Caſſio,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.
Deſ. O, ſir, I thank you: You do love my lord;
You have known him long; and be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politic diſtance.

[7] *As if the caſe were his.*] The folio reads—As if the *cauſe* were his. STEEVENS.

Caf. Ay, but, lady,
[8] That policy may either laft fo long,
Or feed upon fuch nice and waterifh diet,
Or breed itfelf fo out of circumftance,
That, I being abfent, and my place fupply'd,
My general will forget my love and fervice.
Def. Do not doubt that; before Æmilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: affure thee,
If I do vow a friendfhip, I'll perform it
To the laft article: my lord fhall never reft;
[9] I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed fhall feem a fchool, his board a fhrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Caffio's fuit: Therefore be merry, Caffio;
For thy folicitor fhall rather die,
Than give thy caufe away.

Enter Othello, and Iago, at a diftance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

[8] *That policy may either laft fo long,*] He may either of himfelf think it politic to keep me out of office fo long, or he may be fatisfied with fuch flight reafons, or fo many accidents may make him think my re-admiffion at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten. JOHNSON.

[9] *I'll watch him tame,*—] It is faid, that the ferocity of beafts, infuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is fubdued by keeping them from fleep. JOHNSON.

Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from fleep, and it is to the management of thofe Shakefpeare alludes. So, in Cartwright's *Lady Errant:*

" —— we'll keep you,
" As they do hawks, *watching* untill you leave
" Your wildnefs."

So, in *Monfieur D'Olive*, 1616: "—your only way to deal with women and parrots, is to *keep them waking.*"

Again, in *Sir W. D'Avenant's Juft Italian*, 1630:

" They've *watch'd* my hardy violence fo *tame.*"

Again, in the *Booke of Haukyng, Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "*Wake* her all nyght, and on the morrowe all daye, and then fhe will be previ enough to be reclaymed." STEEVENS.

Caf. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Def. Why, ftay, and hear me fpeak.

Caf. Madam, not now; I am very ill at eafe,
Unfit for mine own purpofes.

Def. Well, do your difcretion. [*Exit Caffio.*

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What doft thou fay?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Caffio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Caffio, my lord? No, fure, I cannot think it,
That he would fteal away fo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe, 'twas he.

Def. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a fuitor here,
A man that languifhes in your difpleafure.

Oth. Who is't, you mean?

Def. Why, your lieutenant Caffio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
[1] His prefent reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, [2] and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeft face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Def. Ay, footh; fo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To fuffer with him: Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, fweet Defdemona; fome other time.

Def. But fhall't be fhortly?

Oth. The fooner, fweet, for you.

[1] *His prefent reconciliation take:*] Caffio was to be reconciled to his general, not his general to him, therefore *take* cannot be right. We fhould read *make.* WARBURTON.

To *take his reconciliation,* may be to accept the fubmiffion which he makes in order to be reconciled. JOHNSON.

[2] — *and not in cunning,*] *Cunning,* for defign, or purpofe, fimply. WARBURTON.

Def. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Def. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Def. Why then, to-morrow night; or tuesday morn;
Or tuesday noon, or night; or wednesday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, [3] the wars must make examples
Out of their best) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on [4]. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you [5]; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

[3] —— *the wars must make examples*
Out of their best,——] The severity of military discipline must not spare the *best men* of the army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome *example*. JOHNSON.

[4] —*so* mammering *on?*] To hesitate, to stand in suspence. The word often occurs in old English writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'Amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct answer. HANMER.

I find the same word in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: "I stand in doubt, or in a *mamorynge* between hope and fear."

Again, in Thomas Drant's translation of the third Satire of the second Book of Horace, 1567:

"Ye, when she daygnes to send for him, then *mammeryng* he dothe doute." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *What!* Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you;—] And yet in the first act Cassio appears perfectly ignorant of the amour, and is indebted to Iago for the information of Othello's marriage, and of the person to whom he is married. STEEVENS.

To bring him in! Truſt me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Deſ. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing diſhes, or keep you warm;
Or ſue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own perſon: Nay, when I have a ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize [6] and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beſeech thee, grant me this,—
To leave me but a little to myſelf.

Deſ. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my Deſdemona: I will come to thee ſtraight.

Deſ. Æmilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with Æmil.*

Oth. [7] Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my ſoul,

6 —*full of* poize—] *i. e.* of weight. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:
"They are of *poize* ſufficient—"
Again,
"But we are all preſt down with other *poize*." STEEVENS.

7 *Excellent* wretch!—*Perdition catch my ſoul,*
But I do love thee! &c.] The meaning of the word *wretch*, is not generally underſtood. It is now, in ſome parts of England, a term of the ſofteſt and fondeſt tenderneſs. It expreſſes the utmoſt degree of amiableneſs, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderneſs includes, of feebleneſs, ſoftneſs, and want of protection. Othello, conſidering Deſdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, ſoft and timorous by her ſex, and by her ſituation abſolutely in his power, calls her, *Excellent wretch!* It may be expreſſed:
Dear, harmleſs, helpleſs Excellence. JOHNSON.

Sir *W. D'Avenant* uſes the ſame expreſſion in his *Cruel Brother*, 1630, and with the ſame meaning. It occurs twice: "—*Excellent wretch!* with a timorous modeſty ſhe ſtifleth up her utterance."
STEEVENS.

But

But I do love thee! and [8] when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

[8] —— *when I love thee not,*
Chaos is come again.] When my love is for a moment suspended by suspicion, I have nothing in my mind but discord, tumult, perturbation, and confusion. JOHNSON.

—— *when I love thee not,*
Chaos is come again.] There is another meaning possible. *When I cease to love thee, the world is at an end*; i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important. The first explanation may be more elegant, the second is perhaps more easy. Shakespeare has the same thought in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
"And, beauty dead, black *Chaos comes again.*" STEEVENS.

The passage does not strike me in the same light in which it appeared to Dr. Johnson; as *Othello* had not at this time the smallest doubt of his wife's fidelity. *Muretus*, a poet of the 16th century, has exactly the same thought:

"Tune meo elabi possis de pectore, Lacci,
"Aut ego, dum vivam, non meminisse tui?
"Ante vel istius mundi compage soluta
"Terra *in antiquum sit reditura Chaos*;"

The meaning of Shakespeare appears very clearly from the following passage in the *Winter's Tale*, where the same thought is more fully expressed:

"—— It cannot fail
"But by the violation of my faith—and then
"Let nature crush the sides of the earth together,
"And mar the seeds within." MALONE.

Oth.

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed;—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest! ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!—By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought [9],
Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed?*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
[1] They are close delations, working from the heart,
That

[9] —*By heaven he echoes me,*
As if there were some monster in his thought, &c.] Thus the eldest quarto. The second quarto reads:
——Why dost thou echo me,
As if there were some monster in thy thought, &c.
The folio reads:
—— Alas thou echo'st me,
As if, &c.——— STEEVENS.

[1] *They are* cold dilations *working from the heart,*
That passion cannot rule.] i. e. these stops and breaks are *cold dilations,*

That paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Caſſio,—
I dare be ſworn, I think that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem;
[2] Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem none!
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iago. Why then, I think Caſſio's an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, ſay, they are vile and falſe,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,

dilations, or cold keeping back a ſecret, which men of phlegmatic conſtitutions, whoſe hearts are not ſwayed or governed by their paſſions, we find, can do: while more ſanguine tempers reveal themſelves at once, and without reſerve. But the Oxford Editor for *cold dilations*, reads *diſtillations*. WARBURTON.

I know not why the modern editors are ſatisfied with this reading, which no explanation can clear. They might eaſily have found, that it is introduced without authority. The old copies uniformly give, *cloſe dilations*, except that the earlier quarto has *cloſe denotements*; which was the author's firſt expreſſion, afterwards changed by him, not to *cold dilations*, for *cold* is read in no ancient copy; nor, I believe, to *cloſe dilations*, but to *cloſe delations*; to *occult* and *ſecret accuſations*, *working* involuntarily *from the heart*, which, though reſolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its *paſſion* of reſentment. JOHNSON.

[2] *Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem* none!] There is no ſenſe in this reading. I ſuppoſe Shakeſpeare wrote,

— *'would they might ſeem* knaves. WARBURTON.

I believe the meaning is, *would they might no longer ſeem*, or bear the ſhape of *men*. JOHNSON.

But

But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
[3] Keep leets, and law-days, and in ſeſſion ſit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beſeech you,
[4] Though I——perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,
(As,

[3] *Keep leets and law-days,*—i. e. govern. A metaphor, wretchedly forced and quaint. WARBURTON.

Rather *viſit* than *govern*, but viſit with authoritative intruſion. JOHNSON.

Neither of the learned commentators ſeem to have explained theſe words properly. *Leets*, and *law-days*, are ſynonymous terms. "*Leet* (ſays Jacob, in his *Law-Dictionary)* is otherwiſe called a *law-day*." They are there explained to be courts, or meetings of the *hundred*, "to certify the king of the good manners, and government, of the inhabitants," and to enquire of all offences that are not capital. The poet's meaning will now be plain.—*Who has a breaſt ſo little apt to form ill opinions of others, but that foul ſuſpicions will ſometimes mix with his faireſt and moſt candid thoughts, and erect a court in his mind, to enquire of the offences apprehended.* STEEVENS.

[4] Though *I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,*] Not to mention that, in this reading, the ſentence is abrupt and broken, it is likewiſe highly abſurd. I beſeech you give yourſelf no uneaſineſs from my unſure obſervance, *though* I am vicious in my gueſs. For his being an ill gueſſer was a reaſon why Othello ſhould not be uneaſy: in propriety, therefore, it ſhould either have been, *though I am not vicious*, or *becauſe I am vicious*. It appears then we ſhould read:

I do beſeech you,
Think *I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,*

Which makes the ſenſe pertinent and perfect. WARBURTON.

Though I—perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,] That abruptneſs in the ſpeech which Dr. Warburton complains of, and would alter, may be eaſily accounted for. Iago ſeems deſirous by this ambiguous hint, *Though I*—to inflame the jealouſy of Othello, which he knew would be more effectually done in this manner, than by any expreſſion that bore a determinate meaning. The jealous Othello would fill up the pauſe in the ſpeech, which Iago turns off at laſt to another purpoſe, and find a more certain cauſe of diſcontent, and a greater degree of torture ariſing from the doubtful conſideration how it might have concluded, than he could have experienced had

(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom yet[5],
From one that so[6] imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,

had the whole of what he enquired after been reported to him with every circumstance of aggravation.

We may suppose him imagining to himself, that Iago mentally continued the thought thus, *Though I—know more than I choose to speak of.*

Vicious in my guess does not mean that he is an *ill-guesser*, but that he is apt to put the worst construction on every thing he attempts to account for. STEEVENS.

[5] — *that your wisdom yet*,] Thus the folio. The quarto thus:

— I entreat you then
From one that so imperfectly *conjects*,
You'd take no notice———

To *conject*, i. e. to *conjecture*, is a verb used by other writers. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529:

"Now reason I, or *conject* with myself."

Again,

"I cannot forget thy saying, or thy *conjecting* words."

STEEVENS.

[6] — imperfectly *conceits*,] In the old quarto it is,

—— improbably *conceits*,

Which I think preferable. JOHNSON.

There is no such reading as *improbably* in either quarto.

STEEVENS.

And

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealouſy;
It is the green-ey'd monſter, [7] which doth mock
The

[7] — *which doth* mock
The meat it feeds on—] i. e. loaths that which nouriſhes and ſuſtains it. This being a miſerable ſtate, Iago bids him beware of it. The Oxford Editor reads:
——— *which doth* make
The meat it feeds on.———
Implying that its ſuſpicions are unreal and groundleſs, which is the very contrary to what he would here make his general think, as appears from what follows:
That cuckold lives in bliſs, &c.
In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and therefore bids him beware of jealouſy, not that it was an *unreaſonable*, but a *miſerable* ſtate; and this plunges him into it, as we ſee by his reply, which is only
O miſery! WARBURTON.

I have received Hanmer's emendation; becauſe *to mock*, does not ſignify *to loath*; and becauſe, when Iago bids Othello *beware of jealouſy, the green-eyed monſter*, it is natural to tell why he ſhould beware, and for caution he gives him two reaſons, that jealouſy *often* creates its own cauſe, and that, when the cauſes are real, jealouſy is miſery. JOHNSON.

In this place, and ſome others, to *mock* ſeems the ſame with to *mammock*. FARMER.

If Shakeſpeare had written—*a* green-ey'd monſter, we might have ſuppoſed him to refer to ſome creature exiſting only in his particular imagination; but *the* green-ey'd monſter ſeems to have reference to an object as familiar to his readers as to himſelf.

It is known that the *tyger* kind have *green eyes*, and always play with the victim to their hunger, before they devour it. So, in our Author's *Tarquin and Lucrece:*
" Like foul night-waking *cat* he doth but *dally*,
While in his hold-faſt foot the weak mouſe panteth—"
Thus, a jealous huſband, who diſcovers no certain cauſe why he may be divorced, continues to ſport with the woman whom he ſuſpects, and, on more certain evidence, determines to puniſh. There is no beaſt that can be literally ſaid to *make* its own food, and therefore I am unwilling to receive the emendation of Hanmer,
eſpecially

The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves [8]!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
[9] But riches, fineless, is [1] as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

especially as I flatter myself that a glimpse of meaning may be produced from the ancient reading.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the contested word occurs again:

—— tell him
He *mocks* the pauses that he makes.

i. e. he plays wantonly with those intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation.

Should such an explanation be admissible, the advice given by Iago will amount to this:—*Beware, my lord, of yielding to a passion which as yet has no proof to justify its excess. Think how the interval between suspicion and certainty must be filled. Though you doubt her fidelity, you cannot yet refuse her your bed, or drive her from your heart; but, like the capricious savage, must continue to sport with one whom you wait for an opportunity to destroy.*

Such is the only sense that I am able to draw from the original text. What I have said, may be liable to some objections, but I have nothing better to propose. That jealousy is *a monster* which often *creates* the suspicions on which it feeds, may be well admitted according to Hanmer's proposition; but is it *the* monster? (*i. e.* a well-known and conspicuous animal) or whence has it *green eyes? Yellow* is the colour which Shakespeare appropriates to jealousy. It must be acknowledged that he afterwards characterizes it as "—— a monster,

"Begot upon itself, born on itself."

but yet ——" What damned minutes counts he o'er, &c." is the best illustration of my attempt to explain the passage. To produce Hanmer's meaning, a change in the text is necessary. I am counsel for the old reading. STEEVENS.

[8] —*strongly* loves!] Thus the quarto; the folio,—*soundly* loves. STEEVENS.

[9] *But riches, fineless,*—] Unbounded, endless, unnumbered treasures. JOHNSON.

[1] — *as poor as* winter,] Finely expressed: *winter* producing no fruits. WARBURTON.

Oth.

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
[2] To such exsuffolate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
[3] Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;

[2] *To such* exsuffolate *and blown surmises,*] This odd and far-fetched word was made yet more uncouth in all the editions before Hanmer's, by being printed, *exsufflicate*. The allusion is to a bubble. Do not think, says the Moor, that I shall change the noble designs that now employ my thoughts, to suspicions which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have only an empty shew without solidity; or that, in consequence of such empty fears, I will close with thy inference against the virtue of my wife. JOHNSON.

[3] *Where virtue is, these are most virtuous:*] An action in itself indifferent, grows virtuous by its end and application. JOHNSON.

I know not why the modern editors, in opposition to the first quarto and folio, read *most* instead of *more*.

A passage in *All's well that ends well*, is perhaps the best comment on the sentiment of Othello: "I have those good hopes of her, education promises: her disposition she inherits; which *makes fair gifts fairer.*" *Gratior e pulchro veniens et corpore virtus.* STEEVENS.

Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
[4] Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know [5] our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown [6].

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
[7] And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
[8] To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He

[4] *Out of* self-bounty *be abus'd;*—] *Self-bounty*, for inherent generosity. WARBURTON.

[5] —*our country disposition*——
In Venice——] Here Iago seems to be a Venetian. JOHNSON.

[6] *Is not to* leave *undone, but* keep *unknown.*] The folio perhaps more clearly reads:
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown. STEEVENS.

[7] *And, when she seem'd*—] This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniencies they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those, who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act, by which kindness was sought, puts an end to confidence.

The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shewn, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue. JOHNSON.

[8] *To seel her father's eyes up, close as* oak,—] There is little relation between *eyes* and *oak*. I would read;
She seel'd her father's eyes up close as owl's.
As blind as an owl, is a proverb. JOHNSON.

He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see, you are mov'd;—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
[9] To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
[1] My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—

* *To seel her father's eyes up, close as* oak,—] The *oak* is (I believe) the most *close-grained* wood of general use in England. *Close as oak*, means, *close as the grain of the oak.* I see no cause for alteration.

To *seel* is an expression taken from falconry. So, in Ben Jonson's *Catiline:*

"— would have kept
"Both eyes and beak *seel'd* up, for six sesterces."

STEEVENS.

9 *To grosser* issues,] *Issues*, for conclusions. WARBURTON.

1 *My speech would fall into such vile* success,] *Success*, for succession, *i. e.* conclusion; not prosperous issue. WARBURTON.

I rather think there is a depravation, and would read:

My speech would fall into such vile excess.

If *success* be the right word, it seems to mean *consequence* or *event*, as *successo* is used in Italian. JOHNSON.

I think *success* may, in this instance, bear its common interpretation. What Iago means, seems to be this: "Should you do so, my lord, my words would be attended by such an infamous degree of success, as my thoughts do not even aim at." Iago, who counterfeits the feelings of virtue, might have said *fall into success*, and *vile success*, because he would appear to Othello, to wish that the enquiry into Desdemona's guilt might prove fruitless and unsuccessful. STEEVENS.

My lord, I ſee you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think, but Deſdemona's honeſt.

Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itſelf,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point: As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many propoſed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we ſee, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a [2] will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not, in poſition,
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (hapily) repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel:
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to obſerve: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord,—I would, I might entreat your honour
To ſcan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Caſſio have his place,
(For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability)
Yet, if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
[3] You ſhall by that perceive him and his means:

[2] —will *moſt rank,*] *Will*, is for wilfulneſs. It is ſo uſed by Aſcham. A *rank will*, is *ſelf-will* overgrown and exuberant. JOHNSON.

[3] *You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means,*] You ſhall diſcover whether he thinks his beſt *means*, his moſt powerful *intereſt*, is by the ſolicitation of your lady. JOHNSON.

Note,

Note, if your lady [4] strain his entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. [5] Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, [6] with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: [7] If I do prove her haggard,

[4] —*strain his* entertainment] Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admission of soldiers. JOHNSON.

[5] *Fear not my government.*] Do not distrust my ability to contain my passion. JOHNSON.

[6] —*with a* learned *spirit,*] *Learned,* for experienced.
WARBURTON.

The construction is, He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings. JOHNSON.

[7] —*If I do prove her* haggard,] A *haggard* hawk, is a *wild* hawk, a *hawk unreclaimed,* or *irreclaimable.* JOHNSON.

A *haggard* is a particular species of hawk. It is *difficult to be reclaimed,* but not *irreclaimable.*

From a passage in *Vittoria Corombona,* it appears that *haggard* was a term of reproach sometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you *haggard?* fly to the stews."

Turbervile says, that "the *haggart* falcons are the most excellent birds of all other falcons. *Latham* gives to the *haggart* only the second place in the *valued file.* In *Holland's Leaguer,* a comedy, by Shakerly Marmyon, 1633, is the following illustrative passage:

"Before these courtiers lick their lips at her,
"I'll trust a wanton *haggard* in the wind."

Again,

"For she is ticklish as any *haggard,*
"And quickly lost."

Again, in *Two Wise Men, and all the Rest Fools,* 1619: "the admirable conquest the faulconer maketh in a hawk's nature; bringing *the wild haggard having all the earth and seas to scour over uncontroulably,* to attend and obey, &c." *Haggard,* however, had a popular sense, and was used for *wild* by those who thought not on the language of falconers. STEEVENS.

[8] Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
[9] I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers [1] have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief

[8] *Though that her* jesses *were my dear heart-strings,*] *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist. HANMER.

In Heywood's comedy, called *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617, a number of these terms relative to hawking occur together:

"Now she hath seiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her;
"Rebeck her not; rather stand still and check her.
"So: seize her gets, her *jesses*, and her bells." STEEVENS.

[9] *I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.*—] The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself, and *preyed at fortune*. This was told me by the late Mr. Clark. JOHNSON.

I'll whistle her off, &c.] This passage may possibly receive illustration from a similar one in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 2. sect. 1. mem. 3. "As a long-winged hawke, when he is "first *whistled off the fist*, mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetcheth "many a circuit in the ayre, still soaring higher and higher, till "he come to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is "sprung, comes down amaine, and *stoupes* upon a sudden." PERCY.

Again, in *The Spanish Gipsie*, 1653, by Middleton and Rowley:

"— That young *lannerd*,
"Whom you have such a mind to; if you can *whistle her*
"To come to *fist*, make trial, play the young *falconer*."

A *lannerd* is a species of hawk. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*: "— he that basely
"*Whistled* his honour *off to the wind*, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] *Chamberers*] i. e. men of intrigue. So, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590:

"Fal'n from a souldier to a *chamberer*."

Again, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, ver. 4935:

"Only through youth the *chamberere*."

Thus, in the French Poem:

"Par la jeunesse la *chamberiere*." STEEVENS.

Must

Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this [2] forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes [3]:

Enter Desdemona, and Æmilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders [4]
By you invited, do attend your presence.

[2] —*forked plague*—] In allusion to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow, which, once infixed, cannot be extracted. JOHNSON.

Or rather, the *forked plague* is the cuckold's horns. PERCY.

Dr. Johnson may be right. I meet with the same thought in Middleton's comedy of, *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

"While the broad arrow, with the *forked head*,
"Misses his brows but narrowly."

Again, in *King Lear*: —though the *fork* invade
The region of my heart.———

Mr. Malone supports the explanation of Dr. Percy, by the following passage in Machin's *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"Women, why were you made for man's affliction?
"You devils, shap'd like angels, through whose deeds
"Our *forked shames* are made most visible."

Again, from *Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie*: "—dub the old Squire Knight of the *forked order*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Desdemona comes*:] Thus the quartos. The folio reads: *Look where she comes*. STEEVENS.

[4] — *the* generous *islanders*] Are the islanders of *rank*, *distinction*. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

The *generous* and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates.

Generous has here the power of *generosus*, Lat. This explanation, however, may be too particular. STEEVENS.

Oth. I am to blame.

Def. Why is your ſpeech ſo faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Def. Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. [5] Your napkin is too little;
[*She drops her handkerchief.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Def. I am very ſorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt Deſd. and Oth.*

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward huſband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it; but ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
[6] I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

[5] *Your napkin*, &c.] Ray ſays, that a pocket handkerchief is ſo called about Sheffield in Yorkſhire. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616:

"I can wet one of my new lockeram *napkins* with weeping."

Napery ſignifies *linnen in general*. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635: "— prithee put me into wholſome *napery*."

Again, in Chapman's *Mayday*, 1611: "Beſides your munition of manchet, *napery*, plates, &c."

Again, in *Hyde Park*, by Shirley, 1637: "A gentleman that loves clean *napery*." *Naperia*, Ital. STEEVENS.

[6] *I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads:

I nothing *know but for* his fantaſy. STEEVENS.

Iago. You have a thing for me?—it is a common thing.

Æmil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;
And, [7] to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. [8] Be not you known on't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit Æmil.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,

[7] —— *to the advantage*, &c.] I being *opportunely* here, took it up. JOHNSON.

[8] *Be not you known* on't;] Should it not rather be read,

Be not you known in't?

The folio reads,

Be not unknown *on't.*

The sense is plain, but of the expression I cannot produce any example. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—

Be not *acknowne* on't.

Perhaps (says Mr. Malone) *acknown* was a participial adjective from the verb to *acknowledge*.—Do not *acknowledge* any thing of this matter. STEEVENS.

2 Are,

Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, [9] nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
[1] Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which

[9] ——— *nor mandragora,*] The *mandragoras* or *mandrake* has a soporific quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. So *Ant. and Cleop.* Act. 1. Sc. 6.

" ——give me to drink *mandragora*,
" That I may sleep out this great gap of time
" My Antony is away."

So, in Heywood's *Jew of Malta*, 1633.

" I drank of poppy and cold *mandrake* juice,
" And being asleep," &c.

Again, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610:

" Image of death, and daughter of the night,
" Sister to Lethe, all-oppressing sleep,
" Thou, that amongst a hundred thousand dreams,
" Crown'd with a wreath of *mandrakes*, sit'st as queen,
" To whom a million of care-clogged souls
" Lye quaffing juice of poppy at thy feet,
" Resign thy usurpation!" STEEVENS.

[1] *Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,*
Which thou hadst *yesterday.*] The old quarto reads,
Which thou owedst *yesterday.*

And this is right, and of much greater force than the common reading: not to sleep, being finely called defrauding the day of a debt of nature. WARBURTON.

To *owe* is, in our author, oftener to *possess*, than *to be indebted*, and such was its meaning here; but as that sense was growing less usual, it was changed unnecessarily by the editors to *hadst*; to the same meaning, more intelligibly expressed. JOHNSON.

So in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, by Cyril Tourneur, 1607:

" The duke my father's murder'd by the vassal
" Who *owes* this habit."

So,

Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust [2]?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept

So, in *Albumazar*, 1610:

"——— Who art thou?——
"Th' unfortunate possessor of this house.—
"Thou ly'st, base sycophant; my worship *owes* it."

STEEVENS.

[2] *What sense had I*, &c.] A similar passage to this and what follows it, is found in an *unpublished* tragi-comedy by Thomas Middleton, called THE WITCH.

"I feele no ease, the burthen's not yet off
"So long as the abuse sticks in my knowledge.
"Oh, 'tis a paine of hell to know one's shame!
"Had it byn hid and don, it had ben don happy,
"For he that's ignorant lives long and merry."

Again:

"Had'st thou byn secret, then had I byn happy,
"And had a hope (like man) of joies to come.
"Now here I stand a stayne to my creation,
"And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
"The understanding of this base adultery, &c."

This is utter'd by a jealous husband who supposes himself to have just destroy'd his wife.—

Again, *Iago* says:

Dangerous conceits, &c.—
———with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of sulphur.

Thus *Sebastian*, in Middleton's play:———

"When a suspect doth catch once, it burnes maynely."

A scene between *Francisca* and her brother *Antonio*, when she first excites his jealousy, has likewise several circumstances in common with the dialogue which passes between *Iago* and *Othello* on the same subject.

This piece contains also a passage very strongly resembling another in *Hamlet*, who says:—"I am but mad north-north-west;

I slept the next night well [3], was free, and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewel!
[4] Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The

west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw."—Thus, *Almachildes*:—"There is some difference betwixt my joviall condition and the lunary state of madnes. I am not quight out of my witts: I know a bawd from an aqua-vitæ shop, a strumpet from wild fire, and a beadle from brimstone."

For a further account of this MS. play, see a note on Mr. Malone's *Attempt to ascertain the order in which the pieces of Shakespeare were written*:—Article, *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

[3] *I slept the next night well, was free and merry*;] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

I slept the next night well, *fed well*; was free and merry. STEEVENS.

[4] *Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,*
The spirit-stirring drum, the EAR-PIERCING *fife*,] Dr. Warburton has offered *fear-spersing*, for *fear-dispersing*. But *ear-piercing* is an epithet so eminently adapted to the *fife*, and so distinct from the shrillness of the trumpet, that it certainly ought not to be changed. Dr. Warburton has been censured for this proposed emendation with more noise than honesty, for he did not himself put it in the text. JOHNSON.

The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,] In mentioning the *fife* joined with the *drum*, Shakespeare, as usual, paints from the life; those instruments accompanying each other being used in his ages by the English soldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the last. It is commonly supposed that our soldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the last rebellion: but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the Scotch, or even used at all by them. It was first used within the memory of man among our troops by the British guards, by order

The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,

Pride,

order of the duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maeſtricht, in the year 1747, and thence ſoon adopted into other Engliſh regiments of infantry. They took it from the Allies with whom they ſerved. This inſtrument, accompanying the drum, is of conſiderable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture in the Aſhmolean Muſeum at Oxford, painted 1525, repreſenting the ſiege of Pavia by the French king, where the emperor was taken priſoner, we ſee *fifes* and *drums*. In an old Engliſh treatiſe written by William Garrard before 1587, and publiſhed by one captain Hichcock in 1591, intitled *The Art of Warre*, there are ſeveral wood cuts of military evolutions, in which theſe inſtruments are both introduced. In *Rymer's Fœdera*, in a diary of king Henry's ſiege of Bulloigne 1544, mention is made of the *drommes* and *vyffleurs* marching at the head of the king's army. Tom. xv. p. 53.

The *drum* and *fife* were alſo much uſed at ancient feſtivals, ſhews, and proceſſions. Gerard Leigh, in his *Accidence of Armorie*, printed in 1576, deſcribing a Chriſtmas magnificently celebrated at the Inner Temple, ſays, "We entered the prince his hall, where anon "we heard the noyſe of *drum* and *fife*," p. 119. At a ſtately maſque on Shrove-Sunday 1510, in which Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinſhed mentions the entry "of a *drum* and *fife* apparelled "in white damaſke and grene bonnettes." Chron. iii. 805. col. 2. There are many more inſtances in Holinſhed, and Stowe's *Survey of London*.

From the old French word *vyffleur*, above-cited, came the Engliſh word *whiffler*, which anciently was uſed in its proper *literal* ſenſe. Strype, ſpeaking of a grand tilting before the court in queen Mary's reign 1554, ſays, from an old journal, that king Philip and the challengers entered the liſts, preceded by "their *whifflers*, their "footmen, and their armourers." Eccleſ. Memor. iii. p. 211. This explains the uſe of the word in Shakeſpeare, where it is alſo literally applied. *Hen.* V. Act. 4. Sc. ult.

"—— behold the Britiſh beach
"Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
"Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea,
"Which like a *mighty whiffler* 'fore the king,
"Seems to prepare his way."

By degrees, the word *whiffler* hence acquired the metaphorical meaning, which it at preſent obtains in common ſpeech, and became an appellation of contempt. *Whiffler*, a light trivial character, *a fellow hired to pipe at proceſſions*. WARTON.

In

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war [5]!
And O you mortal engines, [6] whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul [7],
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: [8] abandon all remorse;
On

In the old dramatic piece, intitled *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, 2d edit. 1630. *Tobacco* says to *Beer*:
"——it will become your duty to obey me."
To which *Wine* replies:
"You our sovereign! a mere *whiffler!*"
Again, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:
"—— he was known
"But only for a swaggering *whiffler.*" STEEVENS.

5 *Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!*] Sir *William D'Avenant* does not appear to have been scrupulous of adopting almost Shakespeare's own words. So, in *Albovine*, 1629:
"Then *glorious war*, and all *proud circumstance*
"That gives a soldier noise, *for evermore farewell.*"
STEEVENS.

6 —— *whose rude throats*] So Milton, *P. L.* B. 6.
"From those *deep-throated* engines," &c.
The quarto 1622. reads—"whose *wide* throats" STEEVENS.

7 — mine *eternal soul,*] Perhaps the quarto, 1622, more forcibly reads:
—— *man's* eternal soul.
Shakespeare might have designed an opposition between *man* and *dog*. STEEVENS

8 — *abandon all* remorse;] *Remorse*, for repentance.
WARBURTON.

I rather

On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep [9], all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul, or ſenſe?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt [1] to make thine honeſty a vice!—
O monſtrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend [2], ſith love breeds ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay, ſtay:—Thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.

Iago. I ſhould be wiſe; for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes that it works for.

Oth. [3] By the world,
I think my wife be honeſt, and think ſhe is not;
I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof: Her name, that was as freſh
As Dian's viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure it.—'Would, I were ſatisfied!

Iago. I ſee, ſir, you are eaten up with paſſion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?

I rather think it is, Let go all ſcruples, throw aſide all reſtraints. JOHNSON.

[8] I believe, *remorſe* in this inſtance, as in many others, ſignifies *pity.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Do deeds to make heaven weep,*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
"Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heaven
"*As make the angels weep.* STEEVENS.

[1] *That liv'ſt*] Thus the quarto. The folio—*that lov'ſt*— STEEVENS.

[2] —*ſith*—] The word anciently uſed inſtead of *ſince*; and ſo the quarto's read. STEEVENS.

[3] *By the world,* &c.] This ſpeech is not in the firſt edition. POPE.

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may; But, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd[4]?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible, you should see this,
[5] Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

Oth. [6] Give me a living reason that she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty, and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:

[4] *Behold her* tupp'd?] A ram in Staffordshire and some other counties is called a *tup*. So, in the first act:

—— an old black ram
Is *tupping* your white ewe. STEEVENS.

[5] *Were they as* prime *as goats,*—] *Prime* is *prompt*, from the Celtic or British *prim*. HANMER.

So, in the *Vow-breaker, or the Faire Maid of Clifton*, 1636:
" More *prime* than goats or monkies in their pride."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Give me a* living *reason*—] *Living*, for speaking, manifest. WARBURTON.

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry,—*O sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh, and kiss; and then
Cry,—*Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted [7] a foregone conclusion;
[8] 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: [9] yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!

7 — *a foregone* conclusion:] *Conclusion*, for fact. WARBURTON.

8 Othel. '*Tis a shrewd doubt*, &c.] The old quarto gives this line, with the two following, to Iago; and rightly. WARBURTON.

I think it more naturally spoken by Othello, who, by dwelling so long upon the proof, encouraged Iago to enforce it. JOHNSON.

9 —*yet we see nothing done*;] This is an oblique and secret mock at Othello's saying, *Give me the ocular proof.* WARB.

[1] Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from thy [2] hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and [3] hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! [4] swell, bosom, with thy fraught,

[1] *Now do I see 'tis* true.——] The old quarto reads,

Now do I see 'tis time.———

And this is Shakespeare's, and has in it much more force and solemnity, and preparation for what follows: as alluding to what he had said before:

———*No, Iago!*
I'll see *before I doubt, when I doubt, prove;*
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love *or jealousy.*

This *time* was now come. WARBURTON.

[2] —— *hollow* hell!] This is a poor unmeaning epithet. The old quarto reads,

Arise black vengeance from thy hollow cell!

Which the editors not knowing what to make of, altered it as above. It should be read thus,

Arise, black vengeance, from the unhallow'd *cell!*

Meaning the infernal regions. WARBURTON.

The hollow hell is the reading of the folio. I do not perceive that the epithet *hollow* is at all unmeaning, when applied to hell, as it gives the idea of what Milton calls

"————the void profound
"Of unessential night." STEEVENS.

[3] —— hearted *throne*] *Hearted* throne is strange nonsense. The old quarto reads,

—— *and* harted *throne*:

Which the editors took for a word *mis-spelt*, whereas it was a word *miscalled*. We should read,

Yield up, oh love, thy crown and parted *throne*:

i. e. thy throne which was parted between me and Desdemona: this presents us with a fine image. The union of Othello and Desdemona was so perfect, that love divided his throne between them; which he is now bid to resume, and give to hatred.

WARBURTON.

Hearted throne, is the heart on which thou wast *enthroned*. *Parted* throne has no meaning. JOHNSON.

Iago uses the same word, though with a meaning somewhat different: "—My cause is *hearted*." STEEVENS.

[4] —*swell, bosom,* &c.] i. e. *swell,* because the fraught is of poison. WARBURTON.

For

For 'tis of aſpicks' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I ſay; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago: [[5] Like to the Pontic ſea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Helleſpont;
Even ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable [6] and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, [7] by yond' marble heaven,]
In the due reverence of a ſacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words.

[5] —*Like to the Pontic ſea, &c.*] This ſimile is omitted in the firſt edition: I think it ſhould be ſo, as an unnatural excurſion in this place. POPE.

—*Like the Pontic ſea,*] Every reader will, I durſt ſay, abide by Mr. Pope's cenſure on this paſſage. When Shakeſpeare grew acquainted with ſuch particulars of knowledge, he made a diſplay of them as ſoon as opportunity offered. He found this in the Second Book and 97th Chapter of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* as tranſlated by Philemon Holland, 1601: "And the ſea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the ſea never retireth backe againe within Pontus."

Mr. Edwards, in his Mſſ. notes, conceives this ſimile to allude to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whoſe impreſs, Camden, in his *Remains*, ſays, was the Caſpian ſea, with this motto, SINE REFLUXU. STEEVENS.

[6] —*a capable and wide revenge*

Capable] Ample; capacious. So, in *As you like it:*

The cicatrice and *capable* impreſſure

So, in *Pierce Pennileſs his Supplication to the Devil*, by Naſhe, 1595: "Then belike, quoth I, you make this word, Dæmon, a *capable* name, of Gods, of men, and of devils." MALONE.

[7] —*by yond marble heaven,*] In *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, I find the ſame expreſſion:

"Now by the *marble* face of the welkin," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"And pleas'd the *marble* heavens." MALONE.

Iago.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Iago kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution [8] of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! [9] let him command,
And

[8] *The* execution—] The first quarto reads *excellency.* STEEVENS.

[9] —— *let him command,*
And to obey, shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.] Thus all the old copies, to the manifest depravation of the poet's sense. Mr. Pope has attempted an emendation, but with his old luck and dexterity:

Not *to obey, shall be in me remorse,* &c.

I read, with the change only of a single letter:

Nor, *to obey, shall be in me remorse,* &c.

i. e. Let your commands be ever so bloody, remorse and compassion shall not restrain me from obeying them. THEOBALD.

—— *Let him command,*
And to obey, shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.] Thus the old copies read, but evidently wrong. Some editions read, *Not to obey*; on which the editor Mr. Theobald takes occasion to alter it to, *Nor to obey*; and thought he had much mended matters. But he mistook the sound end of the line for the corrupt; and so by his emendation, the deep-designing Iago is foolishly made to throw off his mask, when he had most occasion for it; and without any provocation, stand before his captain a villain confessed; at a time, when, for the carrying on his plot, he should make the least show of it. For thus Mr. Theobald forces him to say, *I shall have no remorse to obey your commands, how bloody soever the business be.* But this is not Shakespeare's way of preserving the unity of character. Iago, till now, pretended to be one, who, though in the trade of war he had slain men, yet held it the very stuff of the conscience to do no contrived murder; when, of a sudden, without cause or occasion, he owns himself a ruffian without *remorse.* Shakespeare wrote and pointed the passage thus:

—— *Let him command,*
And to obey shall be in me. REMORD
What bloody business ever.

i. e. however the business he sets me upon may shock my honour and humanity, yet I promise to go through with it, and obey without reserve. Here Iago speaks in character, while the sense and grammar are made better by it. So Skelton:

And

And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,

What

And if ſo him fortune to write and plaine,
As ſometimes he muſt vices remorde.

And again;

Squire, knight, and lord,
Thus the churche remorde. WARBURTON.

Of theſe two emendations, I believe, Theobald's will have the greater number of ſuffrages; it has at leaſt mine. The objection againſt the propriety of the declaration in Iago, is a cavil; he does not ſay that he has no principle of remorſe, but that it ſhall not operate againſt Othello's commands. *To obey ſhall be in me*, for *I will obey you*, is a mode of expreſſion not worth the pains here taken to introduce it; and the word *remorde* has not in the quotation the meaning of *withhold*, or *make reluctant*, but of *reprove*, or *cenſure*; nor do I know that it is uſed by any of the contemporaries of Shakeſpeare.

I will offer an interpretation, which, if it be received, will make alteration unneceſſary, but it is very harſh and violent. Iago devotes himſelf to wronged Othello, and ſays, *Let him command whatever bloody buſineſs*, and in me it ſhall be an act, not of cruelty, but *of tenderneſs, to obey him*; not of malice to others, but of *tenderneſs* for him. If this ſenſe be thought too violent, I ſee nothing better than to follow Pope's reading, as it is improved by Theobald. JOHNSON.

——*Let him command,*
And to obey ſhall be in me
What bloody work ſoever.] Mr. Upton, in his *Critic. Obſerv.* p. 209, propoſes to read:

And to obey ſhall be in me no remorſe.

This reading the author of *The Reviſal* approves; and Mr. Edwards ſeems to acquieſce in that of Theobald.

The different emendations of different commentators are laid before the public for its determination on their merits; and I believe the preſent one, who is to throw in his conjecture with the reſt, may ſay at laſt with Deiphobus,

—— *explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*

Iago offers, in the moſt ſolemn manner, to riſque himſelf for the ſervice of Othello. *Let him command*, ſays he, *whatever bloody buſineſs*, and the *remorſe* that follows the perpetration of ſuch a deed *ſhall be entirely my own*. It ſhall be *remorſe in me, in me alone*. I not only undertake to execute the bloody part of the buſineſs, but likewiſe take upon myſelf the *horrors* of *remorſe* inſeparable from the action. Iago makes uſe of this ſpecious argument, the better to prevail on Othello to entruſt the murder to his hands.

After all, I believe Dr. Johnſon's interpretation to be the beſt;

and

What bloody work soever [1].

Oth.

and can only claim the merit of supporting his sense of the word *remorse*, i. e. *pity*, by the following instances.

Thus, in *Measure for Measure*, Act 2:

> But you might do't, and do the world no wrong,
> If so your heart was touch'd with that *remorse*
> As mine is to him.

Again, Act 5:

> My sisterly *remorse* confutes mine honour,
> And I did yield to him.

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act 2:

> The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
> *Remorse* from power.

In *Lord Surrey's Translation of the 4th Æneid*, Dido says to her sister: "Sister I crave thou have *remorse* of me."

Again, in *King Edward III*, 1599, that Prince speaking to the citizens of Calais:

> "But for yourselves, look you for no *remorse*."

Again, in *Sir Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

> "Who taketh no *remorse* of womankind."

Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

> "Here stand I craving no *remorse* at all."

I could add many more instances, but shall content myself to observe that the sentiment of *Iago* bears no small resemblance to that of *Arviragus* in *Cymbeline*:

> "I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
> "And praise myself for charity." STEEVENS.

If I am not deceived, this passage has been entirely mistaken. I read:

> "Let *him* command,
> "An' to obey shall be in *me* remorse,
> "What bloody business ever——"

And for *if* is sufficiently common: and Othello's impatience breaks off the sentence; I think, with additional beauty. FARMER.

Before I saw Dr. Johnson's edition of Shakespeare, my opinion of this passage was formed, and written, and thus I understood it: "Let him command any bloody business, and to obey shall be in me an act of pity and compassion for wrong'd Othello. *Remorse* frequently signifies pity, mercy, compassion, or a tenderness of heart, unattended with the stings of a guilty conscience. So, in *The*

[1] *What bloody work soever.*] So the quartos. The folio: What bloody *business ever.* STEEVENS.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That Caſſio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your requeſt:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another apartment in the caſtle.

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, and Clown.

Deſ. Do you know, ſirrah, where lieutenant Caſſio lies?

Clown. I dare not ſay, he lies any where.

Deſ. Why, man?

Clown. He is a ſoldier; and for me to ſay a ſoldier lies, is ſtabbing.

Deſ. Go to; Where lodges he?

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4. Sc. 3. the crimeleſs Eglamour is called *remorſefull.* So, in *King Richard* III, Act 3. Sc. 7.
"As well we know your tenderneſs of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate *remorſe.*"
Again, in *King Lear,* Act 4. Sc. 2:
A ſervant, that he bred, thrill'd with *remorſe,*
Oppos'd againſt the act.
Here the ſervant had committed no previous crime, but touched with pity and compaſſion for Glouceſter's ſufferings oppoſed the aggravation of them. So, in Holinſhed's *Conqueſt of Ireland,* p. 13. "to have *remorſe* and compaſſion upon others diſtreſſes;" and in the dedication, "to have regard and *remorſe* to your ſaid land." TOLLET.

Clown. To tell you [2] where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edify'd by report?

[3] *Clown.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and make them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have mov'd my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it. [*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Æmilia?

Æmil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of [4] cruzadoes: And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

[2] *To tell you*, &c.] This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

[3] Clown. *I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.*] This *Clown* is a fool to some purpose. He was to go seek for one; he says, he will ask for him, and by his own questions make answer. Without doubt we should read, *and bid them answer*; i. e. the world; those whom he questions. WARBURTON.

[4] *—cruzadoes:—*] A Portugueze coin, in value three shillings sterling. GREY.

So called from the cross stamped upon it. JOHNSON.

Æmil.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Def. I will not leave him now, 'till Caſſio be
Call'd to him.—How is it with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aſide.*] O, hardneſs to diſſemble!—
How do you, Deſdemona?

Def. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moiſt, my lady.

Def. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moiſt: [5] This hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty, faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Def. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: [6] The hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Def.

[5] *Hot, hot, and moiſt:*] Ben Jonſon ſeems to have attempted a ridicule of this paſſage, in *Every man out of his Humour*, Act 5. Sc. 2. where Sogliardo ſays to Saviolina: "How does my ſweet Lady? *hot and moiſt?* beautiful and luſty?" STEEVENS.

[6] *The hearts, of old, gave hands;*
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.] It is evident that the first line ſhould be read thus,

The hands of old gave hearts:

Otherwiſe it would be no reply to the preceding words,

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart:

Not ſo, ſays her huſband: *The hands of old indeed gave hearts; but the cuſtom now is to give hands without hearts.* The expreſſion of *new heraldry* was a ſatirical alluſion to the times. Soon after

James

Des. I cannot ſpeak of this. Come now, your promiſe.

Oth. What promiſe, chuck?

Des. I have ſent to bid Caſſio come ſpeak with you.

James the Firſt came to the crown, he created the new dignity of baronets for money. Amongſt their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal *arms*, of a hand *gules* in an eſcutcheon *argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author: by which he inſinuates, that ſome then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts*; that is, *money* to pay for the *creation*, but no *virtue* to purchaſe the *honour*. But the fineſt part of the poet's addreſs in this alluſion, is the compliment he pays to his old miſtreſs Elizabeth. For James's pretence for raiſing money by this creation, was the reduction of Ulſter, and other parts of Ireland; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of Ulſter. Now the method uſed by Elizabeth in the reduction of that kingdom was ſo different from this, the dignities ſhe conferred being on thoſe who employed their *ſteel*, and not their *gold* in this ſervice, that nothing could add more to her glory, than the being compared to her ſucceſſor in this point of view: nor was it uncommon for the dramatic poets of that time to ſatirize the ignominy of James's reign. So Fletcher, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*. One ſays, *I will ſend thee to Amboyna in the Eaſt Indies for pepper.* The other replies, *To Amboyna? ſo I might be pepper'd.* Again, in the ſame play, a ſailor ſays, *Deſpiſe not this pitch'd canvas, the time was we have known them lined with Spaniſh ducats.* WARBURTON.

The hiſtorical obſervation is very judicious and acute, but of the emendation there is no need. She ſays, that her hand gave away *her heart*. He goes on with his ſuſpicion, and the hand which he had before called *frank*, he now terms *liberal*; then proceeds to remark, that *the hand was formerly given by the heart*; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it. JOHNSON.

— *our new* heraldry, &c.] I believe this to be only a figurative expreſſion, without the leaſt reference to King James's creation of baronets. The abſurdity of making Othello ſo familiar with Britiſh heraldry, the utter want of conſiſtency as well as policy in any ſneer of Shakeſpeare at the badge of honours inſtituted by a Prince whom on all other occaſions he was ſolicitous to flatter, and at whoſe court this very piece was acted in 1613, very ſtrongly incline me to queſtion the propriety of Dr. Warburton's hiſtorical explanation. STEEVENS.

Oth.

Oth. I have a [7] salt and sullen rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault: That handkerchief
Did an Ægyptian to my mother give:
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Intirely to her love; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl [8], that had [9] number'd in the world

[7] —*salt and* sorry *rheum*—] The old quarto has,
—*salt and* sullen *rheum*—
That is, a *rheum obstinately troublesome.* I think this better.
JOHNSON.

[8] *A sibyl,* &c.] This circumstance perhaps is imitated by Ben Jonson in the *Sad Shepherd*:
"A Gypsan lady, and a right beldame,
"Wrought it by moon-shine for me, and star-light, &c."
STEEVENS.

[9] —*number'd*—
The sun to course—] i. e. number'd the sun's courses: badly expressed. WARBURTON.

The expression is not very infrequent: we say, *I counted the clock to strike four*; so she *number'd* the sun *to course*, to run *two hundred compasses*, two hundred annual circuits. JOHNSON.

The

The ſun to courſe [1] two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetic fury ſew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the ſilk;
[2] And it was dy'd in mummy, which the ſkilful
Conſerv'd of maidens' hearts [3].

Deſ. Indeed! is it true?

Oth. Moſt veritable; therefore look to it well.

Deſ. Then would to heaven, that I had never ſeen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Deſ. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly and [4] raſh?

Oth. Is it loſt? is it gone? ſpeak, is it out of the way?

Deſ. Heaven bleſs us!

Oth. Say you?

Deſ. It is not loſt; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Deſ. I ſay, it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetch it, let me ſee it.

Deſ. Why, ſo I can, ſir, but I will not now:
This is a trick, to put me from my ſuit;
I pray, let Caſſio be receiv'd again.

[1] — *to* courſe—] The firſt quarto reads, — to *make*— STEEVENS.

[2] *And it was dy'd in* mummy,—] The balſamic liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti epileptic virtues. We are now wiſe enough to know, that the qualities aſcribed to it are all imaginary; and yet I have been informed, that this fanciful medicine ſtill holds a place in the ſhops where drugs are ſold. So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:
"— make *mummy* of my fleſh and ſell me to the apothecaries."
Again, in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, 1616:
"That I might tear their fleſh in mammocks, raiſe
"My loſſes, from their carcaſes turn'd *mummy*."
STEEVENS.

[3] —*which the ſkilful Conſerv'd of maidens' hearts.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—— *with the ſkilful Conſerves* &c. STEEVENS.

[4] — *raſh?*] Is *vehement, violent.* JOHNSON.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio [5].

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. Insooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [*Exit Othello.*

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Æmil. [6] 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:

[5] *I pray talk me of Cassio.*] This and the following short speech are omitted in all ancient editions but the first quarto. STEEVENS.

[6] *'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:*] From this line it may be conjectured, that the author intended the action of this play to be considered as longer than is marked by any note of time. Since their arrival at Cyprus, to which they were hurried on their wedding-night, the fable seems to have been in one continual progress, nor can I see any vacuity into which a *year or two*, or even a month or two, could be put. On the night of Othello's arrival, a feast was proclaimed; at that feast Cassio was degraded, and immediately applies to Desdemona to get him restored. Iago indeed advises Othello to hold him off a while, but there is no reason to think, that he has been held off long. A little longer inverval would increase the probability of the story, though it might violate the rules of the drama. See Act 5. Sc. 2. JOHNSON.

This line has no reference to the duration of the action of this play, or to the length of time that Desdemona had been married. What Emilia says, is a sort of proverbial remark, of general application, where a definite time is put for an indefinite. Besides, there is no necessity for fixing the commencement of Emilia's *year or two*, to the time of the marriage, or the opening of the piece. She would with more propriety refer to the beginning of the acquaintance and intimacy between the married couple, which might extend beyond that period. STEEVENS.

They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Caſſio, and my huſband.

Enter Iago, and Caſſio.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And, lo, the happineſs! go, and importune her.

Deſ. How now, good Caſſio? what's the news with you?

Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit: I do beſeech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all 7 the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That neither ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſom me into his love again,
8 But to know ſo muſt be my benefit;
So ſhall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
9 And ſhut myſelf up in ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms.

Deſ.

7 *—the* office *of my heart,*] The elder quarto reads,

—— *the* duty *of my heart.*

The author uſed the more proper word, and then changed it, I ſuppoſe, for faſhionable diction; but, as faſhion is a very weak protectreſs, the old word is now ready to reſume its place. JOHNSON.

8 *But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit.*]

"Si nequeo placidas affari Cæſaris aures,
"Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi." JOHNSON.

9 *And* ſhoot *myſelf up*——] This is the reading of one of the early quartos. The folio, and all the modern editions, have,

And ſhut *myſelf up* —— JOHNSON.

The quarto 1630 (like the folio) reads,

And ſhut *myſelf up* ——

I cannot help thinking this reading to be the true one. The idea ſeems taken from the confinement of a monaſtic life. The words, *forc'd content*, help to confirm the ſuppoſition. The meaning will therefore

Def. Alas! thrice-gentle Caſſio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he [1] in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt;
And ſtood [2] within the blank of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech! You muſt a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myſelf I dare; let that ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in ſtrange unquietneſs.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have ſeen, the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

Def. I pr'ythee, do ſo.—Something, ſure, of ſtate,—
Either from Venice; or [3] ſome unhatch'd practice,
Made demonſtrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit: and, in ſuch caſes,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.

therefore be, "I will put on a conſtrained appearance of being "contented, and ſhut myſelf up in a different courſe of life, no "longer to depend on my own efforts, but to wait for relief from "the accidental hand of charity."

Shakeſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in *Macbeth:*

—— and *ſhut up*
In meaſureleſs content.

Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

Whoſe baſeſt ſtars do *ſhut us up* in wiſhes. STEEVENS.

1 — *in favour,*——] In *look*, in *countenance*. JOHNSON.

2 — *within the blank of his diſpleaſure,*] Within the *ſhot* of his anger. JOHNSON.

3 —*ſome unhatch'd practice,*] Some treaſon that has not taken effect. JOHNSON.

'Tis

'Tis even so; [4] for let our finger ach,
And it endues our other healthful members
Even to that sense of pain: Nay, we must think,
Men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Æmilia,
I was ([5] unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

[4] *For let our finger ach, and it endues*
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain.——] *Endues with a sense of pain*, is an expression; which, though it might be endured, if it were genuine, cannot deserve to be introduced by artifice. The copies, both quarto and folio, read, *Endues our other healthful members even to a sense of pain.* I believe it should be rather, Subdues *our other healthful members to a sense of pain.* JOHNSON.

[5] —*(unhandsome* warrior *as I am)*] How this came to be so blundered, I cannot conceive. It is plain Shakespeare wrote,
—— *unhandsome* wrangler *as I am.*
So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
——*fie* wrangling *queen.* WARBURTON.
Unhandsome warrior, is evidently *unfair assailant.* JOHNSON.

Cas.

Caſ. I humbly thank your ladyſhip.
[*Exeunt Deſdemona, and Æmilia.*

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Caſſio!
Caſ. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair Bianca?
Indeed, ſweet love, I was coming to your houſe.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Caſſio.
What! keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
Eightſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
More tedious than the dial eightſcore times?
O weary reckoning!
Caſ. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſs'd:
But I ſhall, in a [6] more continuate time,
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Deſdemona's handkerchief.*
[7] Take me this work out.

[6] —*more* convenient *time*] The folio has,
—— *more* continuate *time*;
Time *leſs interrupted*, time which I can call more my own. It gives a more diſtinct image than *convenient.* JOHNSON.

The word occurs again in *Timon*, Sc. I.
—— breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and *continuate* goodneſs. STEEVENS.

[7] *Take me this work out.*] The meaning is not, "Pick out the "work, and leave the ground plain;" but, "Copy this work in "another handkerchief." JOHNSON.

So, in a comedy, by Middleton, called *Women beware Women*:
"—— ſhe intends
"To *take out* other works in a new ſampler."
Again, in the preface to P. Holland's Pliny, 1601: "Nicophanes (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplifie and *take out* their patterns; after that in long continuance of time they were decaied." STEEVENS.

So, in Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii*, vol. ii. p. 578. 581. and 583, "to *take out* the arms," means to copy them.
TOLLET.

Bian. O Caffio, whence came this?
This is fome token from a newer friend.
To the felt abfence now I feel a caufe:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Caf. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile gueffes in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from fome miftrefs, fome remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whofe is it?

Caf. I know not, fweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will) I'd have it copy'd:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Caf. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wifh,
To have him fee me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you [8]?

Caf. Not, that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And fay, if I fhall fee you foon at night?

Caf. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll fee you foon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; [9] I muft be circumftanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*

[8] *Why, I pray you?*] This and the following fpeech are wanting in the firft quarto. STEEVENS.

[9] —*I muft be circumftanc'd.*] i. e. your civility is now grown conditional. WARBURTON.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An apartment in the castle.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. [1] Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
[2] The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago.

[1] *Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?*
It is hypocrisy against the devil.] This observation seems strangely abrupt and unoccasioned. We must suppose that Iago had, before they appear in this scene, been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Robert D'Arbrissel and his nuns. To this we must suppose Othello here replies; and like a good protestant. For so the sentiment does but suit the character of the speaker, Shakespeare little heeds how these sentiments are circumstanced. WARBURTON.

Hypocrisy against the devil, means hypocrisy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by seeming good, and yet living wickedly, these men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit. JOHNSON.

[2] *The devil their virtue tempts*, and *they tempt heaven.*] It is plain, from the whole tenor of the words, that the speaker would distinguish this strange fantastical presumption from other lesser kinds of indiscretion, where prudence is off its guard. But this reading does not distinguish it from any other, it being true of all who run

 into

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectreſs of her honour too;
May ſhe give that?
Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—
Oth. By heaven, I would moſt gladly have forgot it:—
Thou ſaidſt,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected houſe,
[3] Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?

into temptation, that *the devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.* The true reading, therefore, without queſtion, is this:

The devil their virtue tempts not; *they tempt heaven.*

i. e. they do not give the devil the trouble of throwing temptations in their way. they ſeek them out themſelves, and ſo tempt heaven by their preſumption. This is a juſt character of the extravagance here condemned, and diſtinguiſhes it from other inferior indiſcretions. WARBURTON.

Shakeſpeare had probably in view a very popular book of his time, The *Beehive of the Roman Church.* "There was an old wife, called *Julia*, which would take the young men and maides, and lay them together in a bed. And for that they ſhould not one byte another, nor kicke backewardes with their heeles, ſhe did lay a crucifix betweene them." FARMER.

[3] *Boding to all*—] Thus all the old copies. The moderns, leſs grammatically,

Boding to ill—— JOHNSON.

The raven was thought to be a conſtant attendant on a houſe in which there was infection. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Thus like the ſad preſaging *raven*, that tolls
"The ſick man's paſſport in her hollow beak,
"And in the ſhadow of the ſilent night
"Does ſhake contagion from her ſable wing." MALONE.

Oth.

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
4 Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but, be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome. Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hang'd, for his labour 5.—First,

4 *Convinc'd or* supplied *them,*] I cannot understand the vulgar reading. I read, *convinc'd or* suppled. My emendation makes the sense of the passage easy and intelligible: that there are some such long-tongued knaves in the world, who, if they through the *force of importunity extort* a favour from their mistress, or if through *her own fondness* they make her *pliant* to their desires, cannot help boasting of their success. To *convince*, here, is not, as in the common acceptation, to make sensible of the truth of any thing by reasons and arguments; but to *overcome*, *get the better of*, &c. THEOBALD.

Convinc'd] *Convinc'd*, for conquer'd, subdued. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"——his two chamberlains
"Will I, with wine and wassel so *convince*."

Again, in the same play:

"——their malady *convinces*
"The great assay of art." STEEVENS.

5 —*to confess, and be hang'd*—) This is a proverbial saying. It is used by Marlow, in his *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Blame us not, but the proverb—*Confess and be hang'd*."

First, to be hang'd, and then—to confess:—I tremble at it.—Nature would not invest herself in such [6] shadowing passion, [7] without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears,

It occurs again, in *The Travels of the 3 English Brothers*, 1593: And in one of the old collections of small Poems there is an epigram on it. All that remains of this speech, including the words *to confess*, is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

[6] —*shadowing passion*—] The modern editions have left out *passion*. JOHNSON.

[7] —*without some instruction.*—] The starts and broken reflections in this speech have something very terrible, and shew the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies. But the words we are upon, when set right, have a sublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing *instruction* for *induction* (for so it should be read) has indeed sunk it into arrant nonsense. Othello is just going to fall into a swoon; and, as is common for people in that circumstance, feels an unusual mist and darkness, accompanied with horror, coming upon him. This, with vast sublimity of thought, is compared to the season of the sun's eclipse, at which time the earth becomes shadowed by the *induction* or bringing over of the moon between it and the sun. This being the allusion, the reasoning stands thus: "My nature could never be thus overshadowed, and falling, as it "were, into dissolution, for no cause. There must be an *induction* "of something: there must be a real cause. My jealousy cannot "be merely imaginary. Ideas, *words* only, could not shake me "thus, and raise all this disorder. My jealousy therefore must be "grounded on matter of fact." Shakespeare uses this word in the same sense, in *Richard* III.

"A dire *induction* am I witness to."

Marston seems to have read it thus in some copy, and to allude to it in these words of his *Fame*;

"Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous!" WARBURTON.

This is a noble conjecture, and whether right or wrong does honour to its author. Yet I am in doubt whether there is any necessity of emendation. There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superior Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says,

Nature

ears, and lips [8]:—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!—

[*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Enter Cassio.

Cas. What's the matter?
Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without instruction. *It is not words that shake me thus.* This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities. JOHNSON.

Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction.] However ingenious Dr. Warburton's note may be, it is certainly too forced and far-fetched. Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief) it produces stupefaction and fainting.

Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shews, that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so over-powers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural consequence. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

[8] *Noses, ears, and lips:*] Othello is imaging to himself the familiarities which he supposes to have passed between Cassio and his wife. So, in the *Winter's Tale:*

Cheek to cheek,—meeting *noses*—
Kissing with inside *lip*, &c.—

If this be not the meaning, we must suppose he is meditating a cruel punishment for Desdemona and her suspected paramour:

——— raptis
Auribus, et truncas inhonesto vulnere *nares*. STEEVENS.

Caf. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:
The lethargy muft have his quiet courfe:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to favage madnefs. Look, he ftirs;
Do you withdraw yourfelf a little while,
He will recover ftraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occafion fpeak with you.—
[*Exit Caffio.*
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doft thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's [9] a monfter, and a beaft.

Iago. There's many a beaft then in a populous city,
And many a civil monfter.

Oth. Did he confefs it?

Iago. Good fir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie [1] in thofe unproper beds,
Which

[9] *A horned man*—] In *Much Ado about Nothing*, I omitted to attempt the illuftration of a paffage where Benedick fays—"there is no ftaff more honourable than one *tipt with horn.*" Perhaps he alludes to the ftaff which was anciently carried before a challenger. Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 669: "—his bafton (a ftaffe of an elle long, made taper-wife, *tipt with horne*) &c. was borne before him." STEEVENS.

[1] —*in thofe* unproper *beds*,] *Unproper*, for common.
WARBURTON.

So, in *The Arcadia*, by Shirley, 1640:
"Every woman fhall be common.—
"Every woman common! what fhall we do with all the *proper* women in *Arcadia*?
"They fhall be common too."
Again, in Gower *De Confeffione Amantis*, B. 2. fol.
"And is his *proper* by the lawe."
Again, in the *Maftive*, &c. an ancient collection of epigrams and fatires, no date;

"Rofe

Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient [2] list.
Whilst you were here, ere while, mad with your grief [3],
(A passion most unsuiting such a man)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but [4] encave yourself,

"Rose is a fayre, but not a *proper* woman,
"Can any creature *proper* be, that's common?"
STEEVENS.

[2] — *list.*] For attention; act of listening. JOHNSON.

It appears to me that a plain sense is on this occasion rejected in favour of one more remote; and perhaps no instance of such a use of the word *list* can be brought in support of it. The obvious meaning of *list*, or *lists*, is *barriers*, *bounds*. Keep your temper, says Iago, within the *bounds of patience*. So, in *Hamlet*:

The ocean over-peering of his *list*,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste, &c. COLLINS.

Again, in *King Henry* V. Act 5. Sc. 2. "— you and I cannot be confined within the weak *list* of a country fashion."

Again, in *King Henry* IV. P. I:

The very *list*, the very utmost bound,
Of all our fortunes.

Chapman, in his translation of the 16th Book of Homer's Odyssey, has expressed the same thought:

"— let thy heart
"Beat in fix'd *confines* of thy bosom still."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Act 2. Sc. 1: "— you have restrain'd yourself within the *list* of too cold an adieu." STEEVENS.

[3] — *ere while, mad with your grief*,] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads:

— o'erwhelmed with your grief. STEEVENS.

[4] — *encave yourself*,] Hide yourself in a private place. JOHNSON.

And

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
[5] Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello withdraws.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and cloaths: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
[6] And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

[5] *Or I shall say, you are all in all* in *spleen,*] I read;
Or shall I say, you're all in all a *spleen.*
I think our author uses this expression elsewhere. JOHNSON.

A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by *a spleen.*—The old reading, however, is not inexplicable. We still say, such one is *in* wrath, *in* the dumps, &c. The sense therefore is plain. Again, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream:*
That, in *a spleen,* unfolds both heaven and earth——
STEEVENS.

[6] *And his* unbookish *jealousy*—] *Unbookish,* for ignorant.
WARBURTON.

Cas.

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, indeed, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [*Aside.*

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her;
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [7] Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? [*Aside.*

Cas. I marry her!—what? [8] a customer! I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh, that win. [*Aside.*

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. [9] Have you scor'd me? Well. [*Aside.*

Cas.

[7] *Do you triumph?* Roman? *do you triumph?*] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts. *What* (says he) *you are now triumphing as great as a Roman?* JOHNSON.

[8] —*a customer!*——] A common woman, one that invites custom. JOHNSON.

So, in *All's well that ends well:*
I think thee now some common *customer*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Have you scor'd me?*—] Have you made my reckoning? have

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the ſtory. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. She was here even now; ſhe haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the ſea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble; by this hand [1] ſhe falls thus about my neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Caſſio! as it were: his geſture imports it. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; ſo hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how ſhe pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another [2] fitchew! marry, a perfume'd

have you ſettled the term of my life? The old quarto reads, *ſtored* me. Have you diſpoſed of me? have you laid me up? JOHNSON.

To *ſcore* originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any ſubſtance. Spenſer, in the firſt Canto of his *Faery Queen*, ſpeaking of the Croſs, ſays:

"Upon his ſhield the like was alſo *ſcor'd*."

Again, b. 2. c. 9: "—why on your ſhield, ſo goodly *ſcor'd*,

"Bear you the picture of that lady's head?"

But it was ſoon figuratively uſed for ſetting a *brand* or *mark* of diſgrace on any one. "Let us *ſcore* their backs," ſays Scarus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*; and it is employed in the ſame ſenſe on the preſent occaſion. STEEVENS.

1 —*by this hand*—] This is the reading of the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

2 —*fitchew!*—] A polecat, POPE.

Shakeſpeare has in another place mentioned the luſt of this animal,

fum'd one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that ſame handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I muſt take out the whole work.—A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is ſome minx's token, and I muſt take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief! [*Aſide.*

Bian. An you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreet elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; ſay no more. [*Exit Caſſio.*

Oth. How ſhall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife! ſhe gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

animal. He tells Iago, that ſhe is as lewd as the *polecat*, but of better ſcent, the polecat being a very ſtinking animal. JOHNSON.

A *pole-cat* was anciently one of the cant terms for a ſtrumpet. STEEVENS.

Oth.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:— A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand [3]. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!—

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

[3] —*No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.*—] This thought, as often as it occurs to Shakespeare, is sure to be received, and as often counteracts his *pathos*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 4. Sc. 8:

"——throw my heart
"Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
"Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
"And finish all foul thoughts." STEEVENS.

Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a letter.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. '*This fail you not to do, as you will*—' [*Reads.*

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To [4] atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

4 —*atone them,*—] Make them *one*; reconcile them. JOHNSON. So, in *Cymbeline:*

I did *atone* my countryman and you. STEEVENS.

Oth.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Def. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Def. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Def. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Def. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Def. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*

Def. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!
[5] If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls [6] would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!

Def. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,—

Def. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

[5] *If that the earth could teem, &c.*] If womens tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon. JOHNSON.

[6] *Each drop she falls*] To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in the *Tempest:*

— when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To *fall* it on Gonzalo. STEEVENS.

And

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient;—[7] Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home:—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!—
[*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place[8]. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkies[9]! [*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? [1] whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago.

[7] *—Proceed you in your tears.—*] I cannot think that the poet meant to make Othello bid Desdemona *to continue weeping*, which *proceed you in your tears* (as the passage is at present pointed) must mean. He rather would have said,

—Proceed you in your tears?—

What! will you still continue to be a hypocrite by a display of this *well-painted passion?* WARNER.

[8] *Cassio shall have my place.*] Perhaps this is addressed to *Desdemona*, who had just expressed her joy on hearing *Cassio* was deputed in the room of her husband. Her innocent satisfaction in the hope of returning to her native place, is construed by Othello into the pleasure she received from the advancement of his rival. STEEVENS.

[9] *Goats and monkies!*] In this exclamation Shakespeare has shewn great art. *Iago*, in the first scene in which he endeavours to awaken his suspicion, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of *Cassio* and *Desdemona*, tells him it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though they should be "as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkies*."—These words, we may suppose, still ring in the ears of *Othello*, who being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic exclamation:—*Iago's* words were but too true—now indeed I am convinced that they are as hot as "*goats* and *monkies*." MALONE.

[1] *—whose solid virtue*
The shot of accident, *nor dart of* chance,
Could neither graze *nor pierce.*] But it is no commendation to the

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,

the most solid virtue to be free from the attacks of fortune: but that it is so impenetrable as to suffer no impression. Now to *graze* signifies only *to touch the superficies* of any thing. That is the attack of fortune: and by that virtue is tried, but not discredited. We ought certainly therefore to read:

Can neither raze *nor pierce.*

i. e. neither lightly touch upon, nor pierce into. The ignorant transcribers being acquainted with the phrase of a *bullet grazing*, and *shot* being mentioned in the line before, they corrupted the true word. Besides, we do not say, *graze* a thing; but *graze on* it. WARBURTON.

I have ventured to attack another part of this sentence, which my ingenious friend slipped over. I cannot see, for my heart, the difference betwixt the shot of *accident* and dart of *chance*. The words and things they imply are purely synonimous; but that the poet intended two different things seems plain from the *discretive* adverb. Chance may afflict a man in some circumstances: but other distresses are to be accounted for from a different cause. I am persuaded our author wrote:

The shot of accident, *nor dart of* change, &c.

And, in a number of other places, our poet industriously puts these two words in opposition to each other. THEOBALD.

To *graze* is not merely to touch superficially, but to strike not directly, not so as to bury the body of the thing striking in the matter struck.

Theobald trifles, as is usual. *Accident* and *chance* may admit a subtle distinction; *accident* may be considered as the *act*, and *chance* as the *power* or *agency* of fortune; as, *It was by* chance *that this* accident *befel me.* At least, if we suppose all corrupt that is inaccurate, there will be no end of emendation. JOHNSON.

And

And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another apartment in the castle.

Enter Othello, and Æmilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither;—go.— [*Exit Æmilia.*
She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter Æmilia, with Desdemona.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. [*To Æmilia.*] Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch.
[*Exit Æmilia.*
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
[1] But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord;
Your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

[1] *But not* your *words.*] This line is added out of the first edition. POPE.

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the [3] time of scorn

To

[3] —*time of scorn*] The reading of both the eldest quartos and the folio is,

"—— for *the time* of scorn."

Mr. Rowe reads "*hand* of scorn;" and succeeding editors have silently followed him.

I would (though in opposition to so many great authorities in favour of the change) continue to read with the old copy:

—— *the* time *of scorn.*

We call the *hour in which we are to die*, the *hour of death*—the time when we are to be judged—*the day of judgment*—the instant when we suffer calamity—*the moment of evil*; and why may we not distinguish the time which brings contempt along with it, by the title of *the time of scorn?* Thus, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"So sings the mariner upon the shore,
"When he hath past the dangerous *time of storms.*"

Again, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"I'll poison thee; with murder curbe thy paths,
"And make thee know a *time of infamy.*"

Othello takes his idea from a clock. *To make me* (says he) *a fixed figure* (on the dial of the world) *for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at!* STEEVENS.

Might not Shakespeare have written—

—for *the scorn of time*
To point his slow unmoving finger at?

i. e. the marked object for the contempt of all ages and all time. So, in *Hamlet:*

For who would bear the whips and *scorns of time?*

 However,

To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have [4] garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—[5] turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. [6] O thou weed,
Who

However, in support of the reading of the old copies, it may be observed, that our author has personified *scorn* in his 88th Sonnet:

"When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the *eye* of *scorn*"—

The epithet *unmoving* (which some of the editors changed to —*and moving*) may likewise be supported by Shakespeare's 104th Sonnet, in which this very thought is expressed:

"Ah! yet doth beauty, like *a dial-hand*,
Steal from his figure, and *no pace perceived*,
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived." MALONE.

[4] —*garner'd up my heart*;] That is, *treasured* up; the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined. JOHNSON.

[5] —*Turn thy complexion there*, &c.] At such an object do thou, *patience*, thyself *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look grim as hell*. The old editions and the new have it,

I here look grim as hell.

I was written for *ay*, and not since corrected. JOHNSON.

[6] —*O thou weed!*] Dr. Johnson has, on this occasion, been unjustly censured for having stifled difficulties where he could not remove them. I would therefore observe, that Othello's speech is printed word for word from the folio edition, though the quarto reads:

—*O thou* black *weed!*

Had

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'Would, thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper [7], this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed [8]!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deed.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Had this epithet, *black*, been admitted, there would still have remained an incomplete verse in the speech: no additional beauty would have been introduced; but instead of it, a paltry antithesis between the words *black* and *fair*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Was this fair paper*, &c.] Massinger has imitated this passage in *The Emperor of the East*:

" —— can you think
" This masterpiece of heaven, this precious vellum
" Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,
" Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom
" In capital letters writ upon't?" STEEVENS.

[8] *Committed!*] This, and the three following lines, are omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

This word in Shakespeare's time, besides its general signification, seems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love. Hence perhaps it is so often repeated by *Othello*.—So, in Sir Tho. Overbury's *Very Woman*, 1610: " She *commits* with her ears for certain; after that she may go for a maid, but she has been lain with in her understanding." The word is used in the same sense in *King Lear*: " *Commit* not with man's sworn spouse." Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, first Part:

" —— if all *committers* stood in a rank,
" They'd make a lane in which your shame might dwell"

MALONE.

Des. No, as I am a christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other [9] foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Enter Æmilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Æmil. With my lord, madam?

Des. Who is thy lord [1]?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Æmilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night

[9] —*any* other,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*any hated.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Who is thy lord?*] This, and the following speech, are omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

Lay

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here is a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
[2] The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.

Enter Iago, with Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms [3] upon his callet.

[2] *The small'st opinion on my* least misuse?] The old quarto reads:
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.
Which I think is better. JOHNSON.

[3] —*upon his* callet.] *Callet* is a lewd woman; so called (says Dr. Grey) from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. This head-dress is mentioned by Ben Jonson in his *Magnetic Lady*:
"The wearing the *callot*, the politic hood."
The word is likewise found in *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, a satyre, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde; no date:
"Yf he call her *calat*, she calleth hym knave agayne."
STEEVENS.

—*such terms upon his* callet.] This word is of great antiquity in the English language. Chaucer has it in his *Remedy of Love:*
C, for calet, for of, we have O,
L, for leude, D, for demeanure, &c. PERCY.

Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!
Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Æmil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base [4] notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions [5] thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

4 —*notorious*—] For *gross*, not in its proper meaning for *known*. JOHNSON.

5 —*such* companions] *Companion*, in the time of Shakespeare was used as a word of contempt in the same sense as *fellow* is at this day. So, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "How now, base *companion!*"

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:
"And better 'tis that *base companions die*,
Than by their life to hazard our good haps." MALONE.

Iago.

Iago. [6] Speak within door.

Æmil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit [7] the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel [8]:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought [9], or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does [1] chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

[6] *Speak within door.*] Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house. JOHNSON.

[7] — *the seamy side without:*] That is, *inside out.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Here I kneel,* &c.] The first quarto omits the rest of this speech. STEEVENS.

[9] *Either in discourse, or thought,*] The folio reads—discourse *of* thought—and perhaps rightly. See Milton, P. L. B. V. l. 488. STEEVENS.

[1] — *chide with you.*] This line is from the quarto, 1622. STEEVENS.

[2] And the great messengers of Venice stay:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona, and Æmilia.*

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect [3] and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me

[2] *And the great messengers of Venice stay;*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

The messengers of Venice stay the meat. STEEVENS.

[3] *—and acquaintance;—*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*and acquittance.* STEEVENS.

my

my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night shew it: If thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdesmona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither

will

will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Æmilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—O, Desdemona!—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done. [*Exit.*

Des. I will, my lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Æmil.

Æmil. Dismiss me!

Def. It was his bidding; therefore, good Æmilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would, you had never seen him!

Def. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Def. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds?—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come, you talk.

Def. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; [4] and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; [5] I have much to do,
But

[4] *— and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,*
And did forsake her.—] We should read:
—— and he, she lov'd, forsook her,
And she prov'd mad.—— WARBURTON.

I believe that *mad* only signifies *wild, frantick, uncertain.* JOHNSON.

We still call a wild girl a *mad-cap:* and, in the first Part of *King Henry* VI, are mentioned,
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art.
Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
Come on, you *mad*-cap.
Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost:* "Do you hear, my *mad* wenches?" STEEVENS.

[5] *— I've much ado,*
But to go hang my head—] *I have much* ado to do any thing *but hang my head.* We might read:
Not *to go hang my head.*

This is perhaps the only insertion made in the latter editions which has improved the play. The rest seem to have been added for

But to go hang my head all o' one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Def. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Def. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in Venice, would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

Def. [6] *The poor soul sat singing* [7] *by a sycamore tree,*
Sing all a green willow; [Singing.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Lay by these:
Sing willow, &c.
Willow, willow, &c.
Pr'ythee, hye thee; he'll come anon.—
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

2.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

for the sake of amplification, or of ornament. When the imagination had subsided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at leisure to look round for specious additions. This addition is natural. Desdemona can at first hardly forbear to sing the song; she endeavours to change her train of thoughts, but her imagination at last prevails, and she sings it. JOHNSON.

From *I have much to do*, to *Nay that's not next*, was inserted after the first edition, as likewise the remaining part of the song.

[6] *The poor soul*, &c.] This song, in two parts, is printed in a late collection of old ballads; the lines preserved here differ somewhat from the copy discovered by the ingenious collector. JOHNSON.

[7] — *sat* singing—] Thus the old copies: but the song as published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, reads—"sat *sighing*." STEEVENS.

Æmil.

Æmil. It is the wind.

Def. [8] *I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?*

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I have heard it said so [9].—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Æmilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Def. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heavenly light!

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Def. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price
For a small vice.

Def. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Æmil. In troth I think I should; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for all the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to

[8] *I call'd my love false love;—*] This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were probably added when it was accommodated to a woman. JOHNSON.

[9] *I have heard it said so.*] This, as well as the following speech, is omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

make him a monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for't.

Deſ. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Deſ. I do not think, there is any ſuch woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage [1], as
Would ſtore the world they play'd for.
But, I do think [2], it is their huſband's faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treaſures into foreign laps;
Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint upon us; or, ſay, they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant [3] our former having in deſpight;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let huſbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them; they ſee, and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſour,
As huſbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it ſport?
I think, it is; And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is ſo too: And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them uſe us well: elſe, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.

[1] — *to the vantage,*] i. e. to boot, over and above. STEEVENS.

[2] *But I do think,* &c.] The remaining part of this ſpeech is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[3] — *our former having* —] Our former allowance of expence. JOHNSON.

Deſ.

Des. Good night, good night: [4] Heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A street.

Enter Iago, and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Stands apart.*

Iago. [5] I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,

And

[4] —*heaven me such* uses *send.*] Such is the reading of the folio, and of the subsequent editions; but the old quarto has:
—*such* usage *send.*——
Usage is an old word for *custom*, and, I think, better than *uses.*
JOHNSON.

[5] In some editions,
I've rubb'd this young gnat *almost to the sense.*
And he grows angry.] This is a passage much controverted among the editors. Sir T. Hanmer reads *quab*, a *gudgeon*; not that a gudgeon can be *rubbed* to much *sense*, but that a man grossly deceived

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Caſſio,
Or Caſſio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain[6]: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Deſdemona;
It muſt not be: if Caſſio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in much peril.
No, he muſt die:—But ſo, I hear him coming.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dy'ſt.
[*He runs at Caſſio, and wounds him.*

Caſ. That thruſt had been mine enemy, indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'ſt;
I will make proof of thine.
[*Fight. Caſſio wounds Roderigo: Iago cuts Caſſio behind in the leg, and exit.*

Rod. O, I am ſlain!

deceived is often called a *gudgeon*. Mr. Upton reads *quail*, which he proves, by much learning, to be a very choleric bird. Dr. Warburton retains *gnat*, which is found in the early quarto. Theobald would introduce *knot*, a ſmall bird of that name. I have followed the text of the folio, and third and fourth quartos.

A *quat* in the midland counties is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to ſmart, or is *rubbed to ſenſe*. Roderigo is called a *quat* by the ſame mode of ſpeech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *ſcab*. *To rub to the ſenſe*, is *to rub to the quick*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Devil's Law-caſe*, 1623: "O young quat! incontinence is plagued in all creatures in the world."

Again, in Deckar's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "—whether he be a *yong quat* of the firſt yeeres revennew, or ſome auſtere and ſullen-fac'd ſteward, &c."

Such another thought occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Catiline*:

"—muſt have their diſgraces ſtill new *rubb'd*,
"To make them ſmart, &c." STEEVENS.

6 — *my gain*:] The quartos read—my *game*. STEEVENS.

Caſ.

Caſ. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Othello, above.

Oth. The voice of Caſſio:—Iago keeps his word.
Rod. O, villain that I am!
Oth. Hark! 'tis even ſo.
Caſ. O, help, ho! light! a ſurgeon!
Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honeſt, and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teacheſt me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace [7]:—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart [8] thoſe charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted.
[*Exit Othello.*

Enter Lodovico, and Gratiano, at a diſtance.

Caſ. What, ho! no watch? [9] no paſſage? murder! murder!
Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the cry is very direful.
Caſ. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groans;—it is [1] a heavy night:
Theſe

[7] *And your fate hies apace:*] Thus the firſt quarto. The ſecond quarto and the folio read—And your *unbleſt fate hies.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Forth of my heart,* &c.] Thus the firſt quarto. The folio reads, *Forſ of:* perhaps the true reading is, For *off,* &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *—no paſſage?—*] No paſſengers? nobody going by? JOHNSON.

So, in *the Comedy of Errors:*
"Now in the ſtirring *paſſage* of the day." STEEVENS.

[1] *—a heavy night;*] A *thick cloudy* night, in which an ambuſh may be commodiouſly laid. JOHNSON.

These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, with a light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries out murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To Lod. and Gra.*

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[*Iago stabs him.*

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—O! O, O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—

So, in *Measure for Measure:*
Upon the *heavy* middle of the night. STEEVENS.

How

How ſilent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, ſir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Caſſio hurt by villains.

Gra. Caſſio!

Iago. How is it, brother?

Caſ. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen;—I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Caſſio! my ſweet Caſſio!
O Caſſio! Caſſio! Caſſio!

Iago. O notable ſtrumpet!—Caſſio, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?

Caſ. No.

Gra. I am ſorry, to find you thus; I have been to ſeek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter [2]: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him eaſily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Caſſio! Caſſio! Caſſio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this traſh
To be a party in this injury.
Patience a while, good Caſſio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman [3],

[2] *Lend me a garter,* &c.] This ſpeech is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[3] *Alas, my friend, and my dear* countryman!] This paſſage inconteſtably proves that Iago was meant for a *Venetian.*

N. B. All the notes to which no names are ſubſcribed, are taken from the laſt Oxford edition. STEEVENS.

Roderigo?

Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure;—O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;—the chair:— [*A chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress, [*To Bianca.*
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend; What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.— [*Cassio is borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen [4].—look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness [5] of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare [6], we shall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;

[4] —*good* gentlemen.] Thus the folio. The quartos read, *gentlewoman*. STEEVENS.

[5] —*the* gastness] So the folio. The quartos read, *jestures*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Nay, if you stare,*] So the folio. The quartos read, *stirre*. STEEVENS.

He's

He's almoſt ſlain, and Roderigo dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Caſſio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Æmilia,
Go know of Caſſio where he ſupp'd to-night:—
What, do you ſhake at that?

Bian. He ſupp'd at my houſe; but I therefore ſhake not.

Iago. O, did he ſo? I charge you, go with me.

Æmil. Fie, fie upon thee, ſtrumpet!

Bian. I am no ſtrumpet; but of life as honeſt,
As you that thus abuſe me.

Æmil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go ſee poor Caſſio dreſs'd:—
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell us another tale.—
Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aſide.*
That either makes me, or fordoes [7] me quite.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A bed-chamber: Deſdemona in bed, aſleep. A light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. [8] It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtars!—
It

7 — or fordoes me quite.] To *fordo* is to undo, to ruin, to deſtroy. So, in *Hamlet*: "—did with deſperate hand
"*Fordo* its own life."
Again, in the Interlude of *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:
"If God were ſo pleaſed, I would that were *fordonne.*"
STEEVENS.

8 *It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,—*
Let me not name it——] The abruptneſs of this ſoliloquy makes it obſcure. The meaning, I think, is this: "I am here "(ſays

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
[*Takes off his sword.*
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men [9].
[1] Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light [2],

" (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What " is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do " justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action " that shocks me, but *it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not* " *name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause.*" JOHNSON.

Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself *the cause*, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received. STEEVENS.

[9] *Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.*] This is the second attempt of Othello to justify what he has undertaken. First he says, *It is the cause*, i. e. his own *cause*; now he is willing to suppose himself the preventer of succeeding mischief to others. STEEVENS.

[1] *Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!*] So it should be printed. The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say, But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites.
WARBURTON.

This has been considered as a very difficult line. *Fielding* makes *Betterton* and *Booth* dispute about it with the *author himself* in the other world. The punctuation recommended by Dr. Warburton, gives a spirit to it which I fear was not intended. It seems to have been only a *play upon words*. *To put the light out*, was a phrase for *to kill*. In the Maid's tragedy, Melantius says,
——'Tis a justice, and a noble one,
" *To put the light out* of such base offenders." FARMER.

Put out the light. This phrase is twice used in *Sidney's Arcadia* for killing a lady, p. 460 and 470. edit. 1633. STEEVENS.

[2] —*put out thy light*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—put out *thine*. STEEVENS.

Thou

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relumine [3]. When I have pluck'd thy [4] rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—Once more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: [5] This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

[3] —*relumine.*] The folio reads—*relume.* The first quarto—*return:* the second quarto—*relumine.* STEEVENS.

[4] —*thy rose,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,
—— the *rose.*
Again, the quarto reads,
"I'll smell *it* on the tree."
The folio,
"I'll smell *thee* on the tree." STEEVENS.

[5] —*This sorrow's heavenly;*] This tenderness, with which I lament the punishment which justice compels me to inflict, is a holy passion.

I wish these two lines could be honestly ejected. It is the fate of Shakespeare to counteract his own pathos. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet would not have retained both these images had he published the play himself, though in the hurry of composition he threw them both upon paper. The first seems adopted from the fabulous history of the crocodile, the second from a passage in the scripture. STEEVENS.

Oth.

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit;
No,—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy ſoul [6].
Deſ. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Deſ. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Deſ. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum!
Deſ. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll ſo: Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guiltineſs I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy ſins.
Deſ. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ſt.
Deſ. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame:
Theſe are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill!
Deſ. I will ſo: What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'ſt to Caſſio.
Deſ. No, by my life and ſoul;
Send for the man, and aſk him.
Oth. Sweet ſoul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Deſ. Ay, but not yet to die.

[6] *I would not kill thy ſoul.*] Sir *W. D'Avenant* has borrowed this thought in his *Albovine King of Lombardy*, 1629:
"I am not fraught with devil's ſpleen; I would
"Not hurt *thy ſoul.*" STEEVENS.

Oth.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O, heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
[7] A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

[7] *A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.*] This line is difficult. *Thou hast hardened my heart, and makest me* kill thee with the rage of a *murderer, when I thought to have sacrificed* thee to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.

It must not be omitted, that one of the elder quartos reads, *thou dost stone thy heart*, which I suspect to be genuine. The meaning then will be, *thou forcest me* to dismiss thee from the world in the state of the *murderer* without preparation for death, *when I intended* that thy punishment should have been *a sacrifice* atoning for thy crime.

I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured. JOHNSON.

Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt Iago hath ta'en order for't [8].

Deſ. O, my fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. [9] Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.

Deſ. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! Weep'ſt thou for him to my face?

Deſ. O, baniſh me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, ſtrumpet!

Deſ. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive,—

Deſ. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done [1],
There is no pauſe.

Deſ. But while I ſay one prayer.

Oth. [2] It is too late. [*He ſmothers her.*

Æmil.

[8] — *hath* ta'en order *for't.*] i. e. has *taken meaſures.* So, in Holinſhed's Reign of *King John*: "— he *took* ſuch *order* for him, that he was deſpoiled of all his goods and benefices," p. 174.
STEEVENS.

[9] *Had all his hairs been lives,*—] This thought appears to have been very common, as it occurs frequently in dramatic performances prior to Shakeſpeare's Othello. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607:

"Know Cæſar, had I now as many lives
"As there are ſtones, or hairs upon my head,
"I would," &c.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

—— but if all
My hairs were lives, I would not be engaged
In ſuch a cauſe. STEEVENS.

[1] *Being done,*
There is no pauſe.] The firſt quarto omits this ſpeech.
STEEVENS.

[2] *It is too late.*] After this ſpeech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Deſdemona, conſiſting only of the ſacred

Æmilia within.

My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.

Æmil. What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Æmilia:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife[3]:

name, thrice repeated. As this must be supposed to have been uttered while she is yet struggling with death, I think an editor may be excused from inserting such a circumstance of supererogatory horror, especially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies. STEEVENS.

This alteration was probably made by the players, in consequence of a statute of the 21st of James I. to reform prophane cursing and swearing. Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

The statute was necessary; for not only the ancient moralities, but the plays (those of *Chapman* in particular) abound with the most wanton and shocking repetitions of a name which never ought to be mentioned in such an irreverend manner on the stage. STEEVENS.

Sir John Hawkins should have referred to the statute of the 3d of James I. c. 21. which lays a penalty for the profane use of the name of God, &c. in stage-plays, enterludes, May-games, &c. TOLLET.

[3] *My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:*] Filium unicum adolescentulum habeo: ah! quid dixi habere me? imo habui, Chreme. *Ter. Heautont.* STEEVENS.

O insup-

O inſupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
Of ſun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Æmil. I do beſeech you I may ſpeak with you.
O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Æmilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth, What? now?

Æmil. But now, my lord?

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.

Æmil. Caſſio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Caſſio kill'd!—

Æmil. No, Caſſio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Caſſio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And ſweet revenge grows harſh.

Deſ. [4] O, falſely, falſely murder'd!

Æmil.

[4] *O falſely, falſely murder'd!*] It cannot be ſuppoſed that a perſon who had been effectually *ſtrangled* or *ſmothered*, could ſpeak again; for if the power of breathing returned after the inſtrument of ſuffocation was removed, no act of violence had in reality taken place by which the concluſion of life could be brought on. But ſuch is the peculiar fate of Deſdemona, that ſhe is ſuppoſed to be ſmothered, revives to acquaint us that *ſhe ſmothered herſelf*, and then dies without any oſtenſible cauſe of death. I am of opinion that ſome theatrical direction has been omitted; and that when Othello ſays:

Not

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, ſpeak again!
Sweet Deſdemona! O, ſweet miſtreſs, ſpeak!

Deſ. A guiltleſs death I die.

Æmil. O, who hath done
This deed?

Deſ. No body; I myſelf; farewel:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewel. [*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murder'd?

Æmil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her ſay herſelf, it was not I.

Æmil. She ſaid ſo; I muſt needs report the truth.

Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:——
So, ſo.

He then ſtabs her, repeating the two laſt words, as he repeats the blow. Thus Virgil:

——*ſic, ſic* juvat ire ſub umbras.

After a repetition of wounds, Deſdemona might ſpeak again, with propriety, and yet very ſoon expire; as ſays Caſſio of Roderigo:

——even but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead.

The firſt reſolution of Othello was to poiſon her, but from this meaſure he is diſſuaded by the policy of Iago. He is next determined to uſe the poniard; but, his tenderneſs awaking, he cannot bear to deform thoſe beauties which he had ſo often approached with other ſenſations and for different purpoſes. Therefore, ſays he:

——I'll not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter:

And this reſolution we are to imagine he would have kept, but that he was averſe to employing thoſe means again, which had already appeared to be uncertain in their effect.

If this apparent want of a play-houſe direction had occaſioned any abſurdity in the original repreſentation of the play, probably it is glanced at by Ben Jonſon in the *Alchemiſt*, Act 5: "Did'ſt hear [illegible] thou? Yes, ſir, like unto a man that had been *ſtrangled* an hour, and could not ſpeak." STEEVENS.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. O, the more angel ſhe,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.

Æmil. Thou doſt bely her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was [5] falſe as water.

Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe; O, ſhe was heavenly true!

Oth. Caſſio did tup her; aſk thy huſband elſe;
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity; Thy huſband knew it all.

Æmil. My huſband?

Oth. Thy huſband.

Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Caſſio. Nay, had ſhe been true,
If heaven would make me ſuch another world
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.

Æmil. My huſband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt [6];
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My huſband?

Oth. What needs this iteration [7], woman?
I ſay, thy huſband.

Æmil. [8] O miſtreſs, [9] villainy hath made mocks with love!

[5] —*falſe as water.*] As water that will ſupport no weight, nor keep any impreſſion. JOHNSON.

[6] —*that told me firſt*;] The folio reads, "—that told me *on her* firſt." STEEVENS.

[7] —*iteration,*—] The folio reads—*iterance.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Æmil.*] The firſt quarto omits this and the following ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[9] —villainy *has made mocks with love!*] *Villainy* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakneſs of a violent paſſion. JOHNSON.

My

My huſband ſay, that ſhe was falſe?

Oth. He, woman;
I ſay, thy huſband; Do'ſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy huſband, honeſt, honeſt Iago.

Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou waſt worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were beſt.

Æmil. [1] Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou haſt done a deed,—
I care not for thy ſword; I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my miſtreſs; Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Æmil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

[1] *Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm,*
As I have to be hurt.—] *Power* for *will*: for *will* ſignifying both ability and inclination, and *power* ſignifying ability, he uſes *power* for inclination. But the Oxford Editor, not underſtanding his author's phraſeology any better when he had ended than when he had begun with him, alters, *As I have to* be *hurt*, to, *As I have to* bear *hurt*; which yet does not mend the matter, had the poet here uſed *power* in the ſenſe of ability. WARBURTON.

The Oxford Editor ſaw well the meaning of his author, but weakened his expreſſion. She means to ſay, *I have in this cauſe power to endure more than thou haſt power to inflict.* JOHNSON.

Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know, thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought: and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie: an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, [2] charm your tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;
My mistress [3] here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forefend!

Æmil. And your reports have set the murder on.

[2] — *charm your tongue.*] I know not whether I have read, or whether my own thoughts have suggested, an alteration of this passage. It seems to me not improbable, that Shakespeare wrote *clam* your tongue; to *clam* a bell, is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the sound. JOHNSON.

— *charm your tongue.*] By this expression, *Charm your tongue*, the poet meant no more than to make Iago say, Apply some power, strong as *a charm* would be, to your tongue; for nothing less can stop its volubility. So *Henry* VI. Part 3:

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue*."

So Ben Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels*:

"—— *charm* your skipping tongue."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. 5. c. 9:

"That well could *charm his tongue*, and time his speech."

Again, in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619:

"The surest way to *charm* a woman's tongue,
"Is to break her neck:—a politician did it."

Pliny informs us, that *favete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any religious *charm* was applied. From this circumstance the phrase to *charm* a tongue might have originated. STEEVENS.

[3] — *My mistress*, &c.] This line, and the following six speeches, are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

Oth.

Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.
Mon. O monſtrous act!
Æmil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—
I think upon't,—I think,—I ſmell't;—O villainy!
I thought ſo then;—I'll kill myſelf for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Othello looking on his wife.*
Æmil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O, ſhe was foul!— [*Riſing.*
I ſcarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtopp'd:
I know, this act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Deſdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turn;
Yea, curſe his better angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That ſhe with Caſſio hath the act of ſhame
4 A thouſand times committed; Caſſio confeſs'd it;
And

4 *A thouſand times committed;*—] This is another paſſage which ſeems to ſuppoſe a longer ſpace compriſed in the action of this play than the ſcenes include. JOHNSON.

That ſhe with Caſſio had the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed.——

And again:

'Tis not a year or two ſhews us a man.] I am not convinced from

And ſhe did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love

from theſe paſſages only, that a longer ſpace is compriſed in the action of this play than the ſcenes include.

What Othello mentions in the firſt inſtance, might have paſſed ſtill more often, before they were married, when Caſſio went between them; for ſhe, who could find means to elude the vigilance of her father in reſpect of Othello, might have done ſo in reſpect of Caſſio, when there was time enough for the occurrence ſuppoſed to have happened. A jealous perſon will aggravate all he thinks, or ſpeaks of; and might uſe a *thouſand* for a much leſs number, only to give weight to his cenſure: nor would it have anſwered any purpoſe to have made Othello a little nearer or further off from truth in his calculation. We might apply the poet's own words in *Cymbeline*:

" —— ſpare your arithmetic;
" Once, and a million."

The latter is a proverbial expreſſion, and might have been introduced with propriety, had they been married only a day or two. Æmilia's reply perhaps was dictated by her own private experience; and ſeems to mean only, "that it is too ſoon to judge "of a huſband's diſpoſition; or that Deſdemona muſt not be ſur-"prized at the diſcovery of Othello's jealouſy, for it is not even a "year or two that will diſplay all the failings of a man."

Mr. Tollet, however, on this occaſion has produced ſeveral inſtances in ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's opinion; and as I am unable to explain them in favour of my own ſuppoſition, I ſhall lay them before the public.

" Act 3. Sc. 3. Othello ſays:

What ſenſe had I of her ſtolen hours of luſt?
I ſaw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next night well, was free and merry:
I found not Caſſio's kiſſes on her lips.

On *Othello's* wedding night he and Caſſio embarked from Venice, where *Deſdemona* was left under the care of *Iago*. They all meet at Cyprus; and ſince their arrival there, the ſcenes include only one night, the night of the celebration of their nuptials. *Iago* had not then infuſed any jealouſy into *Othello's* mind, nor did he ſuſpect any former intimacy between *Caſſio* and *Deſdemona*, but only thought it "apt, and of great credit that ſhe loved him." What night then was there to intervene between *Caſſio's* kiſſes and *Othello's* ſleeping the next night well? *Iago* has ſaid, "I lay with *Caſſio* lately," which he could not have done, unleſs they had been longer at *Cyprus* than is repreſented in the play; nor could *Caſſio* have kept away, for the ſpace of a whole week, from *Bianca*."

Which

Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief,[5] an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Æmil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace, sir? no,
No, I will speak as liberal[6] as the north;

Let

[5] *It was an handkerchief,* &c.] Othello tells his wife, Act 3. Sc. 10:

—— that handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother;

And here he says:

It was an handkerchief,
My father gave my mother.

This last passage has been censured as an oversight in the poet; but perhaps it exhibits only a fresh proof of his art. The first account of the handkerchief, as given by Othello, was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions it a second time, the truth was sufficient for his purpose.

This circumstance of the handkerchief is perhaps ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*—"you shall see me do *the Moor*; master, lend me your *scarf*." STEEVENS.

I question, whether *Othello* was written early enough to be ridiculed in the *Poetaster*. There were many other *Moors* on the stage. It is certain at least, that the passage,

"Our new heraldry is *hands*, not *hearts*."

could not be inserted before the middle of the year 1611.

FARMER.

If the allusion in the *Poetaster* (which was printed in 1601) were to *Othello*, it would fix its date much earlier than I conceive it to have been written.—But the allusion in the passage quoted, is not to *Othello* but to an old play called the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594.—In the *Poetaster*, Pyrgus, who says, "you shall see me do the *Moor*," proceeds in the same scene, and repeats an absurd speech of the Moor's in the *Battle of Alcazar*, beginning with this line:

"Where art thou, boy? where is Calipolis?"

which ascertains the allusion to be to that play. MALONE.

[6] *—as the north;*] The old quarto reads,

I'll be in speaking liberal as the air.

Liberal, is free, under no controul. This quality of the North-wind is mentioned in *Victoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

"And let th' *irregular* North wind sweep her up."

Again,

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.

Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [*Iago offers to ſtab his wife.*

Gra. Fie!
Your ſword upon a woman?

Æmil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou ſpeak'ſt of,
I found by fortune, and did give my huſband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to ſuch a trifle)
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Æmil. She give it Caſſio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give it my huſband.

Iago. Filth, thou lieſt.

Æmil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?

[*Iago ſtabs his wife, then runs out.*

Oth. [7] Are there no ſtones in heaven,
But what ſerve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Again, in *Jeronimo*, i. e. the firſt part of the *Spaniſh Tragedy* 1605:
" Now let your bloods be *liberal* as the ſea." STEEVENS.

[7] *Are there no ſtones in heaven,*
But what ſerve for *the thunder?*——] What occaſion for other, when thoſe would ſerve his purpoſe? For he wanted a thunderbolt for Iago. Without queſtion, Shakeſpeare wrote and pointed the line thus:

Are there no ſtones in heaven?
For what then ſerves *the thunder?*——

i. e. Are there no bolts in heaven for this villain? for what purpoſe then ſerves the thunder, that inſtrument of his vengeance? WARBURTON.

Are there no ſtones in heaven,
But what ſerve for the thunder?—This emendation of Dr. Warburton's is ſurely unneceſſary.

Othello does not want a thunderbolt for Iago. He only aſks, if there are no leſſer degrees of chaſtiſement more proportioned to

the

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone; but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather: I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt Mon. and Gra.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick. *Willow, willow, willow* [8].—
Moor,* she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, [9] the ice-brook's temper;—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra.

the guilt of mortals, ready to drop down on such villains as Iago, though Omnipotence withholds its thunder, as too noble an instrument for the punishment of crimes like his?

* The same thought occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1609:

"Is there no thunder left? or is't kept up
"In stock, for heavier vengeance?"

Shakespeare might however mean, does heaven reserve its thunder only to make a noise? has it no implements of mischief to punish as well as terrify?

"—— quum fulmina torques
"Necquicquam horremus? cæcique in nubibus ignes
"Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miscent?"

STEEVENS.

[8] *And die in music,* &c.] This, and the two former lines of the speech, are wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

[9] *— the ice-brook's temper;*] In the first edition it is, *Isebroke's temper.* Thence corrupted to *Ice-brook's.*—*Ebro's temper*; the waters

Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments

waters of that river of Spain are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the world are the Catalonian fusees. POPE.

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water. JOHNSON.

The particular name of the *ice-brook* may be determined by the following passages in Martial. It was undoubtedly the *brook* or *rivulet* called *Salo* (now Xalon), near *Bilbilis* in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their swords and other weapons while hot from the forge; and to the *icy* quality of the waters, they were indebted for their stubborn temper:

Sævo Bilbilin optimam metallo
Et ferro Plateam suo sonantem,
Quam *fluctu tenui* sed inquieto
Armorum Salo temperator ambit.

Again,

Quibus remissum corpus astringes brevi,
Salone qui ferrum *gelat*.

Again,

Pugio, quem curvis signat brevis orbita venis,
Stridentem *gelidis* hunc *Salo* tinxit aquis.

Again, in *Justin*, l. 44. "Præcipua his quidem ferri materia sed aqua ipsa ferro violentior; quippe temperamento ejus ferrum acrius redditur; nec ullum apud eos telum probatur quod non aut in *Bilbili* fluvio aut Chalybe tingatur. Unde etiam Chalybes fluvii hujus finitimi appellati, ferroque cæteris præstare dicuntur." These parts of Spain have been at all times famous for the temper of their arms. STEEVENS.

Than

Than twenty times your ſtop :—But, O vain boaſt!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not ſo now.—
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
The very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear;
Man but a ruſh againſt Othello's breaſt,
And he retires;—Where ſhould Othello go?
Now, how doſt thou look now? O ill-ſtarr'd wench[1]!
Pale as thy ſmock! when we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heaven,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chaſtity.—
O curſed, curſed ſlave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heavenly ſight!
Blow me about in winds! roaſt me in ſulphur!
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Deſdemona! Deſdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio brought in; Montano, with Iago priſoner; and Officers.

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?

[1] — *O ill-ſtarr'd wench!*] This, and the ſix preceding lines, are omitted in the firſt quarto. *Wench* originally ſignified only a young woman. *Caſſandra*, in Whetſtone's *Promos*, &c. 1578, ſays of herſelf;

"Oh wretched *wench*, where may I firſt complayne?"

Again,

"Therefore, ſweet *wenche*, helpe me to rue my woe."

The word is uſed without any diſhonourable meaning in the Bible, "And a *wench* told him, &c."

Again, by Gawin Douglas, in his verſion of the Æneid;

"— audetque viris concurrere *virgo*."

"This *wenſche* ſtoutlye rencounter durſt with men."

STEEVENS.

Oth.

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down [2] towards his feet;—but that's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*Othello wounds Iago.*
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die [3].
Lod. O thou Othello, that wast once so good,
Fall'n [4] in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.

[2] —*towards his feet;*—] To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. JOHNSON.

[3] *For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die*] The same thought has already occurred in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

— 'Tis well thou'rt gone—
If it be well to live. STEEVENS.

[4] —*in the practice*—] In the *snare*, by the *stratagem.* JOHNSON.

Lod.

Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Caſſio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſs!

Lod. Now here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Roderigo meant to have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago [5] in the interim
Came in and ſatisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Caſſio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Caſ. I found it in my chamber:
And he himſelf confeſs'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Caſ. There is, beſides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt: And even but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.

Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Caſſio rules in Cyprus. For this ſlave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his: You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,

[5] *—in the interim*] The firſt copy has, *in the* nick. It was, I ſuppoſe, thought upon reviſal, that *nick* was too familiar.
JOHNSON.

'Till

'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
6 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; 7 of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer

6 *Speak of me as I am;—*] The first quarto reads, *Speak of them as they are.* The present reading, which is the reading of the folio, has more force. JOHNSON.

7 *—— of one, whose hand,*
Like the base Indian, *threw a pearl away*
Richer than all his tribe;—] I have restored *Judian*, from the elder quarto, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. Pope thinks this was occasioned probably by the word *tribe* just after: I have many reasons to oppose this opinion. In the first place, the most ignorant Indian, I believe, is so far the reverse of the *dung-hill-cock* in the *fable*, as to know the estimation of a pearl beyond that of a barley-corn. So that, in that respect, the thought itself would not be just. Then, if our author had designed to reflect on the *ignorance* of the Indian without any farther reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not *base*. Again, I am persuaded, as my friend Mr. Warburton long ago observed, the phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*: and, by his *pearl*, our author very properly means *a fine woman*. But Mr. Pope objects farther to reading *Judian*, because, to make sense of this, we must pre-suppose some particular story of a Jew alluded to; which is much less obvious: but has Shakespeare never done this, but in this single instance? I am satisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to Herod; who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him. What can be more parallel in circumstance, than the conduct of Herod and Othello? Nor was the story so little obvious, as Mr. Pope seems to imagine: for, in the year 1613, the lady Elizabeth Carew published a tragedy called MARIAM, *the Fair Queen of* JEWRY. I shall only add, that our author might write *Judian*, or *Judean* (if that should be alledged as any objection) instead of *Judæan*, with the same licence

Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd
eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop

licence and change of accent, as, in his *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he shortens the second syllable of Euphrates in pronunciation: which was a liberty likewise taken by Spencer, of whom our author was a studious imitator. THEOBALD.

Like the base Indian, *threw a pearl away*] The elder quarto reads *Judian*, and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant Herod, whose usage to Mariamne is so apposite to the speaker's case, that a more proper instance could not be thought of. Besides, he was the subject of a tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in Hamlet, where an ill player is described,

" — to out-herod Herod."

The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is so common as scarce to need examples. In *Troilus and Cressida*, a lover says of his mistress,

" There she lies a PEARL."—

And again,

" Why she is a *pearl*, whose price," &c. WARBURTON.

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.] I cannot join with the learned critics in conceiving this passage to refer either to the ignorance of the natives of India, in respect of *pearls*, or the well-known story of Herod and Mariamne. The poet might just as fairly be supposed to have alluded to that of Jeptha and his daughter.

Othello, in detestation of what he had done, seems to compare himself to another person who had thrown away a *thing of value*, with some circumstances of the *meanest villainy*, which the epithet *base* seems to imply in its general sense, though it is sometimes used only for *low* or *mean*. The Indian could not properly be termed *base* in the former and most common sense, whose fault was *ignorance*, which brings its own excuse with it; and the crime of Herod surely deserves a more aggravated distinction. For though in every crime, great as well as small, there is a degree of baseness, yet the *furiis agitatus amor*, such as contributed to that of Herod, seems to ask a stronger word to characterize it; as there was *spirit* at least in what he did, though the spirit of a fiend, and the epithet *base* would better suit with *petty larceny* than *royal guilt*. Besides, the simile appears to me too apposite almost to be used on the occasion, and is little more than bringing the fact into comparison with itself. Each through jealousy had destroyed an innocent wife, circumstances so parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one allusion, which is meant

Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum: Set you down this:

And

to illustrate another, and at the same time to appear as more than a superfluous ornament. Of a like kind of imperfection, there is an instance in Virgil, B. XI. where after Camilla and her attendants have been described as absolute Amazons;

"At medias inter cædes exultat Amazon
"Unum exerta latus pugnæ pharetrata Camilla.
"At circum lectæ comites," &c.

we find them, nine lines after, compared to the Amazons themselves, to Hippolyta or Penthesilea, surrounded by their companions:

"Quales Threiciæ, cum flumina Thermodontis
"Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
"Seu circum Hypoliten, seu cum se martia curru
"Penthesilea refert."

What is this but bringing a fact into comparison with itself? Neither do I believe the poet intended to make the present simile coincide with all the circumstances of Othello's situation, but merely with the single act of having *basely* (as he himself terms it) destroyed that on which he ought to have set a greater value. As the *pearl* may bear a *literal* as well as a *metaphorical* sense, I would rather choose to take it in the *literal* one, and receive Mr. Pope's rejected explanation, *pre-supposing some story of a Jew alluded to*, which might be well understood at that time, though now perhaps forgotten, or at least imperfectly remember'd. I have read in some book, as ancient as the time of Shakespeare, the following tale; though, at present, I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name.

A Jew, who had been prisoner for many years in distant parts, brought with him at his return to Venice a great number of pearls, which he offered on the change among the merchants, and (one alone excepted) disposed of them to his satisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largest ever shewn at market, he had fixed an immoderate price, nor could be persuaded to make the least abatement. Many of the magnificos, as well as traders, offered him considerable sums for it, but he was resolute in his first demand. At last, after repeated and unsuccessful applications to individuals, he assembled the merchants of the city, by proclamation, to meet him on the Rialto, where he once more exposed it to sale on the former terms, but to no purpose. After having expatiated, for the last time, on the singular beauty and value of it, he threw it suddenly into the sea before them all. Though this anecdote may appear inconsistent with the avarice of a Jew, yet it sufficiently agrees with the spirit so remarkable at all times in the scatter'd remains of that vindictive nation.

Shakespeare's

And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,

Where

Shakespeare's seeming aversion to the Jews in general, and his constant desire to expose their *avarice* and *baseness* as often as he had an opportunity, may serve to strengthen my supposition; and as that nation, in his time, and since, has not been famous for crimes *daring* and *conspicuous*, but has rather contented itself to thrive by the meaner and more successful arts of *baseness*, there seems to be a particular propriety in the epithet. When Falstaff is justifying himself in *Henry* IV. he adds, "If what I have "said be not true, I am a Jew, an Ebrew Jew," *i. e.* one of the most suspected characters of the time. The liver of a Jew is an ingredient in the cauldron of Macbeth; and the vigilance for gain, which is described in Shylock, may afford us reason to suppose the poet was alluding to a story like that already quoted.

Richer than all his tribe, seems to point out the Jew again in a mercantile light: and may mean, that *the pearl was richer than all the gems to be found among a set of men generally trading in them.* Neither do I recollect that Othello mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allowed to have had knowledge of in the course of his peregrinations. Of this kind are the similes of the Euxine sea flowing into the Propontick, and the Arabian trees dropping their gums. The rest of his speeches are more free from mythological and historical allusions, than almost any to be found in Shakespeare, for he is never quite clear from them; though in the design of this character he seems to have meant it for one who had spent a greater part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of use to him in his military capacity. It should be observed, that most of the flourishes merely ornamental were added after the first edition; and this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations sometimes forgot his original plan.

The metaphorical term of a pearl for a fine woman, may, for aught I know, be very common; but in the instances Dr. Warburton has brought to prove it so, there are found circumstances that immediately shew a woman to have been meant. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"HER BED IS INDIA, there SHE lies a *pearl.*
"Why SHE is a *pearl* whose price hath launch'd," &c.

In Othello's speech we find no such leading expression; and are therefore at liberty, I think, to take the passage in its *literal* meaning.

Either we are partial to discoveries which we make for ourselves, or the spirit of controversy is contagious; for it usually happens that each possessor of an ancient copy of our author is led to assert the superiority of all such readings as have not been

[8] Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the ſtate,
I took by the throat the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him—thus. [*Stabs himſelf.*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that is ſpoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiſs'd thee, 'ere I kill'd thee;—No way but this, [*Falling upon Deſdem.*
Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs [9]. [*Dies.*

exhibited in the notes, or received into the text of the laſt edition. On this account, our preſent republication (and more eſpecially in the celebrated plays) affords a greater number of theſe diverſities than were ever before obtruded on the public. A time however may arrive, when a complete body of variations being printed, our readers may luxuriate in an ample feaſt of *thats* and *whiches*; and thenceforward it may be prophecied, that all will unite in a wiſh that the ſelection had been made by an editor, rather than ſubmitted to their own labour and ſagacity.

To this note ſhould be ſubjoined (as an apology for many others which may not be thought to bring conviction with them) that the true ſenſe of a paſſage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it; when one commentator, making a proper uſe of the errors of another, has at laſt explained it to univerſal ſatisfaction. When miſtakes have ſuch effects, who would regret having been miſtaken, or be ſorry to prove the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation ſometimes has to the right, though he has not been ſo lucky as to produce at once authorities which could not be queſtioned, or deciſions to which nothing could be added? STEEVENS.

I abide by the old text, "the baſe *Judian.*" Shakeſpeare ſeems to allude to *Herod* in the play of *Mariamne*:

"I had but one ineſtimable *jewel*——
"Yet I in ſuddaine choler caſt it downe,
"And daſht it all to pieces."—— FARMER.

[8] *Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk*] I am told that it is immediate death for a Chriſtian to ſtrike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boaſting of his own audacity. ANON.

[9] *Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs.*] So, in the Second Part of Marlow's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"Yet let me kiſſe my lord before I dye,
"And let me dye with kiſſing of my lord." STEEVENS.

Caſ.

Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
Lod. [1] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [*To Iago.*
This is thy work: the object poiſons ſight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed on you.—[2] To you, lord governor,
Remains

[1] *O Spartan dog!*] The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among thoſe of the moſt fierce and ſavage kind. HANMER.

[2] —— *To you, lord governor,*
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain;] Rymer, who had neither vigour of imagination to make a poet, nor ſtrength of judgment to make a critic, as appears from his *Edgar*, and his *Remarks on Shakeſpeare*, had yet juſt enough to play the buffoon and caviller. His criticiſm on the *Poets of the laſt age*, with only a mixture of trite remarks, tranſcribed from the French commentators on *Ariſtotle*, are one continued heap of ignorance and inſolence. Almoſt the only remark on Shakeſpeare, which, I think, deſerves an anſwer, is upon Iago's character, which he thus cenſures. *To entertain the audience* (ſays he) *with ſomething new and ſurpriſing, againſt common ſenſe and nature, he would paſs upon us a cloſe, diſſembling, falſe, ungrateful raſcal, inſtead of an open-hearted, frank, plain-dealing ſoldier, a character conſtantly worn by them for ſome thouſands of years in the world.* This hath the appearance of ſenſe, being founded on that rule of *Nature* and *Ariſtotle*, that each character ſhould have manners convenient to the age, ſex, and condition.
Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores, &c.
ſays Horace. But how has our critic applied it? According to this rule it is confeſſed, that a ſoldier ſhould be brave, generous, and a man of honour. This is to be his dramatic character. But either *one* or *more* of any order may be brought in. If only one, then the character of the order takes its denomination from the manners of that *one*. Had therefore the only ſoldier in this play been Iago, the rule had been tranſgreſſed, and Rymer's cenſure well founded. For then this *eternal villain* muſt have given the character of the ſoldiery; which had been unjuſt and unnatural. But if a *number* of the ſame order be repreſented, then the character of the order is taken from the manners of the majority;

Remains the censure [3] of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O inforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate [4]. [*Exeunt.*

jority; and this, according to nature and common sense. Now in this play there are many of the order of the soldiery; and all, excepting Iago, represented as open, generous, and brave. From *these* the soldier's character is to be taken; and not from Iago, who is brought as an exception to it, unless it be unnatural to suppose there could be an exception; or that a villain ever insinuated himself into that corps. And thus Shakespeare stands clear of this impertinent criticism. WARBURTON.

[3] —*the* censure] i. e. the sentence. So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606: "Eliosto and Cleodora were astonished at such a hard *censure*, and went to Limbo most willingly." STEEVENS.

[4] *This heavy act with heavy heart relate.*] The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him; when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he

5 suffers

ſuffers to be repeated, exhibit a ſtrong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful deſires to a falſe friend; and the virtue of Æmilia is ſuch as we often find worn looſely, but not caſt off, eaſy to commit ſmall crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

The ſcenes from the beginning to the end are buſy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progreſſion of the ſtory; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is neceſſary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the ſcene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occaſionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the moſt exact and ſcrupulous regularity. JOHNSON.

THE END.

Supplemental Note on *Hamlet*, p. 263 and 420.

The rugged Pyrrhus, &c.]

Mr. Malone once obſerved to me, that a *late editor* ſuppoſed the ſpeech uttered by the *Player* before *Hamlet*, to have been taken from an ancient drama, entitled "Dido Queen of Carthage." I had not then the means of juſtifying or confuting his remark, the piece alluded to having eſcaped the hands of the moſt liberal and induſtrious collectors of ſuch curioſities. Since, however, our laſt ſheet was printed off, I have met with this performance, and am therefore at liberty to pronounce that it did not furniſh our Author with more than a general hint for his deſcription of the death of Priam, &c: unleſs, with reference to

—the whiff and *wind* of his fell ſword
The unnerved father falls,——

we read, ver. 23:

And with the *wind* thereof the king fell down;

and can make out a reſemblance between

So as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus ſtood;

and ver. 32:

So leaning on his ſword, he ſtood ſtone ſtill.

The greater part of the following lines are ſurely more ridiculous in themſelves, than even Shakeſpeare's happieſt vein of burleſque or parody could have made them:

"At laſt came *Pirrhus* fell and full of ire,
"His harneſſe dropping bloud, and on his ſpeare
"The mangled head of *Priams* yongeſt ſonne,
"And after him his band of Mirmidons,
"With balles of wilde fire in their murdering pawes,
"Which made the funerall flame that burnt faire *Troy*:
"All which hemd me about, crying, this is he.
"*Dido.* Ah, how could poore Æneas ſcape their hands?
"*Æn.* My mother *Venus* jealous of my health,
"Convaid me from their crooked nets and bands:
"So I eſcapt the furious *Pirrhus* wrath:
"Who then ran to the pallace of the King,
"And at *Jove's* Altar finding *Priamus*,
"About whoſe withered necke hung Hecuba,
"Foulding his hand in hers, and joyntly both
"Beating their breaſts and falling on the ground,
"He with his faulchions point raiſde up at once;
"And with *Megeras* eyes ſtared in their face,
"Threatning a thouſand deaths at every glaunce.
"To whom the aged king thus trembling ſpoke: &c.—
"Not mov'd at all, but ſmiling at his teares,
"This butcher, whil'ſt his hands were yet held up,

" Treading upon his breast, strooke off his hands.
" *Dido.* O end Æneas, I can heare no more.
" *Æn.* At which the franticke queene leapt on his face,
" And in his eyelids hanging by the nayles,
" A little while prolong'd her husband's life:
" At last the souldiers puld her by the heeles,
" And swong her howling in the emptie ayre,
" Which sent an eccho to the wounded king:
" Whereat he lifted up his bedred lims,
" And would have grappeld with Achilles sonne,
" Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;
" Which he disdaining, whiskt his sword about,
23. " And with the wound thereof the king fell downe:
" Then from the navell to the throat at once,
" He ript old Priam; at whose latter gaspe
" Jove's marble statue gan to bend the brow,
" As lothing Pirrhus for this wicked act:
" Yet he undaunted tooke his fathers flagge,
" And dipt it in the old kings chill cold bloud,
" And then in triumph ran into the streetes,
" Through which he could not passe for slaughtred men:
32. " So leaning on his sword he stood stone still,
" Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt." Act. 2.

The exact title of the Play from which these lines are copied, is as follows: The | Tragedie of Dido | *Queene of Carthage.* | Played by the Children of her | *Maiesties Chappell.* | Written by Christopher Marlowe, and | *Thomas Nash. Gent.* | —Actors | *Jupiter.* | *Ganimed.* | *Venus.* | *Cupid.* | *Juno.* | *Mercurie, or* | *Hermes.* | *Æneas.* | *Ascanius.* | *Dido.* | *Anna.—Achates.* | *Ilioneus.* | *Iarbas.* | *Cloanthes.* | *Sergestus.* | At London, | Printed, by the Widdowe *Orwin*, for *Thomas Woodcocke*, and | are to be solde at his shop, in Paules Church-yeard, at | the signe of the blacke Beare. 1594. |

In the *Tempest*, p. 43. I had likewise imagined some allusion to this piece; but, on reading it over, have discovered not the slightest grounds for my supposition.

In *Macbeth*, p. 448. [—unseam'd *him from the* nave *to the* chops] I have idly strove to support Dr. Warburton, who reads *nape* instead of *nave*; the latter being justified by a passage quoted above, from *Dido:*

Then from the *navel* to the *throat*, at once
He *ript* old Priam. STEEVENS.